An OSD–SJW Archives Project

(July & August 2022)

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These digitized microfilms are copies of the school's publication.

The Canadian Mute, 1892–1913

and

The Canadian, 1913–1991

They were printed by the students at the
Sir James Whitney School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

The Prince of Wales.

[This poem was written when King George, then the Prince of Wales, was on his visit to Canada.]

Where'er our wandering sons may roam,
Britannia rules the ocean.
And safe abroad they all may fare
Where'er they take the notion;
For his let's thank our jolly tars,
Whose courage never fails,
And best of all who sail the blue
Is gallant George of Wales.

Chorus:

Welcome, O son of the king,
List to the song that we sing:
Glory and power attend thee,
Thrice noble son of the king!
Joyfully we acclaim thee,
Loud let the welkin ring,
Proudly and grandly we greet thee;
Welcome, O son of the king.

The men who sail the mighty deep,
Maintaining Britain's glory,
Have raised the flag in every clime,
Full well we'll know the story;
They count no peril, but straight way go
Where duty hails,
And the noblest Prince who sails the seas
Is gallant George of Wales.

The soldier bold in every land
Is honored by his nation,
In war he nobly plays his part,
Whatever be his station:
But on the seas, we have no peers,
And not a nation fails
To envy us such sailor men
As gallant George of Wales.

Boys and Girls of Norway.

Norway is so far north and so much off to itself that the people, especially those in the interior of the land, are away from the seaports, retain still the dress and many of the customs of their ancestors of centuries ago. The farm of peasant women, as they are called, have no trouble at all to obtain the latest fashions, as country women in America do. Perhaps 50 years ago Norwegian farm women devised a dress that was warm, comfortable and convenient, and their female descendants have copied their old styles ever since. Modern travelers who travel in all parts of the world have of late years broken into Norway in great numbers and they have seen the ancient dress of the peasant women there, and they say it is very picturesque.

Babies in Norway are trussed up in woolen wrappings till they look like an Indian papoose in its birch bark cradle. Infants have to be kept warm in that cold land, but it does seem as if the poor little things ought to have the free use of their arms and legs.

Only one-tenth of the land in Norway can be used for farming, and the people—boys and girls, too, as soon as they are old enough—have to work busily for a living. The cold and the poverty together cause them to be thrifty as hard as they can. The bustling, the pure mountain air and the simple habits of the Norwegians make them a strong, brave race. They are quick tempered, too.

So soon as they are old enough many of the Norwegian boys leave their native country and go to make their living on the sea. On the ships of all nations there are many Norwegian sailors. On our own ships there are far more Norwegians and Swedish sailors than American.

While the men are away at sea the women and children are left at home to do the farming and tend the live stock. Considerable of the farming consists of herds of domestic reindeer. There are not now many wild reindeer left in Norway. Oats, hay, rye, barley and potatoes are the chief crops.

All the world over where land are difficult to do intelligent people think hard to find out the best and easiest way to do them. This is the case with Norwegian farming pay in Norway, so the people studied the best way to cultivate little fields. They got agricultural machinery, too, and so far as their scanty soil products go they have the name of being the most intelligent farmers in Europe. Wrinkles and fads are not found there.

Co-operation is the way to make delicious butter and cheese dairy schools were established, and there thoroughly scientific instruction is given. Much butter and cheese is exported from Norway. On account of the extreme cold the houses for both people and animals have to be warmly built, with double walls. The roof of he new stable is covered with growing moss. The big stones along the sides are put there to keep the wind from blowing the moss roof off. It is so cold in the interior of Norway that even the hay has to be housed in winter.

One quite young college girl in Norway conducts a chicken farm of her own. She is also a scientific beekeeper. It is no wonder more American boys and girls on farms do not look base. They are very interesting insects, apart from the honey they give us. The brave girl in Norway makes a specialty of pig raising and is much successful at it. These women and young people whom the seafaring men have left behind in Norway to take care of the country are not at all to be pitied. They are strong and very healthy, as well as courageous and intelligent.

Poet and Man.

An English periodical recently discussed, mainly in the poet's own words, the inspiration of several of Longfellow's poems, among them "A Psalm of Life," which was written when he was a young man.

"It was a bright day," he said. "The trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself; I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterwards I was asked for a poem for a popular magazine. I submitted my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It sent back. I took wings and flew over the world!"

One of its resting places seems peculiarly worthy of record, when the poet was in England he was honored by receiving an invitation from the Queen.

As he was leaving the palace yard, his carriage was hindered by a row of other vehicles. There came to the door of one coach a noble looking English workingman.

"Are you Professor Longfellow?" he asked.

Longfellow bowed.

"Well, you, sir, if you wrote 'A Psalm of Life?'"

Longfellow smiled assent.

"Would you be willing to take a workingman by the hand?"

He extended one hand to him," said Longfellow, in relating this incident. "He clasped it, and never in my life have I received a greater honor that gave me more satisfaction."

Such a reception gratified. Longfellow was not only the poet of melody, of sympathetic gentleness and beauty, but was really he ennobled all these fine attributes.—Youth's Companion.

"Don't Feel Like It."

The youth who can force himself to do a thing when he doesn't feel like it, is the man who will win.

It is too easy to work when you feel like it—anybody can do that. But to train yourself to do your level best when you don't feel like it, to force you up to standard when all your inclinations are pulling you down, is one of the greatest of culture. Best evidence of a trained mind.

The habit of forcing one's self to do one's work whether he feels like it or not, has a wonderful influence on character. It strengthens the will, purifies it, and develops the power to do things whether one feels like it or not. Finally, each day, no matter what one's mood or environment may be,

The habit of forcing one's self to do one's work whether he feels like it or not, has a wonderful influence on character. It strengthens the will, purifies it, and develops the power to do things whether one feels like it or not. Finally, each day, no matter what one's mood or environment may be,

The man who has never learned to control his mood has missed the secret of power and happiness.

What a pitiable sight it is to see one of God's children completely upset, rendered unfit for work by a temporary mood-tyranny, by feeling of discouragement! Such weakness, such lack of trust in the Power which creates and controls all such a loss of one's self, is the result of wrong thinking. If we think aright, if we have maintained ourself we shall not be hampered by "moods" or environment, or discouragement, or temperament, or a score of them. When we become conscious that we are centered in the Great Cause of all things, we shall rise above discouragement, we shall be beyond the reach of accidents.—Ex.

Our neumes should be like our shoes—if too small they will gall and pinch us; but if too large they will cause us to stumble and trip.—Ex.

Everything that is really excellent will bear examination; it will even invite it, and the more narrowly it is scrutinized, or the more severely it will appear.—Bohr. Hall.

VENEZUELA.—This Republic is the most northerly confederation of South America. It has an area of 593,150 square miles and a population of 2,121,998. The chief exports are coffee, cocoa, hides, cotton, sugar, tallow, tobacco, indigo, dyewoods, timber and copper ores. The capital is Caracas. Bolivar, La Guayra, Maracaibo, and Puerto Cabello are the principal ports.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
GOING WEST—4.22 a. m.; 10.05 a. m.; 2.35 p. m.; 7.40 p. m.; 1.50 p. m.; 5.10 p. m.
GOING EAST—2.30 a. m.; 7.30 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.20 a. m.; 12.50 p. m.; 5.55 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE TRENTON JUNCTION—5.30 a. m.; 12.10 a. m.; 6.00 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be brief, to the point, and space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

By Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, Prof. Bell has made a phenomenal study of the human mind, in this work, has actually taken apart the human brain, and in his progressive style as if it were merely a telephone. His discoveries are scientifically interesting and highly instructive. Large 12 mo. Illustrated by diagrams, etc. 12s 6d. Postpaid. THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. PARY, 1876 Bell Tele Street, New York.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in the Deaf and Dumb Institute:

Ephphatha Mission Hall, 37 Alice Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Metropolitan Church Sunday School, 3.30 p. m. at 3 p. m.

Bible class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Ephphatha Mission Hall.

Mutual Improvement Club every evening Friday at 322 Berkeley St., at 8 p. m.

Mrs. J. R. Byers, Deaconess, 322 Berverley St.
Mr. T. Bedggs, Superintendent, 192 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,
THE CABMAN, BELLEVILLE.

DARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Deaf and Dumb Institute, will find W. LAMBERT, THE CABMAN, at the Grand Trunk Station, with a comfortable carriage, and will convey them cheaply, quickly, safely, to Institute; Conveyance to Station to take or to G. T. Station, each way, 25 cents. Leave orders at Mute Office, or address as above. W. LAMBERT.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper see that the deaf children in his neighborhood are receiving an education. Many deaf children are growing up in ignorance for want of information concerning the Institutions established for their benefit. Inform them where and by what means they can obtain one. Address

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind of both sexes and children, is situated in the healthy and beautiful city of Brantford.

W. F. GARDINER, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SUMMER TERM—From 8.45 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.40 to 11, during which lunch will be served. All pupils in attendance are dismissed at 12 o'clock.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the classrooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. All pupils will remain assembled in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed to their respective classrooms. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Church of England. Visitors, parents and instructors are to be in their respective classrooms at the time of opening, and will not be admitted to the chapel during prayer.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock, p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.45 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m; senior pupils at 11 a. m; General Lecture at 3 p. m. Rev. Canon Farncomb, Rector of Trinity and Holy Trinity churches alternately conducted by the pastors in charge.

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES, Morning, 10.30 o'clock, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Dymond, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Dymond, (Presbyterian); Rev. H. Howard, (Methodist); Rev. J. J. Ford, (Baptist); the Rev. Father Lennon, (R. C.)

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.15; Intermediate Bible Class, Sunday School Lessons, Superintendent, Mr. George F. Weaver; Assistant, Miss Eva Weaver. Bible Class, Miss Ford, Miss Evey and Mr. Sells.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH holds services in connection on Sunday morning from 9.45 to 10.30 and in the afternoon from 2.30 to 3.30. Teachers, Mr. Ingram and Miss McArdle.

Other programs of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, from 2.30 to 4.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday after noon from 2.30 to 4 and 7 to 9 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 8.30 to 12 for senior pupils and from 2.30 to 4.30 for senior pupils who attend school in the morning; and from 8.30 to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. each working day for senior pupils who attend the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Special arrangements may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING AND HOUSE are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for junior pupils, and from 8.30 to 12 o'clock and 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoon.

☞The Printing office, Shoes, Sewing Room and Carpenter Shop will be closed at 12 o'clock each day from work commences in the morning and noon.

Pupils are excused from the Industrial Departments on Literary Institute Departments, except by permission of the Principal or Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow visitors to enter the work in hand to interfere with the performances of their several duties.

Visitors:

Parents, friends interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day, except Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, Tuesday of each week. Visiting hours are from 2 o'clock p. m. to noon after 2 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents remain until they leave Institution, a full knowledge of what not to bring and prolong heartrending scenes. Parents are not to visit their children for the first month after admission by the parents. The child will be tenderly cared for, and the first month's separation from home will be quite happy with the others in the same home, as soon as a few hours.

Visitation:

It is now considered to be unsafe for friends to visit the Institution during the school sessions; however, they will be made welcome in the Institution on Saturday afternoon, instead of seeing the general work of the school, they will be shown the work done by the pupils in certain rooms at the Institution. Good accommodation will be found in the city at the Queens Hotel, Kyle House, Anglo-American Hotel, Commercial Hotel and Dominion House.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to save all dress or clothing worn by their children when leaving their clothes in the Superintendent. No responsibility will be taken for clothing. Parents will be notified when pupils are capable of doing so, will be required to bring a change of clothing, and may write orders of their child's clothing. Pupils will be required to wear the same clothing during the week, starting on every second week.

Parents are requested to write to their children at least once a month, and to have them write to them. Pupils will be required to write home every Saturday afternoon. Parents are requested to correspond with the superintendent.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against sending children to the Institution without first corresponding with the Superintendent. Many children are sent who are not proper subjects for the Institution, and who could be better provided for at home.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M. D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent.*
W. CUSHLANE, ... *Bursar.*
W. W. BOYCK, M. D., ... *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, ... *Matron.*

Teachers:
H. B. COLEMAN, M.A., *Head Teacher.*
W. J. CAMPBELL,
JAMES C. HALES, B. A.
GEO. CRUICKSHANK,
H. L. INGRAM,
MISS S. TEMPLETON,
MISS MARY BULL,
MISS L. B. FALLIS.
MISS SYLVIA L. HALES,
MISS ADA J. REKER,
MISS A. M. BURKE,
MISS LORA HUNTER,
MISS NANCIE M. LOUCK,
MISS MARGARET KYLE
MISS E. CRAIG,
MISS F. CAMPBELL,
MISS E. M. MCGUIRE.

Teacher of Articulation:
MISS FLORENCE CROSS.

H. L. INGRAM, *Teacher Manual Training.*
MISS MARY BULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
MISS K. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—MR. INGRAM.

MISS B. A. MCTAGGART, *Stenographer & Clerk.*
WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper & assistant Engineer.*
W. S. MINER, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*
MISS L. DELWORTH, *Assistant Matron and supervisor of Girls.*
MISS MAUD TINDALL, *Trained Nurse and Attendant in Home Infirmary.*
ALEX MORRICK, *Master Shoemaker.*
C. J. PEPPER, *Engineer.*
JOHN DOWNIE, *Master Carpenter.*
J. N. HOYE, *Master Baker.*
WILLIAM H. LEES, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of *deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty-one years, whose parents, guardians or friends are residents of the Province of Ontario, are entitled as pupils. The regular session of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer season of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $100 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or guardians.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are taught Sewing in connection with the Domestic Science, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and Cooking. Drawing and Fancy Work are now be desirable. Manual Training is required for all boys. Pupils who have passed the entrance examination are admitted to the High School.

At the Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the course of studies to be pursued, etc., will be given upon application to the Bursar or Superintendent.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and sent from the Institution are delivered free. Parcels addressed to the Bursar or Matron of the Institution are delivered free. Small articles of merchandise, not exceeding 4 lbs. in weight, may be sent from the city at the rate of 1½d p. m. for each day intervening exclusive. The name of the sender must appear on the outside of the package, and on no other portion of the envelope. See that the name of the town is in the postal mark.

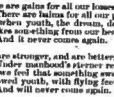
It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air—
But it never comes again.

—*Richard H. Stoddard.*



The Race of Little Tampa.

BY T. S. STERLING.

A group of boys stood about the doorway of the Bon Ton Club waiting until the janitor unpack a new single shell from Putney, England. The fairytale little boat was about twenty-five feet long and a foot wide at the top. At each end it tapered to a sharp point and the whole thing weighed only thirty pounds. Herbert Meagher, one of the largest boys there, could have held it in his hand and launched it as he would a dragon at slight through the air. The janitor was carefully unwrapping the cloths in which it was swaddled.

"Oh, isn't it a beauty!" cried Dent Scurvil, a tall, lazy boy in a red sweater.

"Meagher, there," remarked Tony Mora, a young Cuban who worked in a factory, "ought to be able to jerk that thing clear out of the water. There will be nothing in the regatta that will stop him."

"You can't tell, Tony; Meagher here is our prize oarsman all right, but he hasn't even had the finals in this club, so you don't know what he will do up against the Orlando and Kissimmee crowds." Newton Barnett, the speaker, laid his hand on Meagher's brawny shoulder as he added, "But only for that give them a run they'll remember."

Roy Lenwood, at sixteen one of the intermediate class, stood over against the side of the club house indolently fingering a boat hook that was quickly letting to the gossip of the senior oarsmen, but in his heart there was a desperate longing to force his way up among these seniors. He stood looking over the shoulder of the mighty frame, at Scurvil's ungainly muscularity, at the compact Barnett, and he wondered if there could be any possible chance for himself. He was keenly conscious of his fifteen years and one hundred and fifteen pounds, was sensitively backboned and did not possess any great powers of endurance. Finally he turned away from the gay group and climbed up stairs to the dressing room, where loving cups, silver boats, pennants and oars on racks and the process of his club in past regattas. Lenwood's strongest desire was to take a loving cup like the same in the trophy.

He planned about the familiarity decorated room, then went to a little upstairs balcony overlooking the sparkling breadth of the Hillsboro River. He dropped on a settee with a sigh. The senior finals, to-day, and he was one who would contest at Kissimmee on Lake Hillsborough, would come off in about two months.

From the other end of the balcony there was a burst of laughter. Looking up quickly Lentwood saw Standifer, the coach.

"Why this mournfulness?" chaffed the instructor, coming to where the lad sat.

"I was thinking of the Kissimmee regatta."

"Don't cry before you are whipped we'll win out."

A dejected little smile came over Roy's face. "I wanted to get a place in that regatta myself," he said, half whimsically, to veil his feeling in the matter.

The smile disappeared from the coach's face. "Well, I repeat my same advice, don't cry before you are whipped."

"But I am whipped," laughed Roy. "There are no more intermediate contests before the race."

The coach nodded. "Two months is a long time, Roy, and if you'll make satisfactory progress I am sure we can arrange to see what you can do in the way of rowing a shell against the seniors."

The boy's face lighted up. "All right, it certainly an grateful. I appreciate that, Standifer; I certainly do."

"Oh, that's all right," smiled the coach. "That's what I am here for, to develop oarsmen."

For a few minutes the two talked about the coming race, and then Roy suggested a coaching hour to which Standifer agreed, and the boy left the club in a more cheerful frame of mind.

From that day on till the semi-finals, Roy lived and dreamed in terms of oars and shells. Every afternoon he took Standifer over on the river pulling at the shells. Sometimes he would row in a double shell with the coach in order to get the correct style, then he would try to apply his lesson in a single shell. It was a fine hour, as the daisy little craft seemed waddly and the fresh water and if, in a moment of confusion an oar is dropped, over goes the boat, and the shocking taught him the art, and ever after that initial mishap his progress was excellent. One day came to the boathouse for Standifer with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Better stop that!" remarked Standifer. "I have been wondering all along what was the matter with your wind. You are getting up a splendid stroke and do very well indeed the first three quarters of a mile, but you weakening at the end. I never thought about the cigarettes."

"Will that make a difference?" asked Roy in surprise.

"Of course it will. You'll need every ounce of strength in your body for the race and you can't spare any for anything else."

Roy wondered why the coach took such an unusual interest in him, for the lad did not know that he was making phenomenal progress in his work.

A few weeks after, Mr. Standifer went to a great deal of trouble to place the buoys on the river in exact two miles apart, then with his stop watch and a gasoline launch, he had Roy tow him a regular rowing distance. The shell and the launch came tearing down the liquid Hillsboro between the cheering crowded banks, and when they reached the farther buoy Roy was perspiring freely in the sunshine of the semitropical country.

"Good!" exclaimed Standifer, as the boat backed to the boathouse. "I shall let you contest with the seniors in the finals."

The lad was overjoyed. "What time did I make?" he asked the coach.

"I got a watch make the same time in the finals, I think you'll be able to go in the contest at Kissimmee."

Even as the coach said, when the finals had passed, Roy and Meagher were the two representatives of the Tampa Boat Club, and New Year found them busily packing up the Bar Putney shell to ship to the regatta.

It was a gala day in Kissimmee. Not only crowds in that town, but the crowds from Jacksonville, Tallahassee, St. Augustine and Miami crowded the lake with canoes, lady boats, launches and skiffs. A great number of northern tourists poured down to the regatta, and so there were oarsmen from Michigan, Canada and New York, as well as the nearer states.

Lake Tohopekaliga was ideal for the contest. It permitted a course of two miles of indefinite width and perfectly straight, so that the racers would be in sight all the way.

Roy nervously looked over the towering water and the densely crowded shore. Everywhere were groups of parti-hovering for their favorites. Once in a while, in the uproar, he could hear the Tampa crowd yelling, "Meagher! Meagher!" Roy was too young an oarsman to be well known even in his own city.

At last they were lined up ready for the start. As far down the course as the boy could see were two solid lines of boats, all sorts and conditions, and from them fluttered yards of gay bunting and hundreds of flags. The crowd was pulling. Somewhere a band was playing, and the music came throbbing over the water.

Standifer sat in a near-by skiff. "Now, Roy," he was saying, "keep cool. I don't ask you to win the race, but to make the same time that you made on the Tampa course; then I'll be satisfied. You won't need to think of the races."

The boom of his friend calmed the boy's nerves. He drew a long breath, and sat squinting his oar in the water.

"All ready!" the starter sang up in his skiff, holding a revolver in his hand. Then a puff of smoke leaped in ward in their shells, reached back for a grip on the water with their rowing blades.

"One, two, three, bang!"

The tense figures of the men jerked back with the arrowlike prows sprang through the water with hardly a ripple at first, then the crowd saw the crowd a deep, hoarse shout travelled down the line of the course. The races were off.

Almost with the first stroke the new oarsmen of the bay, the Orlando pulling strongly down the line of boats, his back swinging against his oars, his sliding seat dropping into the rhythm of movement. His boat, the new shell from Putney, was at the right of the course and nearest the crowd. The bay bandy saw the wall of boats by which he was flying. Occasionally he was aware of them out of the tail of his eye, but his whole soul was bound up in trying to keep the stern of his shell exactly straight with a little peg past Standifer fixed stuck on the wharf. That would keep him true, and waste no time.

As the shells shot along, the crowd burst in noise the fight the bay was making.

"Hey!" someone cried, "watch the yourself, Roy!" Then, as they observed the colors on his armless jacket, "Go on, Little Tampa!" they shouted. "You're all right, link to it now—pull!"

And Roy pulled. He threw into his strokes all the careful training of past months. He strained his sinewy back and arms against the fragile shell until the slender thing fled through the water. He could see some of the other boats, and the thought struck him that he was leading them all. But he would not turn his head to look, however, but riveted his gaze on the fast-retreating buoys.

Presently he heard again in the melee of sound the shouting of "Tampa! Tampa!" and he wondered whether they were cheering with applause or merely encouraging. Just then he saw down on the left hand the stern of his fellow townsman, and he felt a little satisfaction shot through the lad. He was beating one man, anyway. He could feel now the tip of the shell and he gained on it so slowly it seemed to be stationary. Once he had a desire to hasten his stroke and crawl away from it, but he resisted the impulse. He continued gaining very slowly, however, and now he could see nearly half the boat, now the man straining at his oars.

(*Continued on last page.*)

MRS. J. G. TERRILL.

In the last issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE we announced the resignation of Mrs. Terrill, for-merly years a member of our staff, and we feel that the occasion is one which calls for more than a merely perfunctory notice or casual reference, for Mrs. Terrill's career as a teacher of the deaf has been contemporaneous with the history of deaf-mute education in Ontario.

Mrs. Terrill was born in Askeaton, Limerick Co., Ireland. Her father, the late J. B. McGann, came to America in 1855, and while in New York he became interested in the education of the deaf through an acquaintance with the President of the New York Institution. In the following year he came to Toronto where he engaged in educational work till 1858, when he opened the first school for the deaf in Ontario. His daughter, the subject of this sketch, was his assistant and developed marked from the first, though she was then only fifteen or sixteen years of age. She hunted around through the city and found some forty deaf children, which, together with some older deaf persons which her father had found, composed the school. Afterwards they both visited various county councils, following different routes and taking a number of the pupils with them to exemplify the work done and to stimulate interest. This plan was continued with varying fortunes till 1864, when it was removed to Hamilton, where it flourished till 1870, when the present Institution was erected. Mrs. Terrill was a member of the staff that was installed at the opening of the Belleville school and has been identified with the Institution from that day till her resignation this year. During all this long period of 52 years, therefore, Mrs. Terrill was actively employed in teaching, except during four years of her married life. It would be difficult to overestimate the value and far-reaching results of these fifty years of faithful and zealous effort on behalf of the deaf, for during all this time she has been more than a mere teacher—she has been a sincere friend and faithful and trusted counsellor to the people, and she has had a potent influence in moulding the lives and characters of hundreds of pupils. This is a feature of her work that merits special commendation. Through her long and intimate association with the deaf she had become thoroughly acquainted with their special aptitudes and limitations, while her sympathetic insight, inexhaustible patience and rare tact, and resourcefulness enabled her to obtain over those in her charge a very great influence, which she always exercised to the highest ends, holding ever before them the noblest aims and inculcating, in season and out of season, the principles of truth, probity and righteousness. Work such as this does not end when the pupil leaves her or her sphere of influence, but it has an abiding effect forever, producing and reproducing results that endure through all the years and the eternities that are to come.

In 1868, when Mrs. Terrill had completed her twenty-fifth year as a teacher in the Institution, THE CANADIAN MUTE gave a short sketch of her career, and concluded with the following estimate of her character and quality of her work :—

"Mrs. Terrill's career at this Institution has been uniformly successful in a high degree. She loves the work in which she is engaged and has always applied herself to her duties with an intelligent interest and well-directed zeal which ensures the best possible results. For many years past she has had charge of a peculiarly difficult class, yet a most interesting one in many respects. To her is committed the welfare of the pupils who enter the Institution at advanced years, many of them being young men and women. Hence her task is a very difficult and often a very discouraging one, but to it she brings all her rare tact and experience and succeeds in accomplishing a noble work with her belated but eager pupils. She exercises a very powerful influence on the moral tone of her big boys and girls are her sincere admirers and devoted cavaliers. Here is a responsible task, with the pathos of which she is deeply impressed, and to the discharge of which she has been conscientiously faithful and singularly successful."

The news of Mrs. Terrill's resignation was heard with much regret by her friends in the city. A few days before the close of the Institution a farewell reception was held in her honour, which was described as follows in the *Belleville Ontario*:—

"At the residence of Miss Wills, on Church street—the Old Homestead—many old and young friends of Mrs. Terrill, who this month closes her forty years of fruitful and faithful service at the Provincial Institution for the deaf, met on Saturday night, to bid farewell to that estimable lady, and to assure her of a warm welcome back to Belleville when she returns. The committee of ladies had provided dainty refreshments, and a profusion of exquisite flowers decorated the rooms. Guests delighted in the full of genial companionship and interesting reminiscence were spent with Mrs. Terrill, whose daughter, Mrs. Fowler, came down for the event. Mr. J. F. Wills, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, J. W. Johnson, M. P. P., Col. W. N. Ponton and others voiced the friendly feelings of the gathering for the honoured guest whose gentle and kindly bearing during her forty years of residence here had won all hearts, and whose services in the interest of that education, which she had made her life work, merited the appreciation and recognition of the whole Province. Mrs. Terrill replied in touching words and the singing of Auld Lang Syne, while full of pathetic regret was also filled with the hope of the early reunion with one who has identified herself with all good works in Belleville."

At the June meeting of the Belleville Board of Education the following resolution was unanimously adopted, on motion of Col. Ponton :—"That this Board of Education record their appreciation of the long, faithful, efficient and continuous services for forty years of Mrs. Terrill in connection with the education of the deaf at our Provincial Institution and that on the occasion of her retirement the members of this Board unite with her other fellow-citizens in wishing her many years of well-earned rest and happiness."

On Monday evening, June 13th, the officers and teachers of the Institution waited on Mrs. Terrill at the residence of Miss Wills, where she was spending her last few days in Belleville, and after an hour spent in social intercourse presented her with a handsome signed ring, suitably engraved, accompanied by the following address, which was read by Mr. Bells :—

Dear Mrs. Terrill,—Since the time has come, after so long an fullness of years and a record of long and faithful service in behalf of the deaf, you find it no longer possible to continue the fight, and resolve to lay down the burden so nobly borne; we, your co-laborers in the field, feel it meet that we express our sense and appreciation of the value of your long continued services.

Your father, the apostle to the deaf of this province, throughout his early struggles, bore testimony to your efficient aid in years of development of what is now the Ontario Institution for the Deaf.

Hundreds of grateful deaf people throughout the province testify to your true-hearted and painstaking care in the school-room and without; to your old and counsel and wise advice, both in school and private life.

You have seen a generation of the deaf pass through the school, have shared with them their joys and sorrows, and have nowhere met but kindly mention.

We, your colleagues, feel that the present is no ordinary occasion, and we lack words to express our feelings. Please accept this ring as a token of esteem and remembrance from us. May it serve as a silent reminder of years together.

We hope for you long years of blissful rest among your children, who have been almost strangers to your home while you have been laboring here.

We wish for you calm and peaceful years, and when in His own good time the great I AM shall summon you, may you bear the call with joy and no regrets.

Signed on behalf of all the pupils.

Sophie Fabbian, George Pirie-quair,
Mary Fabbian, Emma Hall,
Elizabeth Eldridge, Jessie Cowan,
Minnie Brown, Cassius D. McLaren.

At the meeting of the Ontario Association for the Deaf, held at Grimsby Park, on June 18th to 21st, the Monday evening session was devoted to a celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Institution, as reported elsewhere in this issue. The most interesting and pleasing feature of this event was the kindly references to the former teachers who had been connected with the Institution during the whole of that time, and the presentation to them of a tangible expression of regard and appreciation. To Mrs. Terrill was presented a beautiful amethyst and pearl brooch, accompanied by the following address :—

Grimsby Beach, June 20th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. TERRILL,—On your leaving the Institution at the close of the present session, after a connection with it of forty years, we, the members of the Ontario Association of the Deaf, in session at Grimsby Park, desire to express our sincere appreciation of the long and faithful service you have rendered to the deaf of this province. We feel that you have been a true friend to the deaf, and that your influence for good has been felt by many of the deaf who have been under your care. We also desire to express our sincere regret that you are about to leave the work in which you have been so long engaged, and our hope that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the rest you have so well earned. We trust that you will not entirely sever your connection with the deaf, but that you will still take an interest in their welfare, and that you will be present at many of their gatherings. We also hope that you will visit us at our homes, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting you at our conventions. We wish you every happiness in the future, and trust that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the rest you have so well earned. We trust that you will not entirely sever your connection with the deaf, but that you will still take an interest in their welfare, and that you will be present at many of their gatherings. We also hope that you will visit us at our homes, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting you at our conventions. We wish you every happiness in the future, and trust that you may be spared for many years to enjoy the rest you have so well earned.

Signed on behalf of the Association,

JOHN TYLER SHILTON,
President Ontario Association of the Deaf.

D. R. COLEMAN, M. A.

Forty years ago on Oct. 1st, Mr. Coleman, our Head Teacher, began his work at the Institution, and all connected therewith unite in extending to him their heartiest congratulations, and all the felicitations and good wishes appropriate to the occasion. A record of forty years of continuous, faithful and efficient service is sufficiently rare and notable to be worthy of special commemoration, and the opportunity was taken advantage of by the graduates of the Institution at the reunion held at Grimsby Beach last June, when a handsome gold watch and chain were presented to him during "Anniversary Night." The address which accompanied the presentation, and Mr. Coleman's reply thereto, were as follows :

D. R. COLEMAN, Esq., M. A.,
Belleville.

DEAR MR. COLEMAN,—Recognizing the fact that you are celebrating one of the fortieth anniversaries of your connection with the Institution for the Deaf in Belleville, which we, your former pupils, have met to commemorate, we desire to congratulate you on this occasion. We congratulate you on having been spared during a most responsible position for preparing a long period of time for the duties of life, and on having been successful in securing honourable entrance into the world. That you have been spared to labour in this capacity for so long a time, and have had the manifest blessing of success, is a matter for sincere congratulation to us all.

We, who have associated with you in school and elsewhere, have nothing but pleasant memories of your patient and painstaking work.

As your service of forty years at the Institution school, we have seen your painstaking efforts to prepare for the mission of the deaf, and the success of the majority of the graduates who have since successfully taught them in the various provinces of the Dominion, in the lines of business and life.

We are especially grateful to employ very fine and clear terminology in teaching and lecturing to the deaf, and this quality is possessed by you to a very great degree of meaning of what you want to say.

The real and many other things to commemorate with pleasure and gratitude in your long and faithful service, and we trust that the future success of the Institution, and your connection with it, may be long continued.

This evening we wish to extend you the privilege of meeting with your former pupils and friends at your association with the deaf. May God spare you many years to enjoy the society of your former pupils and friends and former pupils the privilege of meeting with their former teacher.

On behalf of the deaf residing within the limits of Canada, we subscribe,

JOHN TYLER SHILTON,
Ontario Association of the Deaf.

REPLY.

MR. JOHN TYLER SHILTON, B. A.,
President Ontario Association of the Deaf.

DEAR MR. SHILTON,—I was greatly surprised and pleased to receive the address and testimonial presented to me by the graduates and ex-pupils present at the reunion held at Grimsby Park in June last. I was also pleased to receive the address from the deaf in general Convention, and I desire to express my appreciation of the kind sentiments which prompted the presentation.

In the present circumstances, of which you well understand, I was unable to attend the Convention of the deaf during the week of the reunion.

It is, and always shall be a source of gratification to me that I have been spared during my life in behalf of the deaf of Ontario, have been permitted to labour in their interests for so long a time, and have had the manifest blessing of success. The beautiful and costly present and gift which you have presented to me, and the kind words and values it is a further manifestation of your appreciation of my services, and of the interest you have in my welfare. I shall always prize it highly, and I desire heartily to thank you for it. I hope I may be spared for many years to enjoy the society of my friends, and I desire heartily to join with you in the wish that you may be spared to labour with health and strength in behalf of the deaf for many years to come, and to enjoy the continued respect and sincere esteem of the deaf.

Faithfully yours,
D. R. COLEMAN.

ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The Twelfth Biennial Convention — Held at Grimsby Park — A Great Success.

The twelfth Convention of the Ontario Association for the Deaf was held at Grimsby Beach on June 25—29, and was one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable in the history of the Association. Grimsby Beach—formerly known as the Park,—has greatly changed since the last Convention was held there some years ago, being now underentirely new management. Many more cottages have been erected and, although the season had not yet really begun, there were already some twelve hundred people residing on the grounds. On one part of the spacious grounds concessions have been granted for some excellent amusement attractions, while in the residential sections the old time quiet and restfulness of the Park has been preserved. The sanctity of the Sabbath is maintained, no liquor is allowed on the grounds, and no more delightful place for spending a few days, or the whole summer, could be found in the Province than this beautiful Park, with its fine old forest trees, its excellent boating, fishing and bathing facilities, its cool and invigorating lake breezes and its rare scenic charms. The Lake View House was found to be under the management of Mr. Ford, formerly of Belleville, to whom many members of the Convention were indebted for many kindly attentions and favors. This hotel is beautifully located on the shore of the lake, has handsome appointments and is excellently managed, the rooms being large and comfortable and the table fare of the very best, and is altogether an ideal summer resort.

J. T. Shilton, President Elect

Following are the names of those present:—

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron—R. Mathison, M. A., Toronto.
Hon. Pres.—C. B. Coughlin, M. D., Belleville.
President—J. T. Shilton, Toronto.
1st Vice-President—A. H. Jaffray, Toronto.
2nd " " —P. Fraser, "
Secretary—Wm. Nurse, Belleville.
Treasurer—A. W. Mason, Toronto.
Interpreter—G. F. Stewart, Belleville.

MEMBERS.

Allan, E., Amherst, N. S.
Allen, P., Toronto.
Buchan, F., Toronto.
Byron, Wm., Pittsburg.
Bull, Miss M., Belleville.
Butler, Miss A., Toronto.
Brethour, Miss Cassie, Toronto.
Brown, W. E., Marsville.
Bridgeford, George, Dundas.
Brown, Miss Daisy, Toronto.
Beatty, Miss D., Shannonville.
Billing, W. R., Niagara-on-the-Lake.
Buller, Henry, Toronto.
Calvert, Miss F., Princeton.
Campbell, Arch., Fernhill.
Canard, W., Lansley.
Cullen, Mr. and Mrs. A., Hamilton.
Denny, J. R., Cadillac, Mich.
Doyle, F. E., Toronto.
Dobson, George, Bracebridge.
Dean, Mrs., Nobleton.
Edwards, C. R., Toronto.
Elliott, George, Toronto.
Elliott, Miss E., "
Elliott, Charles, "
Elliott, Miss L., "
Elliott, Wilber, Ingersoll.
Ensminger, R., Hamilton.
Frets, Miss C., [illegible].
Ferguson, H., South [illegible].
Flynn, J., Toronto.
Fleming, D., Craigleith.
Ford, Fred., Dundas.
Forrester, Mrs., Dunnville.
Forrester, H., "
Forrester, A., "
Gunn, Miss G., Hamilton.
Gottlieb, E., "
Glasgow, N., "
Gardiner, D., "
Gray, W. K., St. Thomas.
Gillam, W., St. Catharines.
Gillam, Wilbert, "
Greene, H., Toronto.
Gordon, Miss F., Bobcaygeon.
Hough, Miss E., Holloway.

Supt. C. B. Coughlin, M. D.

Hambly, Mrs., Nobleton.
Harris, Mr. and Mrs. F., Toronto.
Henderson, Miss C., "
Hutchinson, Miss M., "
Hackbusch, E., Hamilton.
Ireland, L., Bracebridge.
James, Miss A., Belleville.
Kelly, Mrs. G. A., Glen Meyer.
Koehler, L., Berlin.
Law, T., Toronto.
Lears, T., "
Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs., Brantford.
Lloyd, H., "
Moore, George, Forest.
Muckle, Miss L., "
Moore, Mrs. F., "
Mosher, J. F., Hamilton.
Mass, Miss A., "
Mason, Mr. and Mrs. H., Toronto.
Mason, Miss M., "
Mackenzie, G. T., Moncton, N. B.
McInnes, J., Peterboro.
McMaster, R., Wiarton.
McCarthy, E., Toronto.
McCaul, A., "
McGillivray, N., "
McKay, W., "
McKenzie, R. H., Windsor.
McDonald, George, London.
McPherson, R., Hamilton.
McKenzie, K., Detroit.
Noyes, A., Denfield.
Nahrgang, A., Berlin.
McPherson, Mr. & Mrs., Prince Edward Isl.
O'Neill, Miss M., Toronto.
Orr, J. P., Milverton.
Pinder, C., Forrest.
Pincombe, Mr. and Mrs. J., Lobo.
Peake, J. J., Collingwood.
Perry, A., Norwich.
Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. S., Fruitland.
Perry, F., Toronto.
Quinlan, W., Stratford.
Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., Toronto.
Rooney, F., Toronto.
Randall, H. S., Paris.
Smith, A. E., Brantford.
Showers, Miss E., Detroit.
Showers, Miss A., "
Stewart, J., Newton Robinson.
Smith, Mrs. J. L., Toronto.
Slater, R. C., "
Taylor, J. T., Singhampton.
Timms, W., Hamilton.
Taylor, Jos., "
Terrell, Fred., Toronto.
Teague, W., Brantford.
Waggoner, Mr. and Mrs. A., Hamilton.
Wood, Mr. and Mrs. N., "
Watt, Mr. and Mrs. W., Toronto.
Waters, Miss M., "
Wilson, Mrs. C. R., "
Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. F., "
Walker, J. T., "
Woodley, Miss B., Dundas.
White, Wm., Chicago.
Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. M. P., Niagara Falls.
Yack, Miss L., Paris.

The meetings of the Association were held in the famous Auditorium, one of the most unique wooden structures in Canada, and admirably adapted to gatherings of this kind. The sessions generally were brief and confined chiefly to business, the old plan of having set addresses on conventional topics having of late years been wisely eliminated. The opening session on Saturday evening was very short, as many of the members did not arrive till late. A few words of cordial welcome were given by the President, J. T. Shilton, B. A., after which some committees were appointed and announcements made.

A. Jaffray, 1st Vice-President.

The chief interest of these biennial conventions has always centered around the Sunday services, and this year was no exception to the rule. The programme, which was carefully planned, and was carried out with only a few minor changes, was as follows;—

SUNDAY MORNING—8 O'CLOCK.

Early Morning Prayer Service.—Messrs. S. H. Pettit and George McDonald.

SUNDAY MORNING—10 O'CLOCK.

Prayer—Mr. Wm. Nurse.
Hymn—Lead Kindly Light—Miss C. Brethour.
Sunday School Lesson—Parable of the Tares—Mr. J. T. Shilton.
Hymn—Be Still My Soul—Mrs. W. R. Watt.
Collection.
Doxology—Mr. P. Fraser.

AFTERNOON—2.30 O'CLOCK.

Prayer—Mr. A. H. Jaffray.
Hymn—Onward, Christian Soldiers—Mrs. A. S. Waggoner.
Addresses—Messrs. Nurse and Fraser.
Hymn—Miss M. O'Neil.
Lord's Prayer—Mr. W. R. Watt.

EVENING—7 O'CLOCK.

Prayer—Mr. C. Elliott.
Hymn—Only a Step to Jesus—Mrs. N. Moore.
Brief Addresses on Christian Armour—Messrs. Fraser, Mason, Terrell, Elliott, Jaffray and Watt.
Hymn—Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by—Miss E. Elliott.
Collection.
Prayer—Mrs. S. H. Pettit.

At the close of the evening session a special song service was given, to which everyone on the Park was invited. The program was as follows:

1. "Nearer my God, to Thee," by Misses James, O'Neil, Elliott and Hough.
2. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" by Mrs. Waggoner, Mr. Nurse.
3. "Christ stilling the Tempest," by Mr. Nurse.
4. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," by Misses James, O'Neil, Hough, Elliott.
5. "Every Day, Every Hour," by Miss James.
6. "Jesus, Tender Shepherd," by Miss Ruth Lloyd.

Every number was beautifully rendered, to the the great delight of the large audience present. Mr. Stewart presided, and interpreted the selections orally.

During the morning service Mr. Mathison visited the pavilion and made a brief address.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

At the Monday morning session the President of the Association gave his opening address, which was a very able and exhaustive one. After appropriate introductory remarks, Mr. Shilton suggested an extension of the scope

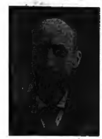
P. Fraser, 2nd Vice-President.

and activity of the Association. He thought that it would be a good idea for the deaf living in or near each of the larger centres to form a local branch of the Association for the purpose of holding regular literary and social gatherings during the winter, and picnics, etc., during the summer. It might be well to also consider the advisibility of affiliating with the National Association of the Deaf of the United States.

Since the last meeting of the Association they had lost by death several esteemed friends, among whom were Dr. McDermid, Mrs. Koehler and Mr. Mapes. The Secretary, Mr. Nurse, was instructed to write a letter of condolence to Mrs. McDermid on behalf of the Deaf of Ontario. Mrs. Koehler (nee Miss Annie Gilleland) was a lady of sweet and quiet disposition, and her sad death so early in life was the occasion of great sorrow and regret among her large circle of friends.

At the last convention resolutions were passed asking for a change in the name of the Institution and also that the compulsory education law be made applicable to the deaf the same as to the hearing. He was sorry to say that nothing had yet be done to give effect to these suggestions and he thought that some steps should be taken to bring the matter to the attention of the government.

An interesting item had recently come to his notice relative to the number of deaf people in Ontario. It is well known that the population of the Province has increased considerably in the last ten years, but according to these statistics the number of deaf persons had not increased in like ratio. If these figures are correct the fact was a very gratifying one.



Wm. Nurse, Secretary.

He would like the Association to consider the advisibility of asking the Department of Education to have the single-hand alphabet printed on the last page of the Public School text books and scribblers, as is now the practice in Scotland and some of the states. If this were done it could not fail to greatly benefit the deaf by providing a ready and familiar means of communication between the hearing and the deaf.

Another subject to which he asked their careful consideration was relative to founding a home for the aged deaf. Several state associations have established such homes, or contemplate doing so. Perhaps the deaf in Ontario and those in the maritime provinces could cooperate in maintaining such an institution. This was a subject that required mature deliberation but he sincerely hoped that something would be done in this direction before many years have gone by.

He was pleased to state that, as far as he knew, all of the deaf in the Canadian Civil Service were holding their positions and apparently giving good satisfaction. There were now about twenty five so employed and the number was increasing.

At the conclusion of the address a few items of routine business were disposed of and then the meeting adjourned.

A. W. Mason, Treasurer.

Monday evening was devoted to celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Institution at Belleville. The President, in his introductory remarks, said that they wished to especially remember Mrs. Terrill and Mr. Coleman, who had been members of the staff from the beginning, and they desired to give each of them a tangible taken of their appreciation of this long service of forty years. Mrs. Terrill had left the Institution, never to return. They all hoped that many years of pleasant enjoyment and quiet rest may be

(Concluded on sixth page.)

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages,

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood when they leave school.

Second—That interesting matter for use in this paper may help to establish among our pupils and deaf-mute schoolmates.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the ex-pupils who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the well-being and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty-six cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publishers. Non-subscription commences at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their paper regularly will please notify us. We will make up lost copies if notified within one month. Changes of address will be made as often as requested. When ordering a change, subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

All Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from any quarter, or any parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

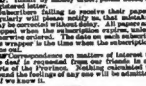
ADVERTISING

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.



GEO. F. STEWART, . . . EDITOR.

RETRIBUTION SCITO: "The greatest success is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1910.

Greeting!

We have great pleasure in greeting our readers at the commencement of another session—the fortieth in the history of the Institution; and in welcoming back to school so many of our old pupils. To them, we trust, as well as the staff, the vacation has been a pleasant one, and no doubt every one will enter with renewed energy and enthusiasm on the work of the session. But always, as we greet again so many of the familiar faces, we miss a number with whom we have been pleasantly associated for the last few years, but who have bidden farewell, as pupils, to their Alma mater. Some of these have completed their course and were not expected to return; but, as usual, some are missing who should have remained in school for some time longer, but were not permitted to do so. This we can only regret, but cannot prevent, and on the parents must rest the responsibility for the lasting injury done their children for the sake of a little present gain. A few, however, were prevented from returning because of, removal from the province, or for other sufficient reasons. To every one of those who have left us we extend our warmest good wishes for a happy and prosperous life, and we commend to them the wisdom of the old proverb, "Be good and you will be happy."

We have also pleasure in welcoming a large number of new pupils, and we hope that they will find the days spent here as pleasant and profitable as have their many hundreds of predecessors.

Our staff of officers, teachers and instructors remains unbroken, with one exception, to which reference is made elsewhere. They all return in the appearance of contentment of good health, and no doubt will maintain the unbroken record of the past, for thorough, conscientious and successful work.

The New Session.

The fortieth session of the Institution began on September 14th under conditions that give promise of a pleasant and successful term. On that day the pupils were gathered in from all parts of the Province, and all arrived safe and well, with no untoward incident to mar the journey.

There was no delay in getting prompt to work. The pupils all assembled in the chapel on Thursday morning, where Dr. Coughlin welcomed all back again to the Institution and then proceeded to their old class-rooms, while the teachers met together and, in consultation with the Superintendent, began the work of classification, which was completed on Friday.

On Monday morning the formal opening took place. When all were assembled in the chapel, Dr. Coughlin recapitulated and emphasized the rules governing the Institution, and expressed the hope that all would work harmoniously together to make the session an agreeable and successful one in every particular. The report of the classification committee was then announced and the classes, as thus constituted, proceeded to their class-rooms, and the work of the session began at once.

Quite a number of parents accompanied their children to the Institution. We are always glad to have the parents, especially of new pupils, come to see us, and to judge for themselves as to whether or not their children are likely to be well cared for. It is, of course, best for parents to part from their boys and girls and to place them for so long in the hands of others, yet this is one of the many sacrifices they must make for the good of their children, and they can rest assured that they will have the best of care and attention. It is a source of gratification to know that all the old pupils retain the most kindly recollections of the Institution, and of regard and affection for the officers and teachers, and there is no doubt that most of them have had the best times of their lives. Last June some hundred and fifty graduates from the Institution met in Convention at Grimsby Beach and all of them are occupying good positions and doing well in life. Parents can rest assured that their children will be looked after in the best possible way. They have regular hours for sleeping and eating, a reasonable amount of time for play and recreation and plain but good food in all the variety of it. The best quality of meat, butter, bread, and other victuals is provided them, no distinction in this respect being made between the pupils and the officers and teachers. Those parents who are parting with their children for the first time will feel especially anxious about them, but those who visited the Institution could not fail to notice how much at home all the old pupils feel and how happy and contented they are, and the new pupils in all soon come to feel the same; in fact nearly all of them seem quite at home already. All pupils are required to write home every three weeks during the session and to write oftener if they desire. If parents wish to hear from their children more frequently all they need to do is to notify the Superintendent and they will get a prompt reply. If a child gets sick the parents will be notified at once—will get word by telegraph if long as it is ill. If its condition becomes dangerous they will be at once summoned by telegraph to come to the Institution during the session and the expense of the parents, but the exact condition of the child is stated. We have a physician and nurse always in attendance, and nothing is left undone for the sick that skill and care can accomplish. In this case no news is good news, and every parent can rest assured that if he gets no word about his child it is all right.

Parents are expected to provide their children with comfortable clothing and if anything is needed a requisition will be sent. They need not send money for such things unless it is asked for from the office. Some of the older children write home for many things they don't require, and parents need pay no attention to these requests. Every child should get a letter from home every one or two weeks. All letters and parcels should be addressed to the pupils in care of the Institution.

Our Educational Exhibit.

In the Toronto Exhibition Canada can boast of having what is universally admitted to be the greatest annual fair in the world. It is the aim of the managers to make this great exposition as comprehensive as possible, and new attractions are being added every year. It is a good indication of the trend of modern thought that an education exhibit has recently been included. Each year, from small beginnings, has expanded from year to year until it is now one of the most interesting and instructive features of the exhibition. Its permanent home is now occupied as a position of the Women's Building, but the available space there is quite too limited, and it is expected that within a year or two a special educational building will erected.

At the request of the Department of Education an exhibit from this Institution was sent this year for the first time. On account of the severe pandemics from which we suffered last session, and from other adverse causes, we worked under a great disadvantage, and were not able to make as good a showing as we otherwise could have done. However, through the great interest taken in this innovation by the officers and pupils, a considerable amount of material was prepared and from this as much was selected and sent to the Exhibition as the space at our disposal would permit. We were fortunate in securing a good location and were generously treated so far room is concerned, and we were pleased to say that our exhibit was in every way a most creditable, one despite the conditions adverse under which we labored. It consisted of art, fancy, sloyd and kindergarten work, and articles produced in the various industrial departments, and had the merit of having been composed entirely of the work of the pupils. There were arranged to the best possible advantage by Dr. Coughlin, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Miss McArdle, Mr. Ellis, Miss James, Secretary of the Education Department, who had general oversight of all the exhibits from Government institutions, was used in the arranging every possible assistance. The attractiveness of the exhibit was greatly enhanced by a profusion of beautiful potted and other flowers, with which tation gardens. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were sent at intervals from the Institutained in charge of the exhibit throughout, who made good use of the fair lasted, and were kept busy supplying information and answering the innumerable questions that were asked.

It is pleasing to know that this exhibit was a centre of attraction and elicited hearty commendation from all observers, and especially from inspectors and others engaged in educational work. The newspaper comments, also, were very favorable, and we take pleasure in reproducing a few.

The Toronto *News* said:

"The itinerary of *The News* representatives was completed by Mr. G. W. James, secretary to the Ontario Department of Education, and by Mrs. Bailey, instructress at Belleville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. James assisted to have no eyes for anything else but for the exhibits of the institutions at Belleville and Brantford. And there is no gainsaying the manual work turned out by the pupils of the schools at these cities for the deaf and dumb and for the blind is astonishingly clever and rivals successfully the work of those in the schools at Toronto, Hamilton and London, who are not afflicted with the loss of their senses of sight, hearing or speech. The natural work of the deaf and dumb, showing the skill of pupils from five years of age to the finer works of boys and girls up to the age of eighteen, demonstrated conclusively the educational work, for kitchen aids. And cop pieces of cabinet furniture from the 9-12-year old boy had a John Kay quality about it, quite worthy to be called fine art. It would delight Ruskin or Morris himself or Fra Hubbard. The Belleville exhibit included general examples of individual designs (according to scale) and black and white drawing and water colors from life, in still life and floral."

The *Globe* said:

"Special attention was given to the splendid display of formal handwork in the woman's building from Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Belleville, Penetanguishene and North Bay. The artistic talent and ingenuity displayed indicates a very high degree of quality in the work done over former years. It is interesting, for like to go into the fine exhibit prepared by the Ontario Government under the care of Clarke Burt, the superintendent, or to the Minister of Education, and to find that, however fine the work of the normal school pupils, it was bettered by the pupils of the Institute for the blind at Brantford and the deaf at the Belleville Institution. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have in charge the latter department, themselves deaf and speaking by means of the lip-reading system. The paintings, illumination, the carpentry and cabinet work and other occupational productions shown here are remarkable in quality."

The Toronto *Star* said:

"A section of the Exhibition which attracted a good deal of attention yesterday when so many educationists were in the city was that which is organized and arranged by the Education Department, and has to go into the immediate direction of Mr. Clarkson W. James, the Deputy Minister of Education, who has charge of the second of the Women's Building. At the greatest importance Principal Goodwin declared that it was far and away the finest educational display ever made in the Exhibition, and the educationists and parents who took the greatest interest in it, judging by endorsed this opinion. Mr. James and those in charge of the exhibit are being the recipients of many congratulations. All the Normal Schools in the Province are represented, and the variety and quality of work displayed furnish a striking object lesson of the methods and efficiency of the schools. Special interest attaches to the exhibits of the many pupils in the Institution for the Blind and of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Belleville. The display of the latter is under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, and is a revelation of what can be accomplished under modern methods of education by pupils who are deaf and dumb and blind. No less wonderful are the exhibits of the Institution for the Blind. In many departments the beauty and finish of the work being equal, if not superior, to that of pupils who have their sight."

A Pretty Wedding.

Bayview Farm, near Deseronto, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the 17th of June, when Miss Hattie E. Sager, daughter of Mr. Samuel Sager, was united in marriage to Mr. Thos. B. Crean, of the staff of the Belleville pupils of this Institution. The ceremony, which took place on the lawn in front of the house, was performed by the Rev. Mr. Diamond, of Deseronto, assisted by Mr. G. F. Stewart, of the Institution staff. The bride's sister, Miss Minnie Sager, was bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Clayton Crean. The bride's wedding gown was of white colleene and she carried a shower bouquet of white carnations. The bride was one of the most beautiful, amiable and popular deaf ladies in Ontario, while the groom, both while at the Institution and as his house, was and is most highly esteemed. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Crean a long, happy and prosperous life.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1910.

Subscribe for "The Canadian Mute."

A copy of this issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE is sent to the parents of each new pupil, and we hope that every one of them will subscribe for the paper. Our terms are fifty cents a year, strictly in advance. Each issue of the paper contains a report sheet, which indicates the state of health, the conduct and improvement of every pupil in the Institution. It also contains a page or more of pupils' locals and other news of the Institution, items of interest relative to the deaf of the Province and other interesting matter. THE CANADIAN MUTE should certainly be in the hands of every deaf person in the Province and of the parents or guardians of every child here. We trust the subscriptions will come in promptly, as the names of all in arrears will be struck off our list.

Tribute to Mrs. Turrill.

On another page will be found a more extended sketch of Mrs. Turrill's career as an educator of the deaf and other particulars relative to her retirement from active work. At the time that the officers and teachers waited on Mrs. Turrill to make their presentation, Dr. Coughlin added his tribute of appreciation. He said that during the time that he had been Superintendent of the Institution he had found Mrs. Turrill a most faithful and efficient teacher, and a true friend of the deaf at all times. He had been specially impressed by the strong influence she exercised over the pupils. She never lost an opportunity of inculcating lessons of virtue and uprightness, and strove always to arouse in every boy and girl a desire to seek after the highest ideals in life and conduct. He regarded her resignation as a very great loss to the Institution, but she could carry with her the consolonance that she had always done her duty faithfully and well, and the assurance that she would retain a warm place in the regard and affection of the deaf of Ontario.

—Mrs. Telford, of Brockville, with a friend, were callers at our school last week.

—Messrs. Cooper and Upham, from Watertown, N. Y., spent a day in Belleville on their way through Ontario, to visit our school. They reported that Mr. E. G. Hamilton, who is working in a shoe factory in their home, is doing very well indeed.

Two Untimely Deaths.

On July 12th death came suddenly to Miss Marion Harper, of Peterboro, who had been on a visit to her deaf friend, Miss G. Pilling, and just after leaving the house collapsed on the sidewalk and in a few minutes breathed her last. The body was taken up and a doctor called, but he could do nothing. Heart failure was the cause. Both her parents were away from home at the time and were hastily sent for. She leaves a little deaf sister, who is now back to school with us again. To her parents and friends our deepest sympathy is extended.

The untimely death of little Harry Forrester came as a shock to every one that knew him. He was one of our most popular little boys, liked and esteemed by his teachers and a great friend to all his school mates. He went home with the pupils at the close of school in June and, accompanied by his mother and younger brother Asa, attended the convention at Chautauqua Park on June 25th, where he seemed to enjoy himself much. Here he remained until the following Tuesday and then left for his home in Dunnville where three days after, on July 1st, the accident happened which cut short his young life. He was in bathing with some lads and got beyond his depth and sank. His companions tried to save him but efforts failed to bring him to the surface until life was gone. To his sorrowing parents, brothers and friends we extend our deepest sympathy. At the Institution we miss his bright, young presence very much.

OAKVILLE.

McCLELLAND—CUNNINGHAM.

A pretty house wedding was held on Sept. 7th at 2 o'clock at the residence of Mr. Wm. Cunningham, when Miss Nellie Cunningham, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Cunningham, was united in marriage with James McClelland, of the Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa. Rev. Mr. Broughall, of St. Jude's Church, Oakville, assisted by Miss Belle Fraser, of Toronto, who acted as interpreter, both parties being deaf.

The bride, who was unattended, looked charming in a dress of white silk mull and carried white asters. After luncheon the party was photographed on the lawn, and soon after they took the evening train for Hamilton, en route for Chicago and Minneapolis, the bride travelling in a whipcord tailored suit of pearl grey.

Guests were present from Hamilton, Toronto, Brantford, Newcastle and Oakville. Mrs. McClelland is a graduate of the Belleville school, and spent the holiday in beautiful Oakville. Mr. and Mrs. McClelland settled down in Ottawa for good. They have a pretty cottage there.

—Mr. W. White, a pupil here in the early years of our history, after visiting the Toronto Exhibition, came to Belleville, his old home, and here renewed many old acquaintances who were all glad to see him again.

—During the summer we have heard through the papers of one or two cases where the deaf and dumb impostor has been working the public for money. In one case he was captured and duly arrested sent to prison. We send of warning against the evil doers of trains, distributing a card claiming to be deaf and begging the charity of the passengers to help him come to our school to get an education and he reaps a rich harvest. Such cases can very easily be detected by any one who has had experience with the deaf and they should be detained or sent where an expert can be found. A few sharp examples would quickly put a stop to these frauds.

A Big Time at Sebringville.

Were you at the jolly gathering of former graduates of the Belleville School held at Sebringville from Sept. 3rd to 5th last?

Well, at least seventy of our old friends, chiefly of the western portion of the province, can safely answer in the affirmative.

Since this gathering took place, the little village of Sebringville, and more particularly the Switzer homestead, hitherto little known, have now been thrust into prominence, and this big party, at first little dreamed of, is now a memorable memento of the past.

For sometime previous, preparations were made to meet all necessities that might turn up, and the clever way everything was carried out showed the wisdom of such preparations, as every thing came and went without a hitch, which is a good augury for the next gathering, which will be held at Mr. John Noyes place near Denfield next Labor Day. Almost a week previous Miss Charlotte Rice, of Fullarton, and Miss Maggie Hay, of Avonton, assisted by the Switzer family, settled down to hard work getting everything ready for the event. Of the merry round of jolly boys and girls, and surely they were, they worked like trojans judging by the way the crowd were received.

All day Saturday they were arriving from different near and it was not until midnight that the last arrivals of the day came in, tired but cheerful.

Saturday night was given up to the exchange of courtesies for which the deaf are noted and getting prepared for the Sabbath.

Sunday dawned bright and warm and everyone smiled radiantly. Early in the forenoon several more fresh arrivals increased the crowd. The Sabbath was a day that will long be remembered because of the great amount of benefit that accrued there from it both religiously and socially.

All arrived bright and early as though at the call of the lark and an early breakfast was soon enjoyed. At 11 a.m. a short but earnest prayer meeting was held in which the leading spirits of the event took part. At 10.30, all assembled in the commodious parlor to attend the Sunday School lesson on the two Parables of Judgment, given by J. S. Shilton, of Toronto, which was clearly and faithfully given.

The room was artistically and tastefully decorated with bunting of various colors and motto all issued by the Toronto Mission Board. Before Mr. Shilton commenced the service, the Recessional was very beautifully rendered by the Misses Gladys Switzer, Clinton, Mona McFarlane, of Eastwood, May Shepherd, of New Hamburg, Margaret Golda, of New Hamburg, and Sophia Fischer, of London. The service was closed with prayer by Mr. J. L. Koehler, of New Hamburg, and the Doxology sung.

The afternoon services commenced at 3.30, and were opened with prayer by H. W. Roberts, of Toronto. There the families yet over tender Song "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was given by Miss Mary O'Neil, of Toronto, and Miss Ida Chase Ryan, of Woodstock. Mr. P. Fraser then gave a very vivid and forceful address on the Prodigal Son. Mrs. Shilton and James then rendered "Nearer My God to Thee," followed by a short address on the Gadarene of Cure of Koush, a price that had much weight and interest. It was given by Mr. George McDonald of London. The rendition of the Lord's Prayer by all, by Miss Ryan, of Woodstock, brought all to a close. The evening services were opened with prayer by George McDonald, after which Mrs. David Alexander, of Lumley, rendered in a generous way the song on "Oh, Wonderful Words of Love." Mr. J. L. Koehler gave his address on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. H. W. Roberts followed with an address on "Christ's Gift of Contentment" in which he asked several questions pertaining to our Lord's teachings in His life. "Saviour more than Life to me" was given by the choir of little girls and Mr. Shilton brought the day's meeting to a close with prayer.

Monday did not come in the way as all wished. Instead, a heavy rain fell in the morning which marred the prospects for a good day of out door pleasure. However, all made themselves as happy as they could playing in the spacious rooms that were thrown open for their enjoyment. At about 10.30 in the morning it ceased raining and the sun shone out brilliantly which made the hearts of all jointly joyful, as all were longing for out door recreation and after dinner they did play for considerable a while and they had just finished an interesting programme of sports when another heavy downpour would scramble in a hurry for shelter. It fell in torrents for half an hour and then cleared but now it was train time so, bidding each other farewell, they all left for their various homes.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.

Another session is now well on the way and I trust you will have a pleasant and profitable one. I am glad the pupils all have arrived without serious mishap.

We have had quite a few deaf visitors during the past summer, mostly from the West.

Miss MacFarlane, of the N. B. School for the Deaf, was in Ottawa visiting friends and relatives and spent the summer with her mother at Kingsmere, a summer resort adjacent to Ottawa.

Miss Holt spent a month with Miss Rolph, of Bracebridge.

Miss Borthwick paid a flying visit to Miss MacFarlane at Kingsmere.

Before leaving for N. B., Miss Macfarlane spent a day with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, at Aylmer, Que.

Mr. Wilson was visiting friends in Quebec on Labor Day.

Mr. Lushia still employed in Fraser's sawmill, near Aylmer.

Mr. O'Connor was down to Montreal during the recent Eucharist Congress.

Messrs. Gray and Bayne drove up to Carp recently and while there called on Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Greene and Miss Mabel Lett. They met Messrs. Murphy and Scissons and the Misses Scissons also at the home of the latter. Mr. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, accompanied by Miss Burns, drove down to the Mer Bleu Farm and spent a couple of days there.

The beginning appears to find Carp very attractive, he having been up there several times the past summer. Messrs. Greene Greene and McBride were struck by the G. T. R. train near Carp and narrowly escaped death, but we are glad to say both have completely recovered.

Miss McClelland was married to Miss Cunningham, of Oakville, on the 7th and I believe got most handsome presentations. We had quite a few visitors during exhibition week. Mr. Hanson was down and we were all pleased to see him once more after the lapse of several years.

Mr. Haldane was down seeing friends in Ottawa.

Mr. Ford was in Ottawa attending the fair, as also was Mr. Armstrong, of Perth, and Miss Riley, of Smith's Falls.

Mr. O'Rourke was out to see Messrs. Bayne and Gray during the summer, as also was Mr. W. Wiggett.

D. Bayne had a well drilled to the depth of 75 feet. He now intends to have a wind-mill erected to pump water for his stock.

The past summer, on the whole, has been favorable to the farmers in this vicinity, and the crops look as a general good condition. We are now engaged in filling the silos and during the next two weeks things in that line will hum.

None from here were at the Convention but we all took a great pleasure of reading an account of the proceedings in the DARTMOUTH PATRIOT.

Mr. Byrne, of Toronto, was down to Ottawa and held services for the deaf in the Y. M. C. A., which were well attended.

—We are very sorry to report another death on the railway tracks among former pupils of our school. Alex. Little, living at Napanee, Ontario, was struck by a Bay of Quinte Railway train on July 4th, at Kingston. He was walking the tracks and although the engineer of the train whistled frantically, Alex. was deaf and did not hear and the engine passed over him. He died both legs and arms broken. He was taken to the General Hospital and died a few hours later. His end occurrance made the fourth fatality this year. Our pupils do not want any warnings against this dangerous practice for while they are at school it is being constantly emphasized.

Do not pity yourself because you must work. If you could not work you would need pity. If idleness were the curse of labor, if misery lurked in your hands nor your brain, the hardest task would be wrung with sympathy for your unfortunate lot. Thank God that you can work, that both body and brain may profit by the tonic of healthy activity.—EX.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to us, and we know them not; we meet them they are gone.—*Stones of Clerical Life.*

(Continued from third page.)

granted her. Mr. Coleman is still in harness and appears to retain his old-time vigor and ability as headmaster. They wished him continued health and success.

The addresses were then read, as recorded in another column of this paper.

Brief but interesting addresses, devoted chiefly to reminiscences of school days at the Institution in the early days of its history, were then made by Messrs H. G. Slater, A. W. Mason, R. Fraser, A. E. Smith, Wm. Nurse, G. W. Reeves and W. White.

Tuesday morning was devoted to reports of Committees and other routine business. Considerable discussion took place on a proposed amendment of the by-laws, which was finally adopted, as follows:

All members of this Association shall be expected to pay their fees whether present at the Convention or not.

Gen. Reeves, Treasurer Elect.

Monday and Tuesday afternoons were devoted to sports of various kinds, and some of the events were keenly contested. The winners were as follows:

GAMES AND SPORTS.

Fifty Mile Race—F. Tarrell, 1st, Joseph Taylor, 2; mile, 30 min.

Football Match—West, 2; East, 1.

Hoop Contest—East, F. Tarrell, Larry, McCaul, Law, Perry, West, Fleming, Cunningham, Quirk, Deary, Taylor. East won.

Relay Race—Ladies. East won.

100 Yards Dash—Judges and Starter—Hackbusch, McPherson.

75 Yards Dash—Ladies—Daisy Brown, Mrs. M. F. Wilson.

100 Yards Dash—Gents—F. Tarrell, L. Lewis.

80 Yards Dash—Ladies over 45—Mrs. H. Mason, Mrs. Kelly.

75 Yards Dash—Gents over 45—Mr. Slater, J. T. Taylor.

Throwing Ball—Gents—A. Buchan, Mr. Quirk.

" Ladies—Mrs. Watt, Cora Pratt.

Putting Shot—Gents—E. Allen, Mr. Hamilton.

Measuring Race—Gents—Hy. Mason, A. W. Mason.

Measuring Race—Ladies—Miss Grace Stevens, Miss M. Newbourg.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Gents—E. Allen, H. Cunningham, H. McMaster.

Blindfold Race—Gents—W. Johnson, T. Law.

Potato Race—Ladies—Mrs. M. F. Wilson, Mrs. Waggoner.

Standing Jump—Gents—Wm. Johnson, A. B. Quirk.

Half Mile Walking Race—Ladies—Miss Myrtle Mason, Miss Grace Stevens.

One Mile Walking Race—Gents—Nelson Wood, D. W. Fleming, W. Gillam.

Guessing Contest—open—T. Law won.

Duty Race—H. Forrester, Howard Lloyd, Asa Forrester.

On Tuesday evening the election of officers took place, resulting as follows: Hon. Pres., H. Mathieson, M. A.; Hon. President, C. B. Coughlin, M. D.; President, J. T. Shilton, B. A.; First Vice-President, A. H. Jaffray; Second Vice-President, F. Pearcy; Secretary, Wm. Nurse; Treasurer, G. W. Reeves. The old officers were all re-elected, except the Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Mason, who so efficiently filled that office for many years, declined re-election, and Mr. Reeves was chosen as his successor.

Dr. Coughlin, Superintendent of the Belleville Institution, who had entered while the election was in progress, was then invited to the platform and made a short address. He congratulated the President on his re-election and on the tactful and progressive management of the Association by himself and the other officers. He expressed the deep regret he and the other officers and teachers felt because of the circumstances that made it impossible to hold the Convention at the Institution, as had been planned. He hoped, however, that nothing would interfere with them meeting there two years hence, and no efforts would be spared to make the Convention an interesting and enjoyable one. It was a great pleasure for him to meet so many of the deaf of the Province, and to note the evidences that they all seemed to be having their full share of prosperity and happiness and of all the good things of life. He was glad to say that, despite the disadvantages under which they had labored on account of sickness, they had had a successful year at the Institution. They realized, however, that there was no standing still in their work; they were trying, and he thought successfully, to do better work each passing year, and they hoped for even greater things in the future. He extended to them and to all the deaf his heartiest greetings, and trusted that all of them would continue to enjoy in yet greater measure the happiness and success that had been so characteristic of the deaf of Ontario in the past, and that had won for them the respect and good will of all honorable men in the communities in which they lived.

Then followed a very excellent moving picture exhibition. The first few films were kindly loaned for the occasion by Dr. Currier, Superintendent of the Ontario Hospital (N. Y.) Institution, and depicted the boys of his school in some of their military evolutions, in which they showed remarkable skill and precision. A couple of films also represented Prof. Jones in some of his graphics sign-making feats. Then followed a number of other series of pictures, chiefly of a humorous character, the whole exhibition being most interesting and enjoyable.

On Wednesday morning a brief closing session was held, the chief business being the presentation and adoption of the following resolutions:

That the thanks of this Convention be extended to Dr. Currier, of the New York Institute, for the kindly loan of the moving picture films of the cadets and Prof. Jones.

To Mr. Watt and the Sports' Committee for their excellent arrangement of the games.

To Mr. Stewart for his efficient aid as interpreter and reporter.

To Mr. Wylie, Park Manager, for his courtesy and help.

That we desire to place on record our appreciation of the able and successful management of the Institution by the Superintendent, Dr. Coughlin, and of the good work being accomplished there in all the departments.

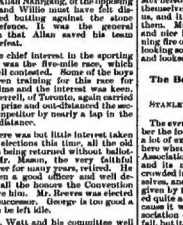
—Thus ended the annual convention of the Park railway were loud in their praises. It was only a toy engine and cars but they went fine.

—His old friends were very glad to see Mr. J. J. Peake at the gathering. It was the first he had attended and we hope to see him again two years hence.

—The ride by trolley through the fruit gardens between Hamilton and Grimsby was indeed a treat. The orchards were loaded with one of the beautiful many of our people from far east and west had never seen a peach tree in fruit before.

—We are sure that our lads and lasses left a good impression of themselves as a class on the minds of the residents of the park, of whom there were about 1,500. The general opinion was that our members were the most quiet, orderly and most self-respecting body that had assembled there.

—While R. Gray, was captain and a power of strength to his team on the forward push-ball line but his line play was blocked by the superb goal keeping of Allan Nahrgang, of the opposing team, and Willie must have felt discouraged batting against the stone wall defence. It was the general opinion that Allan saved his team from defeat.



G. F. Stewart, Interpreter.

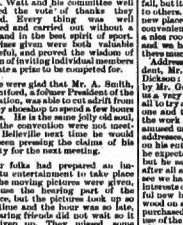
—The chief interest in the sporting events was the five-mile race, which was well contested. Some of the boys had been training for this race for some time and the interest was keen. Fred Tyrrell, of Toronto, again carried off the prize and consolidated the second completion by nearly a lap in the whole distance.

—There was but little interest taken in the elections this time, all the old officers being returned without ballotting. Mr. Reeves, the new faithful treasurer for many years, retired. He has been a good officer and well deserves all the honors the Convention can give him. Mr. Reeves was elected by acclamation. George is too good a man to be left idle.

—Mr. Watt and his committee well deserved the vote of thanks they received. Every thing was well arranged and carried out without a hitch, and all in the best spirit of fun. The prizes given were both valuable and pretty. A couple of the winners of the plan of inviting individual members to donate a prize to be competed for.

—We were glad that Mr. A. Smith, of Brantford, a former President of the Association, was able to cut adrift from his busy workshop to spend a few hours with us. He is the same jolly old soul, and if the convention were not meeting in Belleville next time he would have been pressing the claims of his own city for the next meeting.

—Our lads had prepared an impromptu entertainment to take place after the moving pictures were given, to amuse the heavy part of the audience, but the pictures took up so much time and the hour was so late our hearing friends did not wait so it was given up. They missed some hearty laughs, as some funny representations were going to be put on.



S. Mathieu, B. A. Hon. Patron.

—Three of our friends from Detroit were present, Miss Leslie, their genial railway certificate had been signed and returned to them, they took a trip to see the Falls and next day left for home. At the station they found that they had lost their certificates while visiting Niagara and they had to pay full fare home, a difference of $12 to them. But they returned to the Park and reported the loss to the officers, it was found and returned, but they would not miss a train for that.

—The moving picture entertainment given our members by Mr. Wylie, manager of the Park, was very fine and formed a most interesting evening's entertainment. The films kindly loaned us by Prof. Currier, of the New York School, were also very fine. Some showed the deaf cadets at their drill and exercises and their practice was remarkable. The also recitations of Prof. Jones, of that school, in "the seven ages of man," etc., was a wonderful exhibition of the power of the sign language. We have all heard of Prof. Jones' skill and his clear, forcible movements as they came out in the moving panorama charmed and interested every one. His power to change his features to represent a part, we have never seen equalled and proved him a master in the art of signs.

—The jolliest man at the convention was Mr. Geo. S. Mackenzie, President of the Maritime Association, from far eastern provinces. From first to last he was full of the Association spirit—to have a good time himself and help others to enjoy it. He can give us take a hint with the rest of us, even when on himself. As a judge on the field of sport he made everybody hum and all do their best, and all thought him "a jolly good fellow." We hope to have a long grind power with us again two years hence. The other friends from the far west, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and Mr. Allen, also made themselves very much at home among us, and it was a real pleasure to have them. Mr. Allen, who is a bachelor and nice looking, had to stand a running fire of questions as to why he was looking so for afield, but he only smiled and looked wise.

The Beaver Deaf and Dumb Association

STANLEY CHAMBERS, MONTREAL.

The evening of Wednesday, September the fourteenth, was a most quiet one a lot of excitement in the deaf circles here when the Beaver Deaf and Dumb Association once more opened its doors, and its members and their friends crowded into the room to amuse themselves, and to listen to the addresses given by the committee. It has seemed quite a long summer to us here because it was last May when the Association closed up its doors till the fall, but it may have seemed very short to others. The Association has now a new place to meet, and a much more convenient one, too. We have taken a nice room in the Stanley Chambers and we hope we will enjoy ourselves there much more than we did last year.

Addresses were given by our president, Mr. Hart; Vice-president, Mr. Dickson; Secretary, Mr. Hall, and by Mr. George King. Mr. Hart gave us very kind advice indeed, urging all to try and make this year a happier one and thanking the committee for the very kind way they had worked. Mr. George King amused us, as he always does in his addresses, telling the members a story on his entering the Association room. he expected to find them all very fat and he said he was very much put out after all and said he was surprised to see we had been working hard in the interests of the Association. A beautiful new bagatelle game of mahogany stood on a table and this was just purchased by the Association for the use of the members, and this will be one of our most attractive features. We are very proud of it. The Association, although not having any meetings during the summer, has not been doing nothing. Several meetings were held, and two very pleasant picnics were held to Edward Park, one in July, and one in August. We had hoped to have a treat of a very kind lady friend of Mr. Watt's, but something went wrong towards it and who has promised to help our Association; the other picnic was the Association's first summer. Both were very much enjoyed, the last one especially, as races were held and prizes were donated to the winners.

We send good-will towards our deaf friends throughout Canada.—A. S. W.

[We venture to suggest that the name of this Association be changed to "The Beaver Association of the Deaf." Many of the deaf object to the term "dumb" and desire to have that word eliminated as far as possible. Moreover it is not correct, for the deaf are not a large number of deaf people are not dumb. We hope the Beaver Association will have a very pleasant and profitable season.—Ed. C. M.]

In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But you can see leaders from threatening destruction a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they no more look back. Behold! and that hand may be a little child's.—*Sister Morrow.*

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
I know I'm not missed so much,
To know that this moment some loved one
Is not sighing, in wish for a touch
To feel that the greater are the trouble
We are thinking of me and I sigh,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they missed me when I'm not by.

When twilight approaches the season
That I'm never missed to sing,
Does anyone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I prove a blank,
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that's awaken
Hanged at my wonted merry lay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When meal-times their pleasures we sigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the heavens appear?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all to their pillows are laid,
Do they think of the absent and wish me
A whisper'd "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And linger one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
All pleasures less bade them before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

—Ada Sohn.

Story of the Railroad.

The world was thousands of years old. The great Atlantic ocean had been crossed and the United States had become an established nation, but still kept to the old ways of travel. They believed that any plan to carry freight from place to place faster than the old stage coach was a dream to be laughed at. When it was discovered that steam could be used as a motor machinery and that a steamboat could work its own way up stream, the wisest men people began to think that, no greater wonder could be accomplished.

Alomi seventy years ago a coal digger in the Northumbrian mines of England invented a locomotive, telephones claimed that his engine could take the place of horses in drawing coaches along tracks.

As he was a man who had very little book learning he could not give definite answers to those who asked foolish questions about his wonderful scheme. He knew, though, that his plan could be carried out. Finally he went to the House of Commons of England with a proposition to build a railroad between Manchester and Liverpool. Like the members of Parliament, who supposed themselves very wise laughed at his plan of sinking rails through the air in such an undignified and careless manner. For their part they were content to lay along the tops of their lives in the clumsy old stage coaches and to ride by horse power.

Had it not been for the merchants of Liverpool, who saw that the building of the railroad would add to their wealth, Stephenson's plan would have failed for the time. These men subscribed the money necessary for the project. In December, 1826, the road was begun. As Stephenson had none of the modern appliances for blasting rocks, boring tunnels, building bridges, or sinking piles in marshy places, the work of laying the generally level track took four years. On July 1nventhirty-six welcomed by the whole world. The laboring man and the capitalist were alike interested in such wonders as the strides. In those days it was very different. The wealthy were satisfied with their comforts, while the poor thought every invention and every machinery could perform the work of people was an invention to rob them of their employment and make them poorer. When the first trip on the railroad was made the whole land of England were the passengers.

All along the way the working people placed their threatening mottoes. In fact, a riot was feared, but the strong arm of the law preserved peace and quietness. Those who rode were delighted at being carried through the air so rapidly. They said that it seemed as if they were flying. The journey through the hills and the steam tunnels of level road was such a wonder to them that they said the impossible had come to pass.

We are in this world like a child who plays upon the floor with a most elaborated map, which she does not know how to put together. Here comes our father-love, some mother-love, and here some brother-love, and here some wife-love; here some love that is wrathful against wrong, and here some love that is merciful and compassionate toward the sinful—love all broken up in fragments. Put them together. Take your life for the task, and put them together. You will find the map is love, for life is God and God is love. *Ignatius Ahbot.*

Casabianca, White Soul.

Every boy and girl knows the story of the boy, who

—stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet, beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm,
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form!

But do you know that it is a true story?

The hero was a French boy, son of the admiral on the flagship of "L'Orient," which blew up with the boy standing unflinching at the mainmast.

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, who gave the order for the destruction of "L'Orient," was born in Lancaster Plain, Mass., in a house that was built in 1726. His father was a Royalist, and sent his son to England for his education, where he became one of the seven American-born men to attain distinction in the British navy.

In the battle of the Nile, Captain Hallowell had command of the ship "Swiftsure," which ran down the luckless "L'Orient." When the command was given for the French vessel to be blown up, Captain Hallowell knew nothing of the thirteen-year-old boy who had been adopted and given secretly told by his father: "Do not leave the vessel till I give you permission."

Later he heard the sad story of the boy's heroic obedience; that he called out three times in agony to his father. He stood resolutely by the mainmast, while his father, "Odd as death he was, his voice no longer heard."

At last, when all was lost, the captain that he had a coffin made in the boy's honor out of the floating fragments of "L'Orient," and sent it to the friend and patron, Lord Nelson, with the story of the boy. Nelson had a funeral sling deep regret for the young hero's untimely death.

Nelson had the coffin placed in the cabin in remembrance of the boy, and Captain Hallowell himself carried the lute to the then widely-known poet, Charles Dibdin, sympathies were immediately excited, and she immortalized the boy in her verses. And she named him wisely, "Casabianca—White Soul."

How the Puppy Made Friends.

A gentleman living in New Zealand kept a fine Bulldog, which he had got in London paper. It seems that over there bulldogs have hard times getting acquainted.

The Last week I rode over to see a friend half-a-dozen miles away, and my two collies, 'Bents' and 'Tom,' another and fleet, accompanied me. While waiting for luncheon, my host and hostess and I sat on the veranda, and the dogs lay on the floor in front of the steps.

Then there entered a shambling, awkward setter puppy about eight months old, and finding company present, made himself out to be welcome to his guests by all sorts of uncouth gambols and caresses. Neither dog, Tom and his mother, either disdaining so callow a playmate or feeling the restraint of their hostess surroundings, coldly repulsed his advances, and the puppy was too young that they simply got up and moved away a yard or two.

This seemed to nonplus the puppy, and after having regarded them for a few moments with evident astonishment he turned and trotted off to a patch of flowers—my lady's bank' here—about a hundred yards away.

"Presently he returned with the flower-bed's safe leg, coming from hoof to hip joint, and still bound together by the three bandages. It gave him some trouble to get it through the bars of the gate, but he solved the difficulty by pushing it through sideways, through himself and then reaching back and taking it through.

"This precious offering—an heirloom, I should judge from its appearance—he laid in front of Bessie, his very joint exhibiting the most exaggerated friendliness, and finding that she only averted her head, he took it to Tom.

"Tom's head followed suit, but I saw one furtive eye on the bone, and told him to take it, which he did, to the puppy's exuberant delight. The next moment they were all three gnawing at it, and friendship been thus broken, a wild game of play followed."

In this world a man must be either hammer or anvil.—Longfellow.

How Cowslip Saved Him.

In the Highlands of Scotland it is a kindly custom to give names to the cows as well as other animals. A Scotch lad had three to care for, and all three had names. The red cow was Cowslip, the dun was Bell, and the black was Meadow Sweets.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

"One day,' the boy tells us, "I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and gone up on the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing and fell. I struck against a rock and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle so that I could not move.

"It was very lonely there. It seems to me that it was hours I lay there among the bracken. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was. I could not move my foot, for every touch of my foot. It was no use to call, for there was nothing in sight but sheep, flitting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was but a lad, and mother looked to me for help.

"After a while I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift and the hills. She was a good long way below, but I knew her. It was Cowslip.

"I shouted as loud as I could, "Cowslip! Cowslip!"

I shouted again and again. What did she do? She just came tolling up and up till she reached me. Those hill cattle are rare climbers.

"She made a great ado over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then she set up a moan and moaned—as long and as loud that she heard her in the vale below.

"Then a cow moaning like that, they knew, meant that she was in trouble. So they came searching and found me. They could see her and my white baby, though they could not see me. So they came to me, and it was Cowslip saved my life."—Outlook.

"Wait For Me."

Tom Frost was hurrying to school one morning when he heard some one at once behind him a voice calling plaintively, "Wait for me."

He knew the voice; it was Philip Scott, a boy in his own class, and his first impulse was to continue his way and take no notice of the call; but he was so tired of walking to school day after day alone, that he turned and stood waiting for Philip to overtake him.

"What's the hurry, Tom?" Philip exclaimed, as he came panting up. "I never saw such a fellow as you; you never give a chap the chance to overtake you."

"I'm going in for the punctuality prize, you know," replied Tom, apologetically.

"Well, I don't think it's worth the trouble," resumed Philip, dropping off to his ordinary slow pace; "in my opinion it's bad enough to have to go to school at all, let alone always being there in time. Oh, look! there's a lovely bird's nest in that tree; that is such a beauty."

So he encountered a chase, cap in hand, and fastened so long that Tom's patience was at last exhausted and he left the boy alone once more, arriving at the schoolhouse in time to see the doors closed and his prize lost.

So you see, Tom would have been wiser, as he found to his cost, had he heeded Philip's cry, "wait for me" in response to Philip's "Wait for me."

There are many and girls, and even grown-up people, too, who are painfully indifferent to the prime offices in the school of life; they lack interest, energy and steadfastness of purpose. It is so hindered to allow them to prevent you winning them.

Let them go their own way, keep your eyes fixed to their ordinances, have before you the prize, and one day, if you work unceasingly, content to be alone, it shall be yours.—Selected.

Only the Truth.

Two tramps, says an exchange, approached a railroad telegraph office not far from New York, the other day, and looked haughtily through the window. One of them finally tapped on the window and the operator left his key long enough to inquire:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Just report the supplies going east," replied the tramp with a grin, and started down the track toward New York.

School Friends.

"No, I'm not going back to school. I've been crazy to work for a long time, and I'm going to stick to it."

"Don't you like to study?" asked the pretty girl who worked by Grace's side.

"Oh, tisn't just that—no, I don't, but the thing is, I suppose it's pride; but I'm made that way—I just can't bear the jeers and gibes, and—a lot of other girls." Grace noticed that the girl at her side started and flushed, and she went on hastily. "There, I didn't mean anything against you. You're different, you're alright, and I'm sure you're as good looking it doesn't matter."

"Yes, I didn't mind, because—"

"I suppose you have to study. But you can't have much fun, earning your own living, I imagine. If it's a choice between book learning and having fun and friends, give me the fun and friends, every time. I've got a lot of friends, Louise, and I have as good a time as the swell folks. I'd do work in a factory."

"Grace!" Louise looked up confidently, almost dropping in her earnestness the pretty baby's shoe she was lacing. "Grace, do you know it was just that settled the school question for me?"

"Just what?"

"Friends. You know I worked here last summer, and I meant to keep on with my studies do now. I thought I could not bear to get along as I had all my life, and I thought I was different from the rest of the girls I knew."

"Well, one Saturday afternoon I went off with the crowd to spend here for a picnic and we were having a jolly time, sitting down at the table, when you know what Saturday afternoon at the beach is. We were coming out from bathing our tintypes looked and all of a sudden I felt awfully silly, as I realized that I was bathing and laughing at me. Then I looked up and saw my old school crowd they stuck to gether in a bunch, because they were going to high school together, you know, because they were sitting on the grass eating their lunch. They looked so happy and jolly and so sure and refined, some way, that I felt like a clown. When we went by they look at us, ashamed to be seen with us. I know I turned all colors of the rainbow and I was so different, before, even in the oldest clothes I ever had on.

"All the way home I thought about how different they would be to me now in five years. Then it struck me that in ten years, is I went on with school, I would be earning better clothes than I should ever get from this work; but that if I went on I should never, never have the kind of friends with good boties, and all that sort of thing —friends that amount to something in the world. And I made up my mind there and then that I'd go back, and I couldn't give up."

"Lucky I wonder if I really ought to go to high school?" K. H.

The Same Old Story.

A young man in a telegraph office, in this city, whom I know to be a expert electrician, was sent from time to time back and forth over the line to repair. The president of the company called at his office in the West and, "liking the looks of the young man," struck up with him through the state. On the trip the train ran off the track and the president expressed his fear that the train following might run into them. "Oh, no," the young man replied.

"I think not." To the surprise of the president, he borrowed a pair of climbers, went up one of the telegraph poles, cut a wire and, taking a small instrument from his pocket, telegraphed back to the necessary station, then rewinded the line and descended to the ground. The danger passed and the president was great, and he said: "How did you know where to cut in from the large number that were strung?" And the young man replied, "Why, carry a diagram of the wires and poles," and showed him a complete record that he kept, so that when a break came he could direct the repairers without loss of time." said the president, "where did you get the operating instrument?" "I always carry it in my pocket, for I do not know what may happen." The president said no more, but on his return out appointed the young man general electrican for a large part of the United States. A private car was placed at his command, and a large position awaits him close to the head of the company when he can be released from his present important position.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

The Race at Little Tampa.

(Continued From first page.)

"Tampa!" shouted the noisy multitude once more, and then other enthusiasts chimed in with "Orlando! Jacksonville! Tallahassee!" or whatever favorite they were backing.

The man whom Roy had so slowly passed was a St. Augustine racer. He was clearly out of the running, and not more than half of the distance was over. A feeling of confidence now swept through Leatherwood, and with quick glance around he surveyed the field. Of the six racers, only one was distinctly ahead of him, and—a second look—it was the Orlando man. The boy could see his blue jacket sway back and forth in a quicker rhythm than he was using, and the thing, like a bolt pierced the water as if it were a swordfish.

Boy set his teeth. He wondered whether he should increase his own stroke. He longed to ask Standiff, but he kept on at his usual stroke, and felt no fatigue. It was his regular practice grind.

The rest of the boats dropped behind, one by one. It was clear now that either Tampa or the one from Orlando would win. They flashed past the mile buoy at top speed.

The enthusiastic crowd, seeing the rest of the field clearly conquered, left the leaders all their allegiance. Suddenly there was a clash of whistles, bells and megaphones. Banners and flags shook furiously down the line of bobbing boats.

The gale of enthusiasm shook at the boy's heart. "Go on, Tampa!" shrieked the crowd. "Go it, Little Tampa! He's a half length on you now, Little Tampa!"

They shot by another buoy; it was but a half mile to the finish line. The Orlando man, a ponderous fellow, now began to unbend himself; he fairly picked up his blue shell and hurled it through the water. His attack was sensational. Although the crowd was heartily in sympathy with the boy, there was a sudden silent astonishment at his phenomenal work, and, as ever, the democratic Americans they were, they cheered thunderously for the man they would have seen beaten. The blue shell drew away from Roy. Was, under the excitement, began to quicken his stroke a trifle.

He could no longer see Orlando. It was just before the final rush, and the crowd suddenly became quiet, even with a tense stillness. Leatwood felt he still had a reserve and cut down his stroke still more. A queer sensation filled him, for he felt that he was rowing faster than he ever had before. His rest were nowhere. It was certain he would be second, anyway. That would be an honor for a boy of his age. Faster and faster came his strokes. He rowed so fast that he wondered whether he was not he really was keeping good form, on which Standiffer had insisted so strongly. There was a long line, he flinging the last ounce of legs, back and arms into his oars. He was straining ahead right up to the breaking point.

Suddenly a tremendous cheering broke out again. He wondered if Orlando had crossed the line. After two minutes had elapsed since the blue jacket had passed him so suddenly. That was time for him to cross the line. He glanced around again, expecting to see his opponent victor, but he was surprise there he was, only even. Orlando had made his spurt and had relaxed a little.

Filled with hope, the lad flung all his reserve into his work. If he had thought Orlando exhausted, he was deceived. The blue man spurted again, and the two shells fled on, tip and tip. Fifty yards now from the line, forty, thirty. Somehow the suspense seemed to grip the very nerves of the crowd, and there became so perfect they could hear the beat of the flying oars.

Roy's back seemed breaking with the enduring ache, he felt the strain of his back, arms and back stretching and straining. The shells fairly shot above the swollen water. Twenty—fifteen —ten—with a last great effort, Roy increased his stroke. It was then the fact that he swung back first that did it. His fingers beat out the time, perhaps a foot in advance of the rival.

Instantly pandemonium was loosed, everything that could make a racket made it. Throats were shouted hoarse for Tampa, Little Tampa! The men went down the long course in a great, rolling shout, the densely lined banks took it up, and so the news went in gigantic waves of noise back to Standiffer, who stood at the starting point, straining his eyes after the two flying specks.

The coach breathed a breath of relief. "That's the most marvellous youngster I ever saw," he murmured to himself.

As for Roy, he sat limply in the judges' barge, holding a big, silver cup, every nerve trembling, and his head in a whirl.

Fearless and Honest.

A Scotch lad arrived at Euston, the brightest, yet the loneliest passenger by the London and Northwestern Company's train that day. He was barely fourteen, had not a friend in London, and had only fourpence in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who had befriended him during the journey from Glasgow, "I'm sure I wish that you were safe now with your mother in Scotland."

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick reply.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkships in his office had been unfavorable, was passing at the moment.

Both the sentences caught his eye. The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart.

"Tell your story, my lad," he kindly said.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow, with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed she had sought his aid for Sandy's place, and had given him what little money she could spare.

"Go, and make your fortune," she said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother. She cannot work for you any longer."

Having heard this story, the lawyer engaged Sandy as an office boy.

"I will give you a chance," he said. "You can remain there in the office. Write to your mother to-day that you have found a friend. Be faithful stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office, and by the time he had entered the office passed to have a good start in life.

He attended evening classes, and became an expert penman and accountant. He also rapidly pronounced till he became his patron's confidential clerk.

After sharing his earnings with his mother he went to Scotland and brought her back with him.

By and by he studied law, and when he began to practice at the bar his fearlessness commanded respect, and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries felt sure he'd hear him speak; they instinctively trusted him.

His mother lived to see her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly due to her.—Scottish American.

The Romance of a Raindrop.

Watch the raindrop as it slips along the telephone wire this morning. How it trembles! A moment more and it falls to the earth and you forget all about it; and yet, that drop of water has travelled farther than any pilgrim this earth ever knew. Once it was out in the ocean, lost in the wide blue of the tossing billows. One day the sun's rays warmed it. Then it was but the tender touch which caressed it. It sailed in a mist of clouds thousands of miles across the country. Perhaps you saw it yesterday morning when the fog lay so over everything, but you did not recognize it. Or it may have fallen for the earth when a thunderbolt shattered the storm-cloud, only to be taken back again in the vapor which rose while we slept at night. That drop of water has been where you and I probably never will go. It has helped to lighten the face of this troubled dust many more times than one, and will keep on doing the work no one knows how long, for the wise men tell us that in all the world nothing is ever lost.—Ex.

Wagnerian Organ Effects.

An organ-grinder, whose repertoire consisted largely of the old-fashioned Italian melodies and operatic selections, played one or two of them before a suburban house. There happened to be a party of music-loving people inside, and presently devotees of Wagner arose, whose basis was long and brushed pompadour, beckoned to the man. "I should be glad," said he with a lofty manner, "if you would kindly play a few selections from Wagner."

Immediately the organ-grinder, throwing up his hands wildly, replied: "Wagner! Wagner! Not for leafty dollars. I breaka three organ and kills two monk wid your Wagner. I play hem no more."

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

EAST—5.55 a. m.; 8.05 a. m.; 1.35 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.

WEST—2.55 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 1.20 p. m.; 11.10 p. m.; 12.05 p. m.; 5.40 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE BELLEVILLE STATION:—4.20 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 2.05 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

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LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞ Prepay postage, express or freight charges on all cases.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

Ephpheta Mission Hall, 32 Alice Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 130 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Ephpheta Mission Hall.

Music Leaf Club meets every second Friday at 232 Sherbourne St., at 8 p. m.

Miss. J. R. Byers, Doorkeeper, 232 Sherbourne St.

Mr. F. Hodgson, Secretary, 102 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CASMAN, BELLEVILLE.

Dentist coming to Belleville to visit the Deaf and Dumb at the School for the Deaf, The Casman, on the Grand Trunk Station. Will be prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work, and those requiring his services can leave word with Supt. G. F. Stanton or any of the Officials, or leave their names in the office at the Institution. Terms: Cash on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

IT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send the names of deaf children, or other addresses of the parents of deaf children, that are uneducated, or not known to them, so that I may forward to them the Canadian Mute, and thus endeavor to get them where they will be what means of the education they require.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind, Brantford, Ontario, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

W. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 9.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.45 to 11. During the latter hour is served to the pupils, in the Dormitory dining-room, a lunch.

As soon as the Pupils Assemble in the morning they are required to commit verses chosen by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will be marched to the chapel and after prayers will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The pupils are then prepared for bed in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers' Normal Department. The Art and Industrial rooms and departments are situated before the Public School and Normal rooms.

Evening Study Hour 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 7 to 8.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Primary pupils at 8.15 a. m., senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend. Pupils may request ministers whom we instruct by the pastors in charge.

Rev. Canon Farncomb, M.A., Rev. G. W. Ellis, Presbyterian (Anglican); Rev. J. H. Ryckman, Methodist; Rev. Father Lennon, Roman Catholic; Rev. J. Wilkinson, Baptist; the Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

Rev. J. Clarke, Superintendent of Presbyterian Mission of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. Wm. F. Wright; Teachers, Miss Lees, Miss Hall, Miss Burns, Miss Wright, Miss Hall, Miss Ireland.

The Catholic Pupils receive religious instruction on Sunday mornings at 8.15 and at 3.30 and on Tuesday Afternoons from 2 to 2.30. Teachers, Miss Lynch and Miss Hanley.

☞ Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

Manual Training Room—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday from 9 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m. Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday after 4 p. m. Teacher, Miss Lees.

The Sewing Class Room are open for work Daily from 2.30 to 4.30 for senior pupils and from 9 to 11 a. m. for pupils in the Primary Public school; for those who do not, from 1.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. Every working day except Saturday, when the office and sewing will be closed.

Domestic Science Classes may be arranged for from time to time.

The Sewing Class Rooms are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 noon and from 1 to 4 p. m. Also for those who do not attend school, and from 7 to 9 p. m. for those who attend the Public Day School.

☞ The Printing Office, Shops, Sewing Rooms and Domestic Science Department to be left open only when work requires it, and not daily continue.

☞ Teachers are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except at the discretion of the Superintendent or Head of the Department concerned.

☞ Teachers, officers and others are not to allow pupils to engage in the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visits is from 2 to 4 p. m. Parents to be seen after 3 o'clock, a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

Where pupils are from remote parts and from whit those in the institution, they are kindly requested to write to the Superintendent before taking with their children. It only makes discomfort and inconvenience, otherwise, for the parent, if the child will be tenderly received, but the child will suffer from delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days. In some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently, and parents, therefore, however, they will be made welcome to the Superintendent and Officers, are requested to abstain from the present work of the school. Parents are requested to write to their children frequently, and to see that proper accommodation may be had in the city at the Queen's Hotel, Kirk's Restaurant, Commercial and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Managements:

Parents will be good enough to give all direct home supplying clothing and necessaries of their children to the Superintendent. No communication with the pupils should be commenced until the Superintendent and Officers have been informed of the matter, and the Superintendent will be promptly replied to.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily by parents or guardians. In case of the serious illness of parents of pupils may be sent quite frequently.

☞ Pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks, and may write oftener if they wish. Letters will be written by the teachers for those who are unable to write themselves, and will be read by the teachers to those who cannot read themselves.

☞ Correspondence that have been sent out at home or properties by family pupils are requested to be sent to the Superintendent, who will forward them to the proper parties of the institution.

☞ Letters of the Institution are warned against Canal Doctors who advertise themselves as Specialists for the cure of deafness. It is the case out of a 100 they are frauds and humbugs, and only take your money and restore. Consult only known medical men and those who have had experience and not be afraid of medical and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Supt.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent.*
W. COCHRANE, ... *Bursar.*
W. W. BUYCK, M. D., ... *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY ..... *Matron.*

Teachers:

H. B. COUGHLIN, M.A., ... *Head Teacher.*
W. J. CAMPBELL,
JAMES C. HAIRE, B. A.
GEO. F. STEWART,
MISS M. J. TAYLOR,
MISS M. FOSTER,
MISS MARY DULL,
MISS GEORGINA I. LEES,
MISS SYLVIA I. HAIRE,
MISS ADA JAMES,
MISS A. M. BURKE,
MISS LORA HUNTER,
MISS SADIE MCARDLE,
MISS M. E. MCKINNON,
MISS E. FORD,
MISS F. K. PAIRE,

Teacher of Articulation:
MISS FLORENCE CROSS.

Teacher Manual Training.
MISS MARY DULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
MISS E. YOUNG, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—MR. INGRAM.

MISS B. A. MCFARLANE, *Supervisor of Clerk.* *Instructor of Printing.*

WM. NURSE, *Storekeeper and Assistant Supervisor.*
ALEX MORRISON, *Master Shoemaker.*

W. G. REEVE, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*
URIAH J. PIPPIN, *Engineer.*

MISS L. DEARNARD, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*
JOHN DOWDALL, *Master Carpenter.*

MISS MAUD TINDALE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Sewing.*
J. N. BOYD, *Master Tailor.*

WILLIAM H. LAIR, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining the Institution is to afford gratuitous instruction to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either in whole or in part, unable to receive education in the ordinary schools.

All deaf children between the ages of seven and twenty-one, who belong to families resident in this province, whether parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the expenses of their education, may be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for the pupil's board, lights, washing and medical attendance.

Indigent parents, parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

All the pupils learn Printing, Shoemaking, Carpentering, Tailoring, Gardening, Housework, Sewing, Knitting, Fancy Work and Needlework. Instructional and Fancy Work is taught to the girls. Particular attention is given to the boys, and favorable trades for girls have been selected.

It is hoped that all parents and friends of deaf mutes children will avail themselves of their privileges and send their children to the Institution for the education and improvement.

☞ The Spring Session will open on the first Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission, etc., will be cheerfully given by letter addressed to the Principal.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed will be delivered to the pupils to whom they are addressed. Mail for pupils to convey, if any, is here to either deposit with the officer in charge or to hand to the pupil with the permission of the parent. Letters and papers addressed to pupils must be prepaid, and should be addressed to the pupil's name in full, and the name of the street and number in the building.

A Bit of Advice

"I thought they'd all be sorry,"
And the little maiden sighed;
"When mamma said that vacation
Was almost done, I cried.

I went to tell the squirrels,—
I thought they'd surely run it—
But they had their nuts together
And just chattered, "Knew it knew it!"

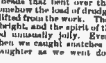
And the lambs out in the pasture,
Where the wise old sheep, too, are,
When I told them 'twas September,
They only answered "Baa!"

And the crows went cawing, cawing,
In the woods across the river,
"Did you think," they seemed to ask me,
"Would be playtime forever?"

And the goldenrod—I love it
Nodded as I went along.
Then a breeze came, and it sounded
Like a queer, dear, little song.

"Long ago," so it seemed saying,
"When we saw September coming,
We put on our plumes to tell you;
I think that a partridge humming"

"Do as we do,—keep the brightness.
All the days can't be for play;
Be as bright as you are for study;
Let the gold shine in the gray.
Happy all the folk that win it,
Work is fame, and fame is fun,
When you put your glad heart in it."
And, come close,—it is a secret,—
—Olive S. Dana.



The Gray-Haired Block.

"Well, Major," I asked as we sat down to luncheon, "did ever get rid of that hundred thousand?" You remember her that when I was here the last time you had a hundred thousand you wanted rid of by a given day, and were worrying over how to do it?"

"I did not give it away, after all," he said with a smile that I always loved to see, it meant so many things to follow. "Yes, I invested it. I will show you after luncheon."

As I knew the Major always did his shopping before his talking, I curbed my curiosity, and talked about other things.

"I believe we will walk," he said as we went down the gate; "it is only a few blocks."

"There it is," he said as we approached the business section of the town. The building to which he pointed was a handsome three-story structure covering an entire block. On the stone tablet over the high arched door at the main entrance I read, "The Gray Block." On a sign which projected from the front I read, "Speed Hotel." The Major's name was also on every business sign I noticed along the block.

As we entered, a very gray-haired man stepped up to the Major, and greeted the Major with an affectionate smile.

In the elevator the white-haired boy in charge—he must have been more than seventy—greeted the Major in a way that somehow gave me a queer sensation at the heart.

We began at the hotel on the third floor. The clerk came from behind his desk to shake hands with the Major.

"How are you, Uncle Johnny?" Mr. Speed asked. "How is the hotel?"

"Fine," he replied the gray old clerk. And I noticed the old fellow held his hand until the Major released it.

It was a first class hotel, and well kept. The manager was a fine old fellow of sixty-five, who formerly managed a large hotel in Denver. The cooks, waiters, bellboys, everybody about the place, showed signs of at least threescore years of experience.

On the second floor we went through tailor-shops, broom-factory, shoe-shops, printing-office and many other busy rooms. And everywhere it was gray heads that bent over the tasks, but somehow the load of drudgery had been lifted from the work. Their faces were bright, and the spirit of the place seemed unusually jolly. Every now and then we caught snatches of song and laughter as we went down the halls.

Everywhere at our approach the men referred to the Major were filled with that peculiar affectionate look I had seen in the old doorkeeper's eyes, and there was a note in their greeting that unaccountably contracted the muscles in my throat.

On the ground floor were stores and shops of various kinds clothing stores, shoe stores, dry goods stores, grocery stores, fruit-stand, news-stand, hot blacking stand, book-shop, and many others were included in the block. And in all of them were old men as clerks and managers.

In the best corner of the block was a bank. As we entered, the cashier looked up over his glasses, and hastily put his hand through the window.

"Ah, Major, Major, I am glad to see you. It has been several days since you have been around."

The book-keepers all lifted their gray heads from over their ledgers, and a cheerful greeting came to the lips of each. It was not the usual kick from down the "boss" comes in, but rather the expression of happy children when a favorite uncle comes home.

"Well, well," I exclaimed when we were on the street again, it seems to be a rather unlikely well-kept institution from top to bottom; but where did you get that collection of gray heads? I never saw anything like it."

The major laughed. "There are only two men in the whole block under fifty-five. In fact they call it the 'Gray-haired Block.'

"The best business to run after, and not until twilight, as we sat on the porch, did he tell me the story.

"You remember how worried I was wanted to give away worried me more than any money I ever had.

"Dunbridge, many people would think it easy to give away money.

"It is hard to throw it by, but I tell you it is exceedingly difficult to spend money for the good of others and get value received.

"For months I studied over ways and means to get rid of that hundred thousand which I felt belonged to the people good. As I have often remarked before, it seems to me the poorest sort of help to wait until a man has lost all that he is worth keeping before you assist him.

"I thought then counts for both the man and society is that which saves his self-respect and keeps him at work.

"I was down Lightners I finally got the idea.

"I came home one evening, and found my wife had been crying, and I knew there was something wrong with one of the neighbors. I think she carries fully half of all the joys and sorrows of the end of town.

"'What is it, Mary?' I asked.

"'The Lightners,' she answered simply, her lips quivering. 'I don't know what will become of them.'

"'What is the matter?' I asked seriously, for they were our next neighbors and very good friends. 'He hasn't lost his job?'

"'Yes,' she answered, patting her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor Mrs. Lightner is nearly killed.'

"'What will they do?'

"It was a problem. Lightner had been book-keeper in the Third National Bank for thirty years. In the early days they scrimped and saved enough from his salary to pay for a home. It is that pretty cottage on the corner across there—but not a cent more had they saved nor could they save. There were no children upon whom they could depend, no rich relatives. And I knew they felt that they had always been on the job at sixty-five has cut it for life.

"I worried about them a good deal, but I could not for the life of me see any way out. He was not qualified for any other position and of course he could not earn wages at manual labor.

"I watched the old fellow go by every morning, his head held up with very like that look and grit and will power. I know he was hunting work.

"I saw him come home every even ing, his head bent forward, and know he had not found it.

"One evening about three months later I saw him come home early with the most dejected look I ever saw on a man's face. I learned that he had been refused credit at the grocery store the first time in his life.

"The next day Mary sent me word sure they were trying to sell their house. She had been two or three real estate agents looking about of the place.

"That evening I went to see Lightner, although I felt the life of me I could not think what I should say or what I should offer. Still, I felt they must be helped somehow.

"They received me with the same cordiality they had always shown in their home; but there was no restraint of trouble. Lightner's eyes wandered frequently from mine, and he several times dropped the thread of conversation. His wife gazed most of the time through the window at her rose bushes now in full bloom and several times she covered her face with her hands as if she was surreptitiously wiping her eyes.

"'Jerome,' said blundering, 'I am sorry about your job. Is there anything that can be done about it?'

"'No, Mr. Speed, thank you, no,' he answered.

"There is nothing to be done. And then rattled pathetically I'm just down and out.'

"'O, no,' I protested, 'you are good for many years yet.'

"'Yes, yes,' he said, 'that is the worst of it. I am still able to work but not able to earn. My pride and self-respect and love of life are so strong I never, there is no way for me to earn a living, that is what hurts. We shall have to sell the place, rent a cheap one; and then, well, I suppose it is going well, I don't know, I don't know.'

"Jerome, I said, as also coming to my self-respect, 'I am going to start a small bank myself, and should like to have you act as cashier if you will.'

"'Why, I would be glad to, Mr. Speed, you don't mean it,' he exclaimed, jumping up excitedly.

"Absolutely, I said, 'and mighty glad I shall be to get you.

"He grasped my hand until it hurt, and I am not sure we both did not cry a little as the door old wife sobbed with the joy of relief.

"After I went home the idea began architect began to grow. I went to see whom I knew, who had recently had built a block, a construction company on account of his money.

"He was the president man you ever saw when I explained him to plan a building to cover a whole block.

"We employed old bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, book-keepers and all, and paid them for what they could do.

"While the work was going forward, I made inquiries for any aged agent, and together we gathered our force from the gray but efficient ranks of those who had come to the end of their jobs before the end of their strength.

"We started a shop or business to fit pretty nearly each of them, and put them according to what they can do. They are happy in their work, for they know that coming age costs no shadow over their jobs.

(Concluded on last page.)

The Pearl Necklace.

How nice it will be to have a ride on the cars through the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland Mountains! For my part I can very glad grandma has secured me we will have a new rosie," said Agnes Moore, dancing about. "And we are to go in the daytime, so we can see it all.

"Yes," answered Margaret Raymond, "but some way I am thinking more about seeing dear grandma and grandpa than I am of the mountains.

Agnes and Margaret were cousins, and nearly as unlike as possible. Margaret's parents were travelling in Europe, having left her aunt to attend to her with Agnes. Now that it was the time of vacation, Mr. and Mrs. Moore were going out into the country to visit Mrs. Moore's father.

"We will take separate seats," said Agnes, as their little party entered the cars, "so each can sit beside a window to more plainly see the scenery. And we will not give up our seats to some one else, either."

As there were several unoccupied seats, Agnes easily carried out her plan.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Agnes, as she looked at the mountains outlined in the dark azure. "Am I not glad I have a window all to myself!"

Just then a woman drew near with a pale, sickly looking little girl clinging to her hand for support. "I'm trying to find an empty seat a minute for this little girl can see the mountains. You see, the poor child never rode on the cars before," said the woman in an eagerly plead her.

"The little girl can have my seat," said Margaret hurrying out of it. "And you can remain here, too. I'll go in the next seat beside my cousin."

"Bless you, dearie, you are so kind. She is ordered three or four miles into the country for a couple of weeks. Some kind people sent word they would take in, and a rich lady gave the money to pay for car-fare—so here we are."

"I would not have my money any more," whispered Agnes to Margaret. "You had the first right."

"I was glad of the chance to do something for the poor little girl. See how pale and weak she is."

It was just past the middle of that pretty June afternoon when the Moore's left the train, entered the pretty Gothic station house, where they found Grandpa Walton waiting in the carriage to the farmhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore had just left the train three hour, desiring to know if they could tell her where Jeremiah Walton lived.

"There is where we are going," said Mrs. Moore; "he lives with my father."

"Is it possible?"

"Are you a relative?"

"No. But Mrs. Walton and myself were very dear girl friends. Perhaps you have heard her mention Sybil Charles."

"Indeed I have, many times."

"I married a gentleman by the name of Brooks, and live in California."

"You will be very, very welcome," said then Mrs. Moore introduced Mrs. Brooks to her father.

"I think if we keep good-natured we can all ride," said Mr. Walton, as he took Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Moore and Agnes to the back seat of the carriage. Mr. Moore and Grandpa Walton were so large as to quite fill the front seat.

"And where is my Margaret to sit?" asked grandpa.

"I am too large to be held," said Margaret, "so I will tuck myself against the frontpiece of the carriage."

"Why, you are right in the sun, child," said grandpa. "You will be too warm."

"Never mind. A few moments on grandma's cool porch will make me forget how warm I have been."

"The dear, unselfish girl," said Mrs. Brooks to Mrs. Moore.

"She is always so. Only the other evening the two girls were going to a concert, over which they were delighted. But I was taken with a severe pain in my head, so that Mr. Moore thought it not best to leave me alone. Margaret came and urged her uncle to go with Agnes, while she stayed; and Agnes hurried away as unconcerned as possible, although she was my child."

After tea, as Mrs. Walton was chatting with Mrs. Brooks of old days, Mrs. Walton said: "Sybil, what ever became of the pearl necklace you gave me to say you were going to bestow upon the first really unselfish person you found?"

"I have it yet. But I have found the one upon whom I shall bestow it."

"Do tell me who the person is."

"Your grandaughter, Margaret."

"It does pay to not be selfish sometimes," said Agnes, with a sigh.

"It always pays in the happiest

BY ERIC L. WILDMAN.

It's a mystery to most people how Donald Jackie comes to own his new farm, when he's scarcely more than a boy. They say he isn't specially clever, and that's right. No teacher ever thought him more than just a good, plodding average student. Then they also say, these mystified folks, that he hasn't had half as good a chance as lots of other boys, and there is no denying to the truth of this plain statement.

Donald's father was a poor man; just a simple, every day cobbler, and there were seven children and nothing certain a share of whatever was going in this plain, workaday home. A thrifty, strong little mother did her best to stretch the meagre income across the needs of all those boys and girls; but, of course, it stood to reason that there could be nothing in the way of leavings to make a start for even the most fortunate child.

But these people who wonder at young Donald's success don't take into account one bit of a sturdy character-istic, that must surely be reckoned among this boy's assets. I mean his natural love of application to make the very best of himself.

One winter's day, when the hive of the small boy was one into the kitchen with my work, I had a little chat with Donald. I was tacked up close to a warm, bright southern window, and my typewriter was clicking out such a pretty, tuneful story, that I scarcely noticed the entrance of a certain small sawney. Then, suddenly, I became conscious that he was standing watching me very closely, and as I looked up he asked, quite seriously:

"I like to see it work. My sister owns a typewriter, and I like to see her watching her."

"Has your sister a good position?" I asked, for somehow this boy's eager face demanded that I show some interest in his affairs, I reckoned.

"Yes," he answered, proudly, "it's good for a girl. She gets seven dollars a week, right now she's overtime nights at home, and that's two dollars a week more."

"And what are you going to do when you grow up?" I asked.

By this time I had pushed back my chair, and my swiftly moving story was in the hands of Scandill. I was anxious to hear that our grocery boy was going to do some grand, fine thing, and boys so often like to weave into their air castles but not a bit of it. He only said, with a cheery little smile: "I'm going to do my very level best."

All fresh, I was, I was a little disappointed. The outlines of this boy's success were so very indefinite that I couldn't be supposed to form any picture of a builder or a merchant or a manufacturer. But, as he left the kitchen door, and I went back to my typewriter, I began to see that the very general request for life success were all wrapped up in the terse reply, "I'm going to do my very best, I will."

A builder or a manufacturer or a merchant might stand for little more detail, merely that "my very level best" was very apt to mean a place for each moment the man who chose it.

And thus it was that I began to watch Donald Jackie. When he was about seventeen years old, generally delivering groceries after four, he made a bold stroke for fortune. He became a big manufacturing concern. They were where they didn't need a boy, but Donald Jackie was importuned in his plan for good, hard work of any kind, and finally he found his place. Two years later, with a tidy sum of money in his pocket and a deal of pluck in his heart, he made straight for our big, breezy Canadian West. There he homesteaded a patch to success, and now, as I've said, people are wondering how it is that a young chap, without special talent or chance, should manage to be the owner of his own broad acres. I think I know the secret easily.

Donald Jackie hasn't leaned too hard on either luck or chance. He has just done his "very level best"; and of course that means that he has got push and grit in full measure. Just drop a line back has come the answer—Success.

"For persons realize how much of their happiness, such as it is, is dependent upon their work, upon the fact that they are kept busy and not left to feed upon themselves. Happiness comes most to persons who seek but least and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. It must overtake you and not you it. How important is health to happiness, yet the best promoter of health is having something to do."

Good Manners at School.

A boy who wishes to be a gentle man will take off his hat as he enters the door of the school building and keep it off until he goes out of the door. He will go up and down the stairs in an orderly way, not pushing nor crowding matters; he will also be quiet and attentive in the chapel.

He will be prompt and ready to obey orders and he rude and noisy. They are mistakes. It is only shown a bad mind. It may be a trouble them in charge of them, but it harms no one but themselves. He will be polite to his mates, deprive them of many pleasures and bring about many disagreements. Disregard of the rules of school shows lack of respect for teacher and superintendent. Lack of courtesy and politeness never go together.

Regularity and punctuality are signs of good manners. When a pupil enters chapel or school-room late, he distracts all who are present.

Proper respect for the school will prevent pupils from throwing anything unsightly about the grounds, on the steps of the buildings or on the floors; also from marking with pen, pencil, crayon, or knife, the walls, woodwork or desks.

Pupils should be very careful of what they are allowed to use, but do not mar, deface books, property or other school materials. If pupils are well-bred they will be quick to obey orders in them, and will be kept clean.

A teacher's directions should be respected and given with prompt obedience. Should be quick and cheerful. Sulking, contradicting or delay in obeying, are rude and childish. Never interrupt a teacher by inattention, disorder or rudeness unless a recitation is in progress, nor when she is talking with others in the room.

All pupils should try to put things in their places, and should keep their own desks in order. They should not use books, papers or pencils belonging to others without permission. Pupils should never touch articles or go in the teacher's desk; it is very rude to trouble with them.

A pupil should be ashamed to copy from another's paper, or to be telling what does not belong to him and back in school. Never let the teacher it is his own, which is lying.

It is unkind as well as impolite to laugh at the mistakes of schoolmates, or to stare or point at anything peculiar in his dress or appearance.

When visitors come to the room, they should be treated politely and made to feel at their ease. Remember it is very rude to stare at them or to turn around to look.

When a pupil goes into another school-room to speak to a friend, he should not enter the room without permission. To walk into a room and begin talking to a pupil is very impolite. Never stand in the hall and look into a room, nor speak to the pupils in the room.

When sent with a note to another person, a pupil should never open and read it. Nothing could be more impolite.

Do not chew gum nor eat anything in the school-room.

Do not forget to say "Good morning" and "Good afternoon."

Always say "Excuse me" when passing in front of any one.

Never fail to say "Thank you" for a favor, or "I beg your pardon" for a fault.

Do not leave outside doors open in cold weather.—*The Silent Monitor.*

Words at Wisdom.

We seldom catch the fish we see.

The hardest kind of work is doing nothing.

Never fool with a man whom liquor has fooled.

Stick to the outside track; collision is lost likely.

Selfishness and laziness are the great bars to progress.

Appreciation comes from the realization of those things obtained with difficulty.

If a man only could actually realize what he anticipated, few mistakes would be made.

It is curious to see how the spectacle of another man of destiny spoils and leave him room and freedom.—John Foster.

The best portion of a good man's life are his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

Understand this, first, last, and always the world wants the very best thing. It wants your best.—Frances E. Willard.

MARITIME NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Annie Hawkins, of Base River, is on of thecmployees Maxwells Cotton Mill. Her brother David worked in the sawmill nights at Maxwells until July 11th when the night work discontinued. He looks for jobs anywhere he goes.

Capt. L. McKay, who once ran a steamer on the Bd. Lake and Canal now in the same mill by day and watches over it Sundays. He lets his place be used for a mess for the crew.

Miss Viva Wasson still lives at Newcastle Creek, Queens Co. She is not married as it was supposed. The Crawford boys, who attended the St. John schools, are her relatives.

Miss Annie Vail, and her brother Wellington, live at Lemaac, Queen Co. Wellington is a good worker and has made two handsome side wheeled steamer models about 4 feet long.

Mrs. B. Hines and her sister, Annie Vaughan, made a visit to the Vail home.

Miss Maudie McLeod, of Somers, now of the Halifax School staff, made a visit to Boston, New York and Philadelphia and took a course of speech reading at New York city summer.

Mr. Harry Campbell, of Digby, was drowned while bathing on Sept. 8th. He was a post office clerk and a general favourite. He leaves a family circle mourning.

Harold MacMaus met with an accident at Hilyard's mill, St. John, July 18th. He slipped and fell from a load of lath yard, breaking bones in his hip. He was sent to the General City Hospital. He has got well and is about at work.

Mr. Boal has taken rest from his four years' missionary work and is enjoying his one month's vacation with relatives and friends to and round Boston. While in Boston he attended the Rev. Dr. Wyand's deaf service and took communion. He was present at the 3 p.m. service after communion but regretted not knowing the Boston sign language. He has no one for the service, for he had not been in Boston for the Rev. Dr. Fleming's funeral or Mr. Joseph Neilley, his sister. Mrs. Gregory O'Brien, and her husband, all of Halifax, have attended. Mr. Boal's relatives took him to see Glaude Grahame-Whyte, R. A. F. officer, testifying in his wonderful biplane over Harvard Aerodrome at Atlantic City, where 30,000 spectators were present and thousands of automobiles flocked, on Sept. 4th.

The special meeting of officers of the Maritime Association of the deaf was held in the local association room at the St. John on Labor Day that opposed the Dominion Exhibition. There were very lively discussions on important matters all day. It was actually decided to fit the date of the long delayed fifth annual convention at Halifax on Sept. 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1921. —CHATTERLEY.

LANARK LOCALS.

From our own Correspondent.

E. S. Smith has gone back to the institution to resume his studies. We wish him success while at school.

Misses Noonan and Michael Noonan and Mr. Jack, of Carleton, were here attending the fall fair and had a good time in general.

T. J. McKay, a successful farmer of Middleville, came to Lanark to visit and attended the fall fair and had a good chat with Thos. Hamilton.

Thos. Hamilton spent a holiday at his old home in Delta and attended the Delta fall fair and went to Ottawa to visit his old friends. He has returned to Lanark to repair boots and shoes and is busy at his old trade.

E. S. Smith has worked for his father on the farm all summer. He was very fond of shooting birds.

The deaf of Lanark and Harder and Middleville had a picnic at the Fair Convention at Belleville last June but they were disappointed when they heard of the change to Grimsby Park. They gave up going to Grimsby Park because the expense was too great and the distance too far. They wish that Ottawa would be selected for the next Convention for all the delegates would visit many interesting places in Ottawa.

Thos. Hamilton spent a week in Oregan, in Smith's Falls, to see him and his amiable wife before going home and had a good chat with them. Mr. Dragon is a good carpenter and is well liked by his employers.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Trafford and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fraser, formerly of Pembroke, now of Brockville, have been visited by Thos. Hamilton, who found them in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Trafford has worked as the O. T. R. coal yard for 30 years. He is married and has two children.

Albert Fraser is a watchman in the National Manufactory for the milk separators. He is a married man, having four children who can talk.

Thos. Hamilton, of Lanark, and Thos. J. McKay, of Middleville, drove to Harper, eight miles, to pay a pleasant visit at Elmer Noonan on Sunday. They found the Noonan family and Yack's family well, and prosperous. They talked about the old stories since they left the institution.

CARP SURROUNDINGS.

From an occasional Correspondent.

School days again and I wish every one at the Institution health and happiness through the year.

The holidays seemed too short for me. Especially Mr. Bishop, of Carp.

Miss Ruby McGregor should be congratulated, as she has started a sewing shop at home.

Mr. William Lett, of Carp, has been out as Mrs. Arthur was taken to the winter and gate good wages.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, of Diamond, gave a party to their deaf friends this summer. All had a joyous time and I shall be long remembering the many present were Miss Ida Burns, Miss L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Murphy, R. Lett, S. Lett, Master Ewing, Mr. Gray, Mr. Bayne and Mr. Armstrong.

Miss Lizzie A. Sclanens was the guest of Mr. A. Greene for a week during vacation.

We are all glad to see Mr. H. Hensall, of Toronto. He called to see all his old school friends.

Mr. Robert Smith and Miss A. McBride are better and over the shock they sustained while walking on the railway track.

Thank you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable paper. I have been a subscriber for many years and take much interest in its paper and the doings at the Institution.—L. S.

Having Old Ones Made Over.

If ever there was a person good to meet, it was Mrs. Bell. She was as busy as she put down her sewing and walked briskly to the door to let me in, more than seeing the doctor. Any time, if the soul needs medicine. Here I was wondering if I remembered that I narrowly knew how to brace up; everything I did was a task, and my spirits were all sort of sorts.

Then Jane came in like a bit of sun shine and made me feel ashamed.

"She didn't go about it by giving me advice, or anything of that sort. She just saved me by kind words and friendly interest.

"I guess she saw by my eyes that I had been crying, but she took no notice and talked as if that my face had been wrestled in suds.

"Oh, Mollie," she said, "I'm so glad to see you. You will know how glad when I tell you I walked all the way over from Lady's Bay for that very purpose.

"Lady's ferry is seven miles away, and a rough hilly road at that.

"You dear little woman." I cried, smiling in spite of myself.

"Yes, I did," she laughed, laying aside her wraps and taking up the dish towel.

"What I need is plenty to do and I'm happy when I'm employed. I'm glad about run out of work at home then something happened to tell me I would find some here."

"That's right," I sighed. "The work fairy will find it for you."

"And thank the Lord you have the strength and love to do it. You are one of the richest women I know, Mollie. With Tom for a husband and those bright, healthy boys from the first ignited to the last, you are really to be envied, dear."

Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott was a great writer. He wrote poetry and prose.

He was born in Scotland.

He was not a very smart boy in school, but he could tell many nice stories.

The boys all liked Walter.

He died there and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

Tell me the names of six books Sir Walter has written.

King John and the Great Charter.

After the death of Richard the Lion hearted in 1199, his brother John became King of England. King John was hated by the people because he was tyrannical and refused to rule as he pleased. He taxed the people heavily, and in these oppressed them and if they complained, he cast them into prison. The King had a young nephew, named Arthur, and it was thought that he should have been made King. While they talked, therefore, to get Arthur out of the way, and he put him into prison. Nothing more was heard of the young prince, and it is said that King John had him murdered. The King was such a tyrant that the chief men of the kingdom, or barons, made up their minds to force him to rule in a better way. They met together, and wrote down a number of promises which they wished the King to make. These were written on a paper called the great charter. At first, the king was angry, and refused to make the promises; but after some fighting, King John agreed to do as the people wished. He met the Barons on an island in the Thames river, called Runnymede, and, after hearing the paper read, gave orders for it to be stamped and sealed. The Great Charter of liberties to the people of England were then drawn up. But the King did not keep his word, and before long there was war in England again. In marching an army against the Barons, he had to cross the Wash, and in doing so his treasure and jewels were lost. Not long afterwards, the King took a fever and died. We always think of this page as the time of the Great Charter.

What Is Dying?

It was Robert Brecher who gave this comforting answer to the child "What Is Dying?"

I am standing upon the sea-shore. A ship at my side spreads her white sail to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her till at last she fades on the horizon, and only a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky meet. Then some one at my side says: "There she is gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight that is all, she is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place for which she started. She is gone! There are those who say that are watching for her coming; and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" And this is dying."

How unmeaning is death! It is a name applied to the grave, to place. Out of one chamber into another of my Father's mansion. It is a grand step into loftier, more glorious apartments, where the soul shall get a wider, grander vision of God. Death is like wakening from a troubled dream or wakening to the sunlight of a real, new day. The night of earth forever passed. The day of heaven forever broke the sunshine of God forever over us the clouds and damps of earth rolled away. The storm is hushed, tremmels laid aside. This is Heaven, this is life!—The Deaf North Carolinian.

Matches.

A good many years ago people did not use matches. They had a hard time starting their fire. They struck pieces of flint together over dry leaves, and struck from the flint ignited the leaves. Some people used burning glasses, but these burning glasses were no good on dark and cloudy days. There were other ways to start a fire, but all were hard. Even a hundred years ago the people in the United States had lots of trouble with their fire. They kept it going because it was so hard to start. Sometimes when the fire went out they would run to their nearest neighbors and borrow a few hot coals to start their fire with again.

Phosphorus was discovered two or three hundred years ago. It was very dangerous to use. A Swedish Regional invented the Lucifer or friction match. The matches were made of small sticks with phosphorus heads. They were ignited by pressing between pieces of sand paper. They were expensive and not very good because the heads often came off. By and by the present match came into use. Matches are made of pine wood. The wood is waxed into blocks two inches square. Machines cut the blocks into splints. The splints are dipped into melted sulphur. The sulphur makes the wood burn easily. The tips of the splints are dipped into a mixture of phosphorus and some other things. The matches are then dried, counted, and packed into little boxes. Every thing is done by machinery Europe wax matches are largely used. They are made of strands of cotton dipped in melted wax. The tips are dipped in melted phosphorus. Minnesota Companion.

Success for Boys.

Of a list of one thousand successful men in the United States—inventors, capitalists, and so on, according to the Juvenile Court record, only one in three was the son of wealthy parents who gave him a start.

Two farmers sons numbered 300, or one-fifth of all.

The messenger boys and newsboys each made a little good showing, one in five. Apprentices in factories and printing establishments also measure up to one in five.

One in twenty of the whole list began as a farm hand in railroad work.

It is safe to say that practically the whole thousand of these successful men were industrious young fellows, self reliant, painstaking, willing to serve and to wait, faithful to their work and forever persevering.

Probably not one in the whole lot was indolent, shiftless, slow, marked or even indifferent.

Every boy that can discover the telephone nut how to harness the electric force will prosper. A lazy boy did not first learn to control steam nor invent the steam boiler. A lazy boy did not find the secret of the turbine wheel nor the power-forces of gasoline. No lazy boy ever found the secret movement of the day how given the world its most beneficial discoveries.

Benjamin Franklin, Robert Fulton, Robert Stephenson, has recently been examined by a board of lazy boys, but they hands, feet, eyes, ears, stomach and lungs under the microscopical search of the board, the conclusion was drawn in an expirited condition, not a defect of any kind. It is therefore safe to say, without doubt, at home, to study at school, to live in shop or field, until the laziness predominates a real good example.

The senses become dull, the brain crippled, the mind weak and dull, defective, and the chances are that such boys will find many shrewd, beggars, thieves or vagabonds.

This means danger for boys who will not take themselves over in the slow lazy, despise duty and scoff at ambition and preparation.

The way to win is to work. The way to win more is to work harder. Take care of your health, but work.

Success always means hard work. The farmer who raises among grains, legumbs, cabbages, clovers, expenditures, good for nothings

A True Incident.

A neighbor whose farm adjoins ours, writes a correspondent of New England farmer, owns a very large shepherd dog, noted throughout the neighborhood for his native devotion to his master's interests. He spends nearly all his time with them in the stable and pasture.

One day this fall one of the teams had been turned out for exercise in a pasture lot close to the road and from our fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lies a bundle of corn stalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and scented it, as was evidenced by their hanging glances and stretching of their heads over the fence in an endeavor to reach it. Prince, who had gone down to the field to see his charges, saw them and quickly.

Presently he trotted off down the field to where some of the corn stalks had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went to the bundle of stalks and lifted it, and dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in doing so, and finally placed it before the horses, who at once began eating it. Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bob tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

Snobs in high places assume great airs, and are pretentious in all they do, and the higher the elevation the more conspicuous is the incongruity of their position.—Samuel Smiles.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION:

First—That a number of our pupils may learn typewriting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they have left school.

Second—To furnish entertaining matter for said pupils—the habit of reading among our pupils is of *first* social importance.

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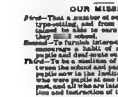

GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

RETRIBUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910.

Notes and Comments.

One month of this session has already passed by and every class room and shop is a hive of industry. The irrepressible have settled down to work with a zeal and enthusiasm that give promise of good results at the close of the term. Of course there are some exceptions—we have a few pupils not burdened with any surplus energy or love for study, but these are in such a small minority as to be almost a negligible quantity. Good health has so far prevailed and we trust that it will continue to do so throughout the session.

Most of the new pupils seem already very much at home, and evidently are enjoying themselves here very much. It is a very laudable characteristic of our old pupils that they are very kind to new boys and girls, and do all they can to assume them and keep them from becoming homesick. It is slow and tedious work for most new pupils to get a start on the rough and thorny road to knowledge, but a few have already taken the first few halting steps, and the pathway will, with each passing year, become easier and more attractive, and we doubt nearly all of them will finally reach the far distant goal. The new pupils, of whom there are about thirty, average very well in natural ability and can be depended on to maintain the honor of the Institution in the years that are to come.

As is usually the case, a number of pupils have been coming in from time to time since school opened, and others are yet expected. In some cases the delay was unavoidable, in others it need not have been. If parents only knew to what an extent these late comers retard the work of the school, they would make every possible effort to have their children here on the day school opens. A down pupils coming in late adversely affect nearly every class in the Institution and to a material extent retard the progress of scores of other children.

This year some changes have been made in the rooms occupied by some of the teachers. Miss Templeton has Mrs. Terrill's old room, while Mr. Ralls and Mr. Ingram have exchanged rooms, as have also the two classes in the west end of the building are manual classes, while those at the east end, with one exception, are oral classes. Miss Paley, with an oral class of beginners, occupying the room that was formerly Miss Templeton's. Miss Hunter and Miss McArdle also have new quarters that were fitted up for them in Wood Hall, and that are much superior to those they formerly occupied in the Industrial Building.

It is a month since school opened, yet there are several of our pupils who have not received a letter from home. This always been a mystery to us how some parents can be so neglectful of their children who are away from home. Writing letters is not a task for some people, but that is not a sufficient excuse, for love should laugh at difficulties, even greater ones than these. A very brief letter or even a card would be much better than nothing, and if any parent is unable to write he should have no difficulty in getting some friend to write for him. We hope that every child in the Institution will received word from home regularly.

Every child should have a little spending money. Not a great deal is required—some have perhaps more than is good for them—but a small amount is very acceptable. Most children have a sweet tooth and like a little candy occasionally, as well as other harmless indulgences, and they are never allowed to have enough to do them any harm. The money of the younger pupils is taken care of by the supervisors and given out a little at a time as required. Some people have rather strange ideas as to the lasting qualities of money, and seem to think that twenty-five cents should supply a boy with spending money for the whole session. Every child should have at least five cents a week as its disposal if the parents can possibly afford it.

Every deaf person in the Province should be a subscriber, and a reader of, the Canadian Mute. The more readers we have, the pupils' lends and other news of the Institution should be of much interest to them, while the general reading matter is carefully selected and every bit of it is well worth reading. Beginning with our next issue, each number will contain a page of language exercises, as was the case last year. These are prepared especially for our pupils, and would make an excellent review course for all of our former pupils. We would like to again advise every one of them to carefully work out all of these exercises, and thus keep into touch with our work here and increase their knowledge of our language.

We are this term trying an interesting experiment which bids fair to give very satisfactory results. The beds on one side of the conservatory have been divided among four of the junior oral classes—Miss Barber's, Miss Keogh's, Miss Hunter's and Miss McArdle's. These have been subdivided so as to give each pupil in these classes a plot of ground a foot wide and three or four feet long. These classes spend half an hour or so here three or four afternoons every week. Each pupil, under the teacher's direction, takes full charge of his or her plot—planting the seed, caring for the plants, etc. The object is two fold—to enable the pupils, by this natural method, to acquire the language used in reference to all kinds of gardening operations, and to give the pupils such a knowledge of these operations as will be of practical use to them in after years. The pupils are delighted with this phase of their work, and take a keen interest in their miniature gardens.

Visit of the Royal Technical Commission.

On October 1st the members of the Royal Commission on Technical Education, visited our Institution and spent two or three hours here in inspecting the various departments. The members of the Commission present were Prof. James Robertson, C. M. G., Ll. D., chairman, who has general charge; Hon. John N. Armstrong, who looks after legislative work and public bodies; Rev. George Bryce, D. D., who has charge of university education and bibliography; Mr. David Forsyth, who looks after secondary education and supervision of high schools; Mr. James Simpson, who represents the Dominion Trade and Labor organizations and is chairman of the Toronto Board of Education, and Mr. A. B. Hutton, assistant secretary of the Commission. They were accompanied to the Institution by Mayor Marsh, Col. Ponton, Mr. W. H. Ponton and Mr. Thos. Bog.

Although it was Saturday, all of the classes were in session, in order that the visitors might see the regular school work as it is carried on from day to day. A number of the manual and oral classes were first visited and the character of the work exemplified as far as the limited time permitted. The visitors showed the keenest interest in all that they saw, and asked many pertinent questions relative to the special aptitudes and characteristics of the deaf. They were specially interested in the oral classes, which were to most of the visitors a complete revelation. After some time had been spent in the class-rooms the visitors were taken through the various industrial departments, with which, officially, the Commission is chiefly concerned.

In the afternoon a meeting of the Commission was held at the Belleville Council Chamber, at which many citizens were present, and where evidence was taken as to the technical education requirements of Belleville. In his introductory remarks Mr. Robertson referred in very complimentary terms to what the Commission had seen at the Institution. The experience had been an unique one and differentiated their visit to Belleville from that of any other place they had visited. The work of the Institution was carried on in accordance with the best approved modern educational ideas, for the pupils not only received a good academic education, but were also taught such trades as would enable them to earn a competent livelihood. They had been particularly impressed with the beautiful location of the Institution, and the splendid facilities for gardening, and the rare opportunity that was thus afforded for a school garden, and he thought it would be an excellent idea to give every boy a plot for cultivation.

"You never taste the wine of life until some of its fruits are crushed."—

"It is a great pity that the people who invent trouble do not patent it."—

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men,—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination a purpose once fixed and then death or victory.—Buxton.

The Dull Boy, and What Became of Him.

Many people fail because they are set to do what nature has not fitted them to do. All trees have much in common, but the wagon-maker has no use for pine, or the cabinet-maker for elm. People differ more widely than do trees.

At a press club banquet, Bancroft, the magician, told the following, which shows that a teacher should not rashly conclude that because a child is born short in some of the powers he is therefore dull.

At my first school there was a boy to whom the teacher could not impart the simplest elementary knowledge. One day, when he seemed duller than usual, she sent him from the recitation bench to his seat with a reprimand, promising to recommend his dismissal to the trustees. Shortly afterward she observed him bending over some pursuit at his desk. His eyes lighted with an expression that aroused inspiration. Anxious to know the cause of this transformation from sloth to activity, she passed over the slate on which previous that would not disturb him, and found the reason for the interestedness of a fly, which he had caught, having dissected it into parts.

The truth dawned on the teacher. The boy's mind ran to entomology. Here was a child who could not find afternoon called up the entire class for general recitation. The boy appeared with his fly. "Boys," said the teacher, "I want to see how far your powers of observation extend. I will show thousands of flies; now, I want each one to tell me his impressions of a fly."

Everybody knew a fly was a fly and had wings, they could say nothing further, but the dull boy was all aglow. He held up his hand and snapped his fingers; he realized his superiority in a flash. He told of its interior and exterior construction, its habits, food, propagation and preservation. The school sat astonished. The boy went on and launched into a general description of insects and insects he had caught in the woods.

From that day the teacher encouraged his aptitude, and troubled him no more with grammar and arithmetic. She sent him to the woods with him and helped him in his studies of nature.

He made a long story short, he was sent to Europe for study, in Leipsic he was made professor of the Natural Conservatory of Science. He held for a time an important position in the Smithsonian. He is now in Paris and is now in Paris, one of the leading entomologists of the world.—*American Journal of Education.*

Education.

Education is not the amassing of knowledge. It is the bringing out of latent faculties for larger outlook a the strengthening of the powers to solve difficulties; a culture of the will to overcome inertia. It is the ability not merely to see, but to see through, and to see to the end. It is, finally, the emotional educated until his spiritual faculties have been trained. "There is a natural law," he said, "that no man who knows only earth and earthly things. A complete man is one fully developed in the spiritual as well as the intellectual, emotional and volitional. In order to become a truly the spiritual, must be able to distinguish between the world of the spirit, the carnal and the heavenly. He who knows not these things is unlearned and uneducated."—W. S. Hayes in the Detroit Free Press.

Education for Use.

Victor Hugo said, "When you open a school you close a prison."

This seems to require a little explanation. Victor Hugo, we take it, had in mind a theological school, not yet a young ladies' seminary, nor an Anglican boarding school, nor a military academy, and least of all a parochial institution. What was thinking of was a school where people—young and old—were taught to be self-respecting, intelligent, and efficient—to care for themselves, to help bear the burdens of the world, to assist themselves by adding to the happiness of others.

Victor Hugo fully realized that the only education that serves is the one that increases human efficiency. An education for honors, ease, medals, degrees, titles, position, immunity, may be a curse rather than a blessing to the individual and to the state, for it weakens the race and its gain for the world is nil.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909.

"There's so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it ill behooves any of us
To judge the best or worst of us;
And all becomes the worst of us
To work at the faults in the best of us,
Then let the best and the worst of us
Mind the good in both of us
And take the faith in the best of us.
—Dwight L. Chase.

Subscribe Now.

A copy of the last issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE, and of this also, has been sent to the parents of every pupil in the Institution, as well as to a number of recent graduates and other deaf persons. If any of these have not already subscribed for the paper we hope they will do so at once. The price is only fifty cents a year, in advance, so no one is debarred from taking the paper because of the cost. No more copies will be sent to non-subscribers. A considerable number of our old subscribers are in arrears and many subscriptions expire this fall. We trust that all of these will be promptly renewed.

A Deaf Athlete.

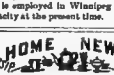
Since going west Johnny Crough, formerly of Peterboro, has been winning fresh laurels in various sports. All are alike to him, he shines in all branches. One of the Winnipeg papers lately printed his picture and gave him a write up as follows:—" Possessing deafness, dumbness, and the ability to scintillate in nearly every branch of athletic sport is the momentous record to the accomplishment of Jack Crough, who is now a resident of Winnipeg and who will be found on the west division of St. John's rugby team in their game against the rowing club this afternoon.

"Crough comes from Peterboro, Ont., and is a graduate of the Ontario Institute for the deaf and dumb at Belleville. His achievements in the realm of athletic sports as an amateur as the colors of Joseph's coat and as diversified as the rainbow itself. A doubtful if any deaf mute in Canada has attained the same success as an athlete as the former Peterboro man, in fact he is somewhat of a phenomenon in this line.

"Probably no other deaf mute in the world has a record that can equal that of Crough's. He plays rugby and association football, hockey, lacrosse, baseball, basket-ball, has figured in several wrestling matches, and in 1910 won the all-round championship of Peterboro at a meet held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. As an athletic prodigy, Crough is a great deal more of a wonder than "Dummy" Taylor, erstwhile big league pitcher and one of the star twirlers of the Buffalo team of the Eastern league during the season just closed.

"Rugby is one of the most difficult games that a deaf person can engage in on account of the plays being based entirely on signals, but despite the fact that he cannot hear the numbers called, Crough manages to know what play is being put in operation and seldom if ever makes a mistake. He is said to be the only deaf mute in Canada who has attained success on the gridiron. An alert brain and a pair of keen eyes enable him to participate in the "trick" plays with as much skill as a player possessing all his faculties."

Crough is a brass finisher by trade and is employed in Winnipeg in that capacity at the present time.



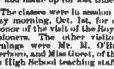
—Four of the junior classes have plots in the greenhouse and the pupils are being given instruction in planting vegetables and caring for them. The teacher channel for giving language to our pupils.

—A card has been received from Duncan Curry by a member of the staff. Duncan has been ill and is now only able to be up and take a short walk each day. He says he will soon be quite strong enough to return to school.

—Myrtle Mason, Caliph Coulter and Archie Mosher returned to school last week. We are sorry that some of our pupils are not so fortunate as to enter at the beginning of the session but we hope that they will work diligently now and make up for lost time.

—The classes were in session on Saturday morning, Oct. 1st, for an hour in honor of the Visit of the Royal Commissioners. The other visitors that mornings were Mr. M. O'Brien, of Peterboro, and Miss Dowd of the Belleville High School teaching staff.

—Dr. Preston, of Ottawa, brought a girl here to school last week. Her name is Eva Summerville and already little Eva has become a general favorite. She is seven years of age and very bright. She has recently been in the hospital for, treatment and is gaining strength. The children are all very kind to her.



PERSONALITIES.

—Miss Coons, a student at the O. I. D., called on Caliph Coulter one day recently.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tekne and two children, of Belleville, with Mr. and Mrs. Malone, of Madoc, visited the Institution on Monday last.

—Alexander Lobelle is working at the machine shop in Michigan about which he went there from Michigan about three months ago.

—Our little new pupils are all just as happy as can be. They are taking an active part in the school-room and on the play-ground.

—We are looking for Hazel Watkins to come back to school. She missed the train on the morning of Sept. 16th but we hope she will soon return.

—A friend in Glen Mayer sends us the following little item which we are sure to hear that Mr. V. Woodward, of St. Thomas, was ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. J. Franklin lives a few miles from our home here. She is at home having her daughter Mrs. Murray, F. Barnard, of Tillsonburg, and L. Smook, of Richmond, are both doing well. Miss. Becker is at home, but would like to go to school again, but her parents object. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kelly and family paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hall, of Richmond, and all were much pleased to meet. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly have five boys, four of whom attended school here about seven years old, keeps his mamma company. Messrs. Mason and Masters were up this way last summer and Mr. Mason will try to arrange for religious services to be held by the Toronto Mission workers. Mrs. Kelly wishes it known that, she is very much in the race at the Convention for ladies forty five years old and upwards, she is really only thirty-five and joined the race by invitation.

Stone-winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies.—Jane Porter.

Wisdom is oft times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

A Degree at Cambridge.

TAKEN BY A DEAF AND DUMB STUDENT.

London, July 8.—A deaf and dumb man, F. A. Mackenzie, has obtained his B. A. degree at Cambridge. The great distinction is the more remarkable as Mr. Mackenzie has had no tutors, attended no lectures or classes, and has all the time been earning his living. Indeed, he has been dependent on his own exertions since he was seventeen years old.

A slight man, just under forty, with an intellectual face and half-slightly tinged with grey, he related how he took matriculation.

"I was born dumb," he said, speaking on his fingers, "and until I was thirteen I was taught at home by my mother. Then for two years I went to St. Margaret's Higher Grade School at Liverpool. My infirmity made me difficult to teach, so I was left to find out my future for myself."

Mr. Mackenzie was seventeen when he left school, and then faced the problem of earning his living. Fortunately he had artistic ability, and his black and white sketches and later his paintings found a ready market. He exhibited portraits and genre pictures at various galleries. After acting as an art master and as Secretary of the Deaf and Dumb Association for nine years he went at last to Oxford, where he was appointed missioner to the Deaf by the Bishop of Liverpool.

It was suggested that he should try for a degree, but difficulties arose and Mr. Mackenzie determined to try at Cambridge.

TORONTO TOPICS

From our own Correspondent

That you may have a successful year at the Institution is the sincere wish of us all.

Now that she has severed her connection with your school, we all hope Mrs. Tyrrell's remaining sunset of life may become of good health, rest and happiness.

Miss Elsie Gardiner, of Bowmanville, has secured a situation here and will begin work to-day.

Mr. Wm Quinlan, of Stratford, passed through here on the 23rd of Sept., bound for Winnipeg "and beyond," I am just glad to see the country for myself" he said, "and to look for a help-mate," jokingly interrupted an interpreter standing near.

A gleam of joy and sunshine invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Colwell, of Hamilton, on the first of Oct. Twas only a little baby boy.

Miss Elaine Donaldson, of Raglan was guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Willcox for a few days the beginning of the month.

Miss Maggie Kensinger, of Markham, passed through this city a little while ago on her way to accept a position in Edmonton. Her brother Robert also works there.

Twas a pleasure to meet our old friend, Lawrence A. Pettypiece, of the postal service, Winnipeg, who turned up in our midst a short while ago. The years since he was down this way before.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts were in Hamilton on the second day of last month.

Miss Myrtle Mason, who did not go with the regular contingent on Sept. 15th, left on the 3rd ult. for the Belleville School.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lightfoot are still sojourning in the Algonquin Mountains of Pennsylvania. We are enjoying very much the invigorating climate up in this high latitude and do not know when we will go home. Canada again" is part of myself last message to the Deaf ones at home.

Robert McPherson, of Hamilton, looked up in our midst on the first of the month and received here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reeves have bought and moved into a new house on Lansdowne Ave. in the west end, a wise move on their part.

Mrs. Percy Monroe, who spends most of her time at Niagara Falls, has been severely bereaved of late, because of her mother's serious illness.

Neil A. McGillivray was up to his eyes in work on Paisley Day for a few days' visit recently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt have returned from their visit in the country in the vicinity of Balsam, Bobcaygeon and Raglan. Their former was away for five weeks and the latter for one.

Mr. A. W. Mason is at present out on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Barton, near Tilsonburg.

Mr. F. Bridgen, Sr., our beloved Superintendent, and his daughter, Miss Bertha, are home again from their trip across the herring pond and look much improved by the trip.

Miss Lily Fraser is away on a prolonged visit with relatives and friends in Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nesmith have returned to the city from their summer outings of one of the islands in the Lake of Bays, Muskoka. Mrs. J. B. Byrne and children were with them during the last five weeks and the invigorating air of the Highlands of Ontario has done them a world of good.

Theodore Law has returned our fold again after being up in Berlin all summer assisting in harvesting chaps.

We deeply sympathize with George Gilbert in the death of his mother on Oct. 3rd. She has been a sufferer since about the beginning of the year from a failing malady, but during this long, trying time she bore it with great patience and submission; truthful, but now the burden is relieved and she's with Him forevermore. H. W. R.

LONDON NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.

We have had another addition to our deaf population. Mr. Simpson came from Ireland with his parents and has since made their home in the city. Mr. Simpson is interested in athletics and is a shoemaker by trade, now working at Ward's repair shop.

Miss Sophia Lafferty, of Detroit, has been working in the city during the summer at the home of her sister. Her mother is at St. Joseph's Hospital here, so Sophia has gone to live with her sister at Upika, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould have both visited Detroit during the holidays, remaining over several days on a visit to relatives.

Misses D. Garner, of Ingersoll, Daisy Hoy, of Avonton, and C. Rice, of Fullerton, were among our London visitors during Fair week.

The following London citizens attended the gathering at Sebringville on Labor Day and all enjoyed themselves very much: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Miss S. Flaiben; Messrs McGillivray, Wright, Wilson, Simpson, Pepper, and Flaiben.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Munro have moved from Chatham and now live in Windsor.

Mr. Geo. Moore, of Forest, has given up farm work and moved to the city where he is now employed in the biscuit baking trade, which he likes much better.

Messrs. Gould and Jolly spent a Sunday lately with their friend, Mr. Henderson, of Talbotville. They were heartily welcomed and enjoyed their visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Gowan hope to spend Thanksgiving in Oshawa on a visit to Mrs. Gowan's relatives.

Mr. Sim Thompson has given up the painting trade for the present and entered the employment of Mclary's stove works.

Among the Fair Mr Gould was pleased to meet Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Pingal. They had not met for a great many years since they were boys together. Duncan is still working his mother's farm.

Mr. Jas. Chandler, with his wife and child, has now moved from St. Thomas to Glencoe, where he expects to do better at shoe repairing.

Mr. R. McKenzie, of Windsor, called here after attending the Provincial Exhibition at Glamison Sept. 28th. He had his family only about a month or two ago, so he is now an orphan.

A Clever Sheep Dog.

Some years ago there was a terrific snow-storm in Scotland. The farmers were out searching for their sheep. One farmer had over three hundred sheep. They were in a field during the storm and were all buried under the great drifts of snow.

Enough the farmer's dog, followed the farmer and his men when they went to look for the sheep. The men quickly over the snow, and dug little holes in different places with their hands. The men dug beneath these marks, and under each mark they found a sheep. They succeeded in all eight and saved most of the sheep.

When you set out to do anything, never let anything distract you from doing that one thing. This power of putting the thought on one particular thing, and keeping it there for hours at a time, takes practice, and it takes a long time to get into the habit.

Faithful to the End.

The day after she became one of the stenographers at Wilkins & Arnold's, Janet Wilkins journey passed up a little card in the front of her desk. It was rather a caution among Wilkins & Arnold's stenographers to pass on something up in their desks. Estelle Mowry had the reputation of a popular actress in hers; Emma Frailey had a fussy head; Ben Jamesson, a note of musical inspiration; Janet's card contained a familiar quotation from Shakespeare.

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Estelle, strolling across to read it, began to laugh.

"Nothing nervy about that!" she remarked.

"Which are you planning to be," Bess asked, reading it over Estelle's head, "a writer or a preacher?"

"You couldn't get W. & A. to try your new mouse-trap if you invented it," Emma contributed. "They're fifty years behind the times, and always will be."

"Let us know when the world begins to come your way," a fourth cynical voice remarked. "I will be interesting to watch. Maybe you'd give us reserved seats."

"Certainly I will," Janet retorted, good-naturedly. Her color had risen a little under the teasing, but she did not take down her motto.

One morning Billy stopped at her desk. Billy was the office boy, and they were never often the first ones there. Billy by any regard. Janet by free will.

"Say," he demanded, "do you believe that?"

"Certain sure," Janet answered promptly.

"Aw, I don't. Ain't any chance for a feller just doing—doing, see?"

"I don't know why not. I'd open doors as well as anybody could like to have me do it for them. I'd do it so that W. & A. would think you the best office boy they ever had."

"Guess you'd like to try it a while, Billy grinned.

Janet picked up a letter she had just copied.

"Isn't that a pretty piece of work?" she asked. "There isn't a correction, not even a comma; and look at that margin!"

"Nobody'll know the diff," Billy declared.

"I shall know the difference. When do you suppose I'm going to be taken in at W. & A.? No, sir. First of all, I'm going to let Janet Weatherby, and she's a mighty nice fellow, know."

"Aw, stuff!" said Billy.

A month later Janet received a promotion. It was Mr. Arnold who explained it. There was a pleasant twinkle in his eye.

"We like your motto," he said. "Still better, we like the way you are living up to it. Our attention was called to it by a young man by the name of Perry."

"Billy?" Janet exclaimed.

"A young man of discernment, Miss Weatherby. Also, he adds fair to make a steady advertisement of it. A motto that will react upon an office boy is a valuable asset."

"I never thought of Billy; I meant it only for myself," Janet protested.

The smile Mr. Arnold's eyes deepened. "Precisely, Miss Weatherby," he replied. Youth's Companion.

The Palm Tree.

One time a beautiful palm tree grew in a very hot country far away. The sun shone so warm that it burned the grass to a crisp and beyond.

The children stayed quietly in the shade. They did not play until the sun went down. The palm tree softly said, "I wish that I could keep some one there so that no one else could tease here that these children do not tease."

One day some men came along and cut off a great many beautiful leaves from the palm tree. They were then dried in the warm sun and the pretty golden leaves fell. A wire was fastened around them and they were called palm leaf fans. These fans were sent away to other countries.

One leaf fanned a baby while another was used to fan a sick little boy.

These leaves went into a great many places and made many people cooler.

So the pretty palm tree gets its great wish. But of course it never knew how much good its leaves did. So with our good deeds. When we do a kind act we never know how many people it will help and cheer.—Se.

Duties Are Our Difficulties.

BY R. DONALD MACKINNON.

Wherever I sighted him I thought of what was said of another plucky fighter: "It was a pleasure to see him scrap a difficulty, for he squared up to it so finely."

Mike Flannery was just of this order. His father died when he was nine, leaving four seven months old. He got a dollar to buy bread for their gaping little mouths. The mother was not over sixteen, and she said to herself her that Mike inherited his stiff upper lip, of course she couldn't be expected to bear, alone, the burden of a fatherless family. Therefore, into the breach stepped Mike. Mike, again, saw that I have said, nine, go to be exact, nine years and seven months.

You may smile at such a baby bearing any real burdens, but let me tell you that Mike Flannery was no baby, in either brawn, muscle, or backbone. The day after the funeral, when he didn't get ready for school, his mother said, "Mike, you'll be late for school."

And Mike, looking very surprised, answered, "Why, mother, I'm not going to school. I'm going to work." And to work he went. The fact that he had been an industrious lad and slightly more than three years at school, had treated the three R's with more respect than most, and could therefore, from the stead, when he stood all alone, cap in hand, in the private office of Smith and Ford, govern.

"You're too small, boy," Mr. Smith said, rapidly scanning, "you can't read the address on an outer."

Mike's shoulders became a trifle squarer. "Try me, sir," he said, brazenly. Whereupon Mr. Smith reached for a message, and handing it to Mike, he said, ominously, "Read that ad, then."

Now Mike could read, and all he came to "premanufacture," and then he didn't really quail.

"I can't say it, sir," he explained, "but I know it means a kid's bagpy."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Smith asked, in surprise.

"Cause, sir, there's a picture of it here," Mike replied, simply.

He was engaged at one-fifty a week, and his duties, consisting principally useful and though when Mr. Ford came in he objected to having "babies about," he established himself very firmly. further judgment when he saw the terrible seriousness with which he took his duty.

Two years later, just after Mike had been promoted to be driver, at 65 a week, a broken arm held him up, as it were, but not for long, and when the superintendent of his own home, he again appeared in the business world.

"I can do a lot with one arm, even if I can't drive," he explained, energetically, "and I wish you'd give me back what he did do. Mr. Smith concluded that there was no use knocking one people down and out; and when he laughingly warned his small employee not to put his head in the steam, Mike took it very gravity. "I'll have clerks myself, some day, sir, and I'm just writing their parts."

The strange part of my story is, that Mike Flannery was a day when that boyish prophecy was worked out into reality. I wish you could have known Mike Flannery's first clerk, and then there was a scampering for more business and more clerks, and the last I heard of young Flannery's were pegging away at their business, skillfully, but not well writing off correspondence courses, and generally reaching after a first-class business education.

The stretch of road from junior to senior clerk, and then on to the proprietorship of his own, was fast as rapid as it's generally painted, but you must bear in mind that Mike Flannery had learned, when just a scrap of a boy, to attack any task, skillfully, and with all through life the lesson was worth more than a gold mine.

Duties seem to be, that boys don't need ready-made fortunes; life is not to be had for the asking, as to be middle. The habit of finely squaring up to a difficulty is fortune enough for any boy.

The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—H. Ibsen.

Never think that God's delays God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.—Buffon.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what we are going.—O. W. Holmes.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the child must be broken in youth or the heart in old age.

The Great Charter.

One day during the summer of 1215 an event occurred to which England-men look back upon as one of the most important in history of their country.

The chief figure in the scene was King John, the most king England ever had. He was so bad that no other King has ever borne his name. He broke his father's heart by his perfidies and disloyalty to his people. could to get the kingdom from his brother Richard. He killed his innocent nephew, Prince Arthur, a boy of sixteen. He was greedy, bad-tempered, sinful, and he was guilty of all sorts of meanness.

For many years it had been the custom of kings to do pretty much as they pleased. They made and broke enormous taxes. They often took property away from the people and made them slaves, and even at times killed their subjects without cause.

But the people had gradually rebelled against such treatment and had forced certain rights and liberties from their sovereigns. Many of these demands had been granted by good kings, but when John ascended the throne he assumed that the king had a right to do what he chose to do.

The people could stand his treatment no longer. They wrote a paper which they forced the king under fear of his power, and asked John to sign it. He was in their power, and told them that he never sign it. He threatened to raise an army and kill all who wouldn't sign it. But he found all the people, from the highest to the lowest, were against him.

So on the day they met in a meadow near Windsor. Many of England's greatest men were there ready to fight if the king refused to do as they asked, but John was forced to sign the paper on the great charter, which had been written by Stephen Langton, who afterward became Archbishop of Canterbury.

The charter laid down the rule that the king could not demand money from the people without the consent of the Council of the Realm, and declared that he could not imprison men and take away their property if guilty of injury and judge. It was used many times in later years when kings did things which were wrong, and other charters for still further rights for the people were drawn up.

The charter signed by the wicked King John is called "the Great Charter," or Great Charter, and in England it is held in reverence almost as much as the Declaration of Independence in this country.—Se.

Those Absurd Generalizations.

An overheard conversation in the street car and boring one's self for good for reflection to at least one who has been occupied the next half of the speakers.

"I don't believe in hospitals," one of these women was saying, in an authoritative, "that settles it" sort of manner. "I had a friend killed by neglect in one not long ago. So, naturally, I have a perfect horror of hospitals."

The self-satisfaction and sympathy came from one of her listeners. But it was the first that had been heard from the rest of the trio, that made the remark that furnished food for her thought.

"Do you mean all hospitals?" she inquired, gently, "or merely some illadministered ones?" The question, filled with a very gentle, demure inflection, "I heard, a few days ago, one of that she thought all trained nurses should be hung! But that would seem a pity, wouldn't it? Then there are so many good, faithful ones, doing the noblest of work."

Of course the other two laughed involuntarily at the smuggling suppressed, though trained nurses. But the very gentle comment that had followed had left them for the time of speech. And who had "a perfect horror of hospitals."

"I ought to have said some hospitals," she said, pleasingly. "I know. "My generalization was absurd. But I am weak in many ways in my sex."

Easy? Of course it is. Don't the majority of us have to curb in ourselves a tendency to these absurd generalizations? And how much harm the repetition has been the fatality of. Enough said of often enough, and they begin to sound more or less plausible—to the thoughtless ones who hear!

There are so many little clubs and circles formed nowadays, for the suppression of all sorts of undesirable things—superfluous noise, worry, even too rapid eating—and why can some all rest? It would not be a bad idea for the average woman to constitute herself a member at large of an unorganized society for the suppression of thoughtless generalizations! Woman.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND. MONTREAL.

HISTORY BY THE STAFF

School reopened on Sept. 14th and it is to be regretted that a few pupils did not arrive on time, for which they were not to blame, but their parents. During the summer a number of repairs were done. The school rooms were finished with new slates from New York and everything was done to make the rooms attractive and ready for the opening of school.

Numerous Applications have been received and there have already been several pupils admitted into the classes. Several of our last years' pupils have secured good positions in the city.

Through the generosity of Mr. Nether, Secretary for the Aurora, the deaf pupils were present at the "Horse Show" on Saturday, Sept. 1st. Ice cream and cake was provided by the kindness of Mr. Pepper, of Toronto. The Belleville pupils and the Saddle jumping were special features of the interesting programme.

Friday afternoon, all the children attended "The Sunshine Boys' Lemade" at the Arena, and Mrs. Nether served the warm gratitude of all for her kindness in taking them to the lemade and cake. The moving pictures of British Columbia scenery were most interesting. Many of our pupils' homes are in that province. The boys' attention was give chiefly to the examining of the automobiles and flying machines, the latter, especially, being a source of interest to them.

The children of the blind class had a very pleasant time on the river on Monday last, which each and all enjoyed.

During the past month we have received visits from our President, Mr. Morrice, our Vice-President, Senator Mackay, and Mr. Mackay.

Last Saturday morning all the pupils gleaned apples in Mr. Hoodle's orchard. This annual visit to the farm is a great pleasure to the children. An abundance of fruit has been given the children through the kind donors, Mrs. Morrice and Mrs. Mackay.

We are delighted to read the tributes paid to Mrs. Terrill on the occasion of her leaving us as a true Institution. Mrs. Terrill belongs to a family of missionaries.

Miss Pauline Sanderson, late teacher in the Strathcona College, takes the position of Miss Elizabeth Durrant who retired on account of ill health. Although Miss Sanderson is very much loved by her pupils, we cannot yet get the place in the children's hearts that Miss Durrant established there. We sincerely hope a winter season passed in a warmer climate will restore her to former vigour.

Ben Steward and Glen McNoah were also kind to arrive, as they had the farthest to come, having travelled nearly a thousand miles.

The pupils have had several nice outings and are making the most of the fine weather. A teacher always accompanies them on their walks in the country.

Wishing the Belleville Institution a very happy and successful year's work. A. E.

Good Ideas.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, and though a late a sure reward succeeds.—Campbell.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Goldsmith.

The best manner of avenging ourselves is not by resembling him who has injured us.—Jane Porter.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—Cecil.

We never enjoy perfect happiness: some present fortune or successes are mingled with sadness; some anxieties always purpose the reality of our satisfaction.—Cervantes.

A Talking Chip.

In the erection of a chapel on Rarotonga, a circumstance occurred which gives a striking idea of the feelings of an ultraught people when observing for the first time the effects of written communications.

As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. William would send me that article. Calling a chief who was superintending one portion of the work, I said to him: "Peviid, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior, and in one of the numerous battles he had fought had lost an eye. Giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said: "Take that? She will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not. Take it and go immediately; I am in haste."

Perceiving me to be in earnest, he took it and asked: "What must I say?"

"You have nothing to say," I replied; "the chip will say all that I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt, he held up the piece of wood and said: "How can this speak? Has it a mouth?"

"Take it immediately," I replied; "and do not spend so much time in talking about it."

On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away and went to the orchard, whither the chief, resolved to see the result of his mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. Observing the square from her, he said:

"Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"What," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did, and very plainly. For it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went:

"See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

On giving me the square he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power, but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it around his neck and wore it for some time.

During several following days we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders this chip had performed.—*Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by John Williams.*

Note.—Since this story was written, these people have become thoroughly christianized and civilized. What has been accomplished in the South Sea Islands by missionary agents is one of the wonders of modern times.

I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part they will make every day's work contribute to them.—Ruskin.

A King Earns Money.

Victor Emmanuel, the king of Italy, was very fond of hunting. One day he took his gun and went out alone. He met a peasant. The peasant took the king for one of the game-keepers.

"There is a fine bear up there," said he, "which gives me a great deal of trouble. I wish you would kill it."

"All right," said the king, "I will come round early next morning and see if I can."

According to his promise the king came round the next morning as soon as it was light. He was so lucky as to kill the fox, which had been troubling the peasant.

The peasant was delighted. "Come in," said he, "you are killing all my ducks and chickens. He won't kill any more. Come in and have some breakfast."

So the king went in, and ate breakfast with the peasant and his family. When he was going, the peasant insisted on paying him two francs (about forty cents) for killing the fox. The king put the money into his pocket, with great glee and went away.

The next day a carriage stopped at the peasant's house. An officer got out. He gave a handsome present to each member of the peasant's family. Then he told them who the man who killed the fox really was.

The peasant was delighted with the present's but he was much more pleased to think that the king had sat at his table and eaten breakfast with him.

The king kept the two francs which the peasant had given him. He used to show them to his friends and say:

"That is the only money I ever really earned."

A Drop of Ink.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take the glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink into it." He did so.

"Oh, mother, would you have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot believe one drop or Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*Selected.*

The Savages and Carpet Tacks.

One evening a captain anchored his ship near an island. There were many savage people on the island. They were cruel treacherous. The captain knew that his ship was not a safe place. He knew that the savages would try to get on his ship during the night and kill the men. He did not like to watch all night. He was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. He scattered carpet tacks all slept peacefully. In the morning many savages climbed up the sides of the ship. Their feet were bare. They jumped upon the deck. They stepped upon the carpet tacks. They rolled and left the ship as fast as they could. Many jumped into the water. The noise woke the captain. He ran on deck with his gun. He fired at the savages. Then he went to bed again and slept soundly until morning. The savages did not try to get on the ship again.—*Companion.*

Found at the Grocery.

1. A sweet substance made from cane growing in the West Indies.

2. A sweet syrup made by boiling down sugar.

3. A sweet substance made from the sap of a tree.

4. A sweet substance made by little insects.

5. A fatty substance obtained by churning milk.

6. A fatty substance made from the curds of milk.

7. A substance made from the fat of sheep and cattle.

8. A substance made from the fat of pigs.

9. A food consisting of the smoked flesh of pigs.

10. A tuber vegetable that ripens under ground.

11. A tuber nut that grows underground.

12. A white substance to stiffen linen and other cloth.

13. An oily substance used for washing and cooking.

14. The substance of a plant used for dyeing a deep blue.

15. A food, generally used for puddings, obtained by scraping and washing the root of a plant

16. A common and nutritious food from a plant yielding white grains.

17. A berry, growing in tropical climates, roasted and ground to make a table drink.

18. The dried leaves of a plant, raised in China, Japan and Ceylon, used to make a table beverage

19 Fruit that grows in clusters on vines.

20. Dried, sugared and iced grapes.

21 Small green vegetables that grow in pods.

22. A sour liquid made from apples.

23. A mineral substance used for seasoning food and preserving meats.

24. A red berry, growing in swamps or marshy places, used for making sauce to go with roast turkey.

25. A body containing a white substance called albumen which inclosed a yellow substance called the yelk. *Ex*

Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth was called "Good Queen Bess." She ruled England many years and was greatly beloved by her people.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of dress. She was vain and selfish, but she was a wise queen. Many great men lived in England while she was Queen. Edmund Spenser lived at that time. He wrote a wonderful book about Queen Elizabeth and her knights. The book was called, "The Faerie Queene." The story of St. George and the Dragon is in this book.

Mr. William Shakespeare also lived at that time. He wrote many fine dramas. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake lived during the reign of Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth had a cousin who was Queen of Scotland. Her name was Mary Stuart.

Elizabeth feared Mary because Mary was a bitter enemy. She was afraid the people would try to make Mary Stuart Queen of England. There was a great deal of trouble in England about this.

By and by Queen Elizabeth thought that her plan would be to have Queen Mary killed. She signed a warrant that said Mary must die. Poor Queen Mary Stuart's head was cut off in Fotheringay Castle.

Elizabeth was very much afraid some other country would fight England, because of Mary's death but after a while everything grew quiet and peaceful.

Let not mercy and truth forake three bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

The Two Apple Trees.

"I have been looking at these two trees, boys," said Mr. Moore one bright Saturday morning, "and as there seems to be about the same amount of apples on each one, I have decided that if you want to gather and market them for yourselves, you may do so."

"And have the money for ourselves?" they asked eagerly, and in unison.

"Yes, and you may also take old Billy and the light wagon to draw them to town this afternoon."

Before he had ceased speaking, John, the elder boy, had begun to climb one of the trees, and Mr Moore, without further comment, walked away

The other boy also walked, but in a different direction

John meanwhile secured a good foothold in the center of the tree, and was giving it a vigorous shaking, which sent the apples to the ground in showers.

Presently the brother returned carrying a ladder and basket.

"Oh, John," cried John, "you don't mean to say that you intend to pick those apples off the tree? This is the way to do it," and he gave his tree another energetic shaking. "I don't you know," he went on, "if you stop to pick those apples off it will take you all day long?"

"Only help it," was the answer, "that is the way they are coming off, and the only way

"But you'll not, be ready to go with them to town this afternoon"

"Then I'll go some other afternoon."

"But you can't stay out of school"

"I can be examined Monday at noon. Don't worry, I'll find some way to get our apples to market, and they'll bring me a good price when they do get there."

John continued his protestation, but his brother persisted in doing his work in his way Therefore, it was nearly sundown, and John had been gone several hours when the brother took the last apple from the tree.

When John returned from town soon after, he jingled his coins in his hands merrily and asked with a laugh

"Don't you wish you'd gone?"

"How much did you get a bushel?" asked his brother

A few minutes later when they counted the two together, where the brother's apples were carefully stowed in baskets, John exclaimed

"What in the world did you do to these apples? They look as if they had been polished."

"Oh, just a cloth and a little rubbing did the job," was the answer.

"Why would believe that the trees which bore these apples and John's were exactly alike?" said Mr Moore, coming from behind at this moment

John looked grave.

"But what's the use of all that trouble? They'll not bring you any more," he said, sweetly.

"Wait and see," said the brother On Monday evening, when the younger brother returned from the village, he counted out his money, and he had received just double the amount that John had been paid for his apples.

"I did not know," said John, "that taking a little trouble would make so great a difference about the very same thing." *Mich. Christian Advocate.*

Drawn from Long Experience.

Who has learned to obey will know how to command.—Solon.

Heaven helps the man who helps himself.- Sophocles.

Indolence is stagnation; employment is life.- Seneca.

Anger drives the mind indoors and bolts the door.- Plutarch.

Who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—Dante.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.—Thomas a Kempis.

There is nothing cheaper than civility. Cervantes.

No Time for School.

I have no time for school
There is so much to do;
My little doggie needs a bath,
And dolly's lost her shoe.

The dishes in my play-house, too,
Need washing every one.
I can't have time to go to school,
There's so much to be done.

I want to weed my posy bed,
And hunt old Speckle's nest,
I know just where to follow her,
She flies from all mine.

My mamma needs me all the time
To help with Baby, too,
And still she makes me go to school,
I think it's strange, don't you?

Billy.

One day Billy was a stranger; at the end of a week he was as much at home as any one on the street.

"We stepped he came," Teddy Farr said. "We like him."

And the other boys said pretty much the same thing.

"Why is this Billy such a favorite?" Mr Farr asked Mrs. Farr.

"I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I am searching to find out."

When three more weeks had passed she thought she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say: "Pshaw! I hate to go! But we play I I wish the snow hadn't all gone into mud!"

"We had just finished our fort," said another. "And were ready to begin our battle, but it washed down in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "Let's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again, they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand, and asked the others to keep him company.

"O, no, can I" objected somebody; "we've got it all planned to mark out in the other direction and use the place where the fort was last night."

"Well, couldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first? We could all come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I should think."

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe failed to miss any of the lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud from hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made coke that was ever seen. "It isn't very pretty," he said cheerfully when the others were trying to be very polite and look as if they saw nothing different in it, but it will do. When you go scudding down hill on it, the feeling is just the same."

"If," said Teddy during a rainy recess, "Will Pritchard had only come to school today, we could try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it anyway," said Billy. "We can play all we remember and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the school yard, Billy broke a collar button. After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? Maybe Mr. Nevin will think that the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy quickly. "It wouldn't be fair."

He told Mr. Nevin and asked for the name; and after that he was short of money for some time, for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr: "I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things 'do' except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said smiling. *—Sadie Conwell, in Evangelical Messenger.*

The Gray-Haired Block.

(Continued from first page.)

"I wish you could have seen some of them when they finally realized that we were offering them work, and salary such as they used to have. Poor old fellows who had almost lost hope —their eyes would suddenly grow bright, and they would pick up their head and tell me how much they could do and how faithful they would be.

"There are more now than we have places for, we put them on the waiting list, and they act as substitutes. When one of the workers is sick, a substitute takes his place, and gives the sick one half his wages."

"How long," I asked, "do you think you could hundred thousand will keep this thing running?"

"How long?" he echoed. "Why man, this thing is paying all it ever cost, and we are getting ready to build another." *—Christian Endeavor World.*

Elizabeth's Secret.

The man had never met Elizabeth, so I took him to call upon her.

"I'm so glad to see you both! It is so good of you come," she said, as she met us in the hall.

The call was pleasant. The man, who thought nothing easy relaxing, easily.

"He is the sort of a woman a man marries," he said, on my way home.

"How do you suppose she does it?" I asked.

"How do you suppose she manages to make her self so entirely agreeable without being in the least beautiful?"

"It's her secret," I said. "but I'm going to tell you the secret."

So the next day I went to see Elizabeth. She sat on the morning step, sitting at the steps. "How perfectly lovely to have you again today!" she said, as she held out her hand to me.

"I have come to ask you a very personal question, Elizabeth."

"Is this easy chair. Wants fan? Now what is the question?"

"How do you make yourself attractive woman I know?" I asked.

"You still like me, too?"

"You certainly are, and I've come to beg you tell me the secret. Will you?"

"What a queer request!" she laughed —don't apologize. If I have a secret you are perfectly welcome to it, you know that, really, relatively, I mean. I have no secret, and I don't mind telling you the whole little bit—really. You know, dear, I haven't any brains."

I tried to stop her.

"O, everybody knows that. I have no brains to speak of, no talent, no good looks, no figure. So," she pressed the tips of her fingers together and leaned back in her chair, "I had to do something to be anybody. When I was wondering what on earth that something was to be, I happened to meet the most charming woman I ever knew. She was a Southerner. She had birth, education, talent; she had travelled, she was beautiful. You can imagine how she made me feel.

Elizabeth shook a cluster of sweet peas from the jar of blossoms at her side, smelling them daintily.

"When I knew her better I told her how charming, how wonderful I thought she made me feel. She laid her hand on my shoulder and said: 'Elizabeth, no matter what you can do or cannot do, you have it in you to be agreeable. Cultivate the art of being agreeable, and you can get along without brains, and be happy.' So Elizabeth said, lowered the flowers away. "I wonder if that is what you mean by my secret."

"I said," thought, but I knew it.

"You are welcome," she said, and she meant it. "Oh, must you go?"

On my way homeI tried to remember one curt, rude, ungracious, irritable, or vulgar word I ever heard her say. I tried to recall an unpleasant or an unkind word. So Elizabeth had set. Elizabeth had certainly mastered her art. "If being agreeable made Elizabeth beautiful," I said, "I should have hope for the rest of us." And I told the man. "Oh, would you go!"

On my way homeI tried to remember one curt, rude, ungracious, irritable, or vulgar word I ever heard her say. I tried to recall an unpleasant or an unkind word. So Elizabeth had set. Elizabeth had certainly mastered her art. "If being agreeable made Elizabeth beautiful," I said, "I should have hope for the rest of us." And I told the man. "Oh, would you go!"

We are apt to measure our aspirations instead of our performances.—*George Eliot.*

The man who is satisfied with things as they are, never makes them better.

Discontent is the generator of action. It conceives and foster all inventive. It prods the laggard; spurs the industrious; overwhelms the timid. It is the mother and the great to be greater.—*Spahn.*

"Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do—soften the hearts of men. No one was ever corrected by censure; corrected, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, but brought nearer to God never."

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
Going—5.11 a. m.; 8.36 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.; 11.35 p. m.; 1.00 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.
Going East—5.11 a. m.; 8.36 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 1.00 a. m.; 11.35 p. m.; 12.55 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.
Montreal Peterboro' Branch—4.30 a. m.; 12.55 a. m.; 5.30 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert descriptions of sensational trials or correspondence, in future no matter what must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

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LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parcels or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

[name of pupil]
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

If Express package, express or freight charges in all cases.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held at the following places:—
Ephphatha Mission Hall, 36 Afton Avenue at 3 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.
Parkdale Bible Training School, 138 College St., at 3 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Night Mission Hall, 36 Afton Avenue.
Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday evening at 8 p. m. in 36 Afton Ave.
Mrs. J. R. Byers, Deaconess, 439 Beverley St.
Mrs. F. Hannaford, Superintendent, 161 Rose Ave.

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UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY parent who reads this paper send me the address and post office address of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may write to them in particulars concerning the institution and impress upon them the necessity what means the education to the deaf child.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Industrial Training of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ont. For particulars address

H. F. GARDINER, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 2 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11; during which lunch is served to the pupils. Thursday afternoon dismissed at 12 o'clock.

All those on the Public Assembly in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will receive their pupils. All the pupils shall assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed to the proper class-rooms.

The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective class-rooms before the pupils are dismissed from the chapel.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. and senior pupils at 11 a. m. (Classes) Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend. Clergymen of different denominations are desired by the pastors in charge.

Sunday School Christmas: Rev. G. W. Hamilton, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Dymond, (Presbyterian); Rev. R. Dymond, (Methodist); Rev. J. A. Ford, (Baptist); the Rev. Father Lennon, (Catholic).

Sunday Classes, Sunday morning at 9.15; Interdenominational Sunday School. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Stewart; Assistant, Mr. Wm. Bell; Secretary, Miss Ford, Miss Kyle and Mr. Bells.

The Catholic pupils attend Sunday Classes in structure on Sunday morning from 9.15 to 9.30 and on Thursday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. Teachers, Mr. Ingram and Miss Maranda.

All Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit at any time.

Industrial Departments:

Manual Training Room—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 9 to 12 and 2 to 4. Girls' Fancy Work Class on Monday afternoon from 2 to 4 and Friday from 9 to 12.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Carpenter Shops from 9 to 12 for pupils and from 2.30 to 4.30 for senior pupils who attend school. Cut Room from 9 to 12 and 2 to 4. Tailor is 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. each working day. Boys' sewing class in the office and shops will be closed at noon.

Saturday half holiday. Recess at 10 o'clock and 3 o'clock.

The Shop and House are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 1 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoon.

All The Printing office, Sloyd, Sewing Room and Carpenter Shop will be closed on all legal holidays and on Dominion Day, Civic and Labor holidays.

All pupils who are removed from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on graduation, will be reported to the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Parents and interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any afternoon, except Saturday afternoon and Sunday, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is no more after 9 o'clock a. m. as noted.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents agree with the Superintendent that they will faithfully attend, not be kept and prompt here-after, they will be received at any time. Pupils are admitted free of charge, except clothing for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for and it is to be expected that any delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, as some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. Parents are welcome, however, they will be made welcome in the Superintendent's office. Any complaints of causing the general work of the school, will be raised. Parents are not to interfere in certain grants at the Institution. Good reports concerning pupils will be laid in the city at the Guiding Hand, Kyle House, Anglo-American and Journalism Rooms, Belleville, Ontario.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to send all dress clothes necessary for the proper appearance of their children to the Superintendent. No recommendations will be allowed unless parents send officers or employers under any circumstances whatever. Pupils are expected to report each month. Letters addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. If the parents of letters persons of pupils may be quite sure that no illness is concealed.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write letters home every month, and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be sent into the institution for the use of those who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, what to write.

No pupil is allowed to receive or send letters used at home, or permitted to write letters. All letters will be observed by the Principal, except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise patent medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. Such advertisements are generally false, and may waste much time and money. Consult your family doctor in cases of deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

C. B. CUDDIHY, M.D., Superintendent.
W. CUCHRANE, Bursar.
W. W. BOYCE, M.D., Physician.
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY Matron.

Teachers:

H. B. COLEMAN, M.A. MISS MYRTLE L. BAIRD.
(Head Teacher)
W. J. CAMPBELL. MISS A. E. BURKE.
JAMES C. HAIM, B.A. MISS LIZA. HUTTON.
GEO. F. STEWART. MISS MARGARET KEYS.
H. L. INGRAM. MISS MARGARET KYLE.
MISS S. TEMPLETON. MISS I. CAMPBELL.
MISS MARY BELL. MISS I. CAMPBELL.
MISS GERTRUDE LEES. MISS E. H. VALE.

Teacher of Articulation.
MISS FLORENCE CROSS.

H. L. INGRAM, Teacher Manual Training.
MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS E. FAULDS, Teacher of Domestic Science.

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr. Instrom.

MISS L. A. MCINTOSH, Matron.
MISS S. DUNN, Storekeeper & Clerk.
JOHN F. SMITH, Instructor of Printing.
W. J. NESBIT, Foreman of Assembly Supervisor.
ALEX MORRICE, Master Shoemaker.
W. S. MORRIS, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
CHAS. J. PEPPER, Engineer.
MISS L. DEARSLEY, Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.
JOHN DOWDELL, Master Carpenter.
MISS MAUD TEDDALE, Trained Nurse and Assistant to Matron Nursing.
J. N. BOYD, Master Tailor.

WILLIAM H. LAMB, Printer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are so deprived of hearing, either partial or total, as unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being confined in Gaol, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted to pupilage. The regular term of instruction is ten years, but parents may withdraw their children at any time after the minimum age of seven.

Parents, guardians or friends who can afford it, will be charged the sum of $100 per year for board, clothing, books and medical attendance. Others will be taught free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE above CHARGES FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Tailoring are taught to boys, and Sewing, Dressmaking and Fancy Work to girls. In connection with the Industrial Training, Sewing, Knitting, Darning, Mending, Machines and such household duties as may be desirable, Manual Training in wood work has been introduced. Provision for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all the trades of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the facilities afforded by the Government for their education and improvement.

AT the Regular Annual Term begins on the 2nd Tuesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information desired in terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be gladly given by letter or otherwise to

C. B. CUDDIHY, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and any distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go out of the Institution by mail must be left in the office daily, will be sent by 9.30 a. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day of the week except Sunday. Parents or friends desiring to write to pupils, or receive letters from pupils, will please bear in mind that all mail matter to and from pupils must pass under the eyes of the Superintendent.

A Thanksgiving Ode.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
Over the teeming grain and fruit,
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth amid the golden sheaves,
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her fruits and flowers mingle with autumn leaves.

O farmer, every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overcomes our day,
The fulness shames our discontent.

God gives to us with no reserve and
The power to make it Eden fair.
And shall the heart alone unnerve
Thus summer-wielded hands bear

Who measures at his lot to-day?
Who seems his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for duration far away?
Reaps he the harvests sown at home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rock into a field,
That brave and generous hearts are warm
Beneath a ribbed and flinty keel,

And let these altars wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours
The early and the latter rain!

Thanksgiving for One.

BY MABEL SUFFORD.

"I tell you what, I am going to have a splendid Thanksgiving at my house this year," said Burton Hall, one evening, adding up his full height, and quite looking over his companion's head.

Burton was a handsome and tall for his age. He was a good-looking lad and gave evidence of being well cared for. His hair was smooth, his clothes well brushed, his shoes black and his hands clean.

Burton's companion looked as if he took care of himself. His face was rather dull, and lacked the animation of a lad who generally enjoys himself.

"Come over to my house, Ben, and bring your books and I will tell you all about it, before we learn our lessons," said Burton.

Ben was almost at his gate; he swung about on his heel and began to walk toward Burton's. "All Right," he said. "Are you going to the house first to speak to your mother?" asked Burton.

"No, I never tell her when I am going off; she don't care," answered Ben.

They walked up the walk into the kitchen and as soon as they were seated Burton began:

"My grandfather Weston and two aunts, an uncle and four cousins are coming to-day, Monday, and my aunt and uncle and three cousins from Philadelphia. We are to have a jolly time! What do you think, Ben?

"They are all here," said Ben nodded and said:—"Bang-up!" Then he added, "Burton, say—are going to bring skates, and we are going skating on Long pond. Oh, but it will be prime if there is good skating! and we look for it this year. Last year there was a thaw, and spoiled it over on Thursday morning."

"Yes, Ben and I have skates.

"That is a sign of cold weather coming; and it's pretty sure to be skating by Thanksgiving. Father has bought me a pair of new skates. Wait a minute while I get them."

The new skates were brought in and duly admired by both boys.

"I wish I lived up in Vermont or Canada. Canada would be the best, only it would not be United States. I wish I lived up north somewhere, so the skating would begin sooner," said Burton.

The new skates were carefully taken back to their place in the closet, and Burton returned to his seat beside Ben.

"You know what a stack of nuts I laid in this fall, Ben?"

Ben remembered very well, for he had gathered the biggest half of them.

"You remember about the nuts, Ben, for you helped me, you know. You thought it was great fun. It was great fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Ben; "it was great fun."

"Well, we are going to crack those nuts on Thanksgiving night, and we have some of the biggest and hard nearest Northern Spies you ever saw. You helped gather the apples, didn't you? You know what beauties the Northern Spies are. Won't they be a treat, I think, the nuts and apples?"

"Yes, the nuts and apples would be a fine treat," said Ben.

"And the cousins are going to bring a lot of oranges and candy. They wrote that they were, so we should not buy any."

Ben was very attentive, and after a pause Burton continued:

"Don't you think the turkey is the best part of Thanksgiving, Ben?"

Ben did not know.

"Why don't you know?" asked Burton. "Don't you have turkey on Thanksgiving Day?"

No, Ben never had turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

"What do you have, Ben?"

"Oh anything same's other days.

"Don't you have any Thanksgiving and your home is—"

"No no Thanksgiving to speak of."

"Look a here Ben; it is suppertime, and we have t begun on our lessons. That's too bad! I'd invite you over to study after supper, only I am going to play games with Flossie after supper.

"Good-night, Ben; I wish it was going to be Thanksgiving Day to-morrow."

Thanksgiving Day arrived at last, and it was a fine, warm weather for November. There was skating, and Burton was jubilant.

Ben's home was not far from Burton's and in the morning he hovered between the two houses, thinking to catch a sight of the arrivals.

It was not long before Burton caught sight of Ben. He gave a shrill signal that brought Ben to the door in a twinkling. "Don't you want to come in and help me crack nuts? There will be so many of us, it will take stacks of hands; and mother says I had better begin cracking this morning, and we can finish this evening."

Of course Ben was ready to help with the nuts; he always glad to do anything for Burton.

"Now I am going down to the pond and try my skates, announced Burton, after Ben (Burton's part seemed to be mostly talking) had filled a bowl with cracked nuts.

"The folks will not come for an hour yet. You can come to the pond and see me skate, if you want to."

So the two boys went to the pond. "The skating is magnificent," said Burton, gliding up to the edge of the pond where Ben was sliding a little; then off he started again.

By and by Burton came up breathless and glowing, and sat down on the bank to rest.

"Could I try the skates while you are resting a little, Ben?"

"Oh, I'm only going to stop here a minute," said Burton. "I am going to take a few more turns across the pond, and then I must go home. It is nearly twelve."

So Burton took a few more turns, then unbuckled his skates and started homeward. "Come down again, by and by, and see the fun, he said to Ben, as they separated at the head of the road. "Cousin Alick is a fancy skater, and Oscar and I are going to race. We are going to build a fire, too, I say, Ben, if you happen to get there before the rest of us scratch some brush together for a fire, will you?"

Ben said he would.

An hour later there was a procession of cousins with Burton at the head, marching to the pond; and in a very short time they were gliding over the ice in all directions, and making the air ring with their shouts and laughter.

Ben was there too, and stood like a

sentinel beside the brush heap. It was not long before one of the cousins spied him. "Who is that standing over there; any one you know?" asked the cousin.

"Oh, that's Ben Ben Grace, a neighbor," answered Burton, carelessly. "Why don't he skate? was the next question.

"Hasn't any skates," said Burton, broke his

That's bad. Come over and introduce me, said the cousin.

"I don't know maybe you' would not care to," stammered Burton.

"Care? Of course I care. Why don't you?

"Come on then"

When Ben saw the city cousin, with his fur cap, fur trimmed coat and shining skates, coming toward the brush heap for of course it was the brush-heap they were coming to see, he took behind it, and wished he had fixed up a little before he had come to the pond. He hadn't any smart clothes, but he wished he had blacked his shoes and brushed his coat, and hunted up some kind of a necktie. He had half a mind to run away, but was too interested to do it. He was greatly surprised and not a little confused when he found that they were after him.

"Here's a tip-top heap of brush," said the cousin. "See here, Burton, I'll start the fire. I've got enough of skating for just now.

He pulled off his skates and tossed them one side. Try them, he said to Ben. "If you don't say they are the best skates you ever had in your feet, then I miss my guess.

Ben could hardly believe his ears, Burton looked surprised, and not quite pleased. Ben clamped the skates on over his rusty shoes, and, after having them a little near the shore, he started out across the pond.

The cousins saw Ben coming. "One of the boys has lent him his skates, said a girl cousin; "let's ask him to race with us.

When Burton came over the cousins were in the midst of a merry contest, and Ben was leading them. Burton looked perplexed. It seemed to him that these cousins were having the jolliest time, and that everybody was having a better time than himself. Even Ben, who had no Thanksgiving at home, and no skates, and no cousins, was enjoying himself immensely, and Burton, who had but his skates, and was tending the fire, seemed to be in the most dismal state of spirits.

The following day Burton lingered about the house and followed his mother from room to room, until she took her work to the sitting room. "I wish we had made Burton overhaul the this morning," said his mother to her self. "Perhaps he feels lonely, now they are all gone. What a delightful Thanksgiving day we had this time, Burton," she said aloud.

"Yes everything went off all right. They've a jolly lot of cousins."

Burton went to the window and drummed on the window-panes; then he leaned up against the window and drummed on that, while he stared into the fire; then he sat down at the table and drummed on that; then he stood and drummed on that. Somehow, he said, he did not enjoy Thanksgiving as much as I thought I was going to; I don't know why, either."

"Why, said Burton's mother, gravely, 'A Thanksgiving for one could not be very happy or satisfactory."

Burton looked surprised "Why, there were seventeen of us, mother.

"Your Thanksgiving was for one, repeated his mother

"Oh," said Burton's mother, gravely, 'A Thanksgiving for one could not be very happy or satisfactory."

Burton looked surprised "Why, there were seventeen of us, mother.

"Your Thanksgiving was for one, repeated his mother

"Oh," said Burton, and five minutes, then he went out slowly; and his mother heard him go to his own room.

Burton shut himself in, and, sitting down by the window, that overlooked the pond, he thought it all over. He had to own that his Thanksgiving had been for one, and only one; for he could not think of a thing that he had done for any one but himself during the day.

(Continued on last page.)

Hymn for Thanksgiving.

BY THE REV. J. PARSON.

Eternal God, then we adore,
Creator, Sov'reign, evermore;
Before thy mercy-seat we bow,
And own thy goodness to us now.

Now, as a people, we would own
Thy mercies, flowing from thy throne;
Those blessings that thou dost dispense,
The bounties of thy providence.

Thy providence is far and wide,
Thou dost our daily food provide.
Thou sendest sunshine and the shower,
Thou givest fragrance to the flower.

In spring thou dost thy blessings give,
All people through thy bounties live.
Our summer fruits, our corn and wine,
Are all the gifts of love divine.

For summer's gifts, for autumn's store,
We thank thee, Lord, for evermore;
Our winter blessings, too, we own,
And here with rev'rence fall at thy throne.

We thank thee for thy blessings given.
We thank thee for the hope of heaven;
We, as a people, seek thy face,
Implore thy mercy, ask for grace.

We, as a people, own thee Lord,
We, as a people, love thy Word,
We, as a people, thine would be,
In time and through eternity.

Mary's Apron.

"Mary, your apron grew on a tree. Yes, it did!" repeated my fond grandchild Jimmie, laughing at his sister's reproachful look.

"I saw my mother make it," said Mary, taking up one corner of the dainty muslin apron and looking at it carefully

"The stuff is made of grow on a little tree that's made just like our bush runtree," insisted Jimmie. "Aunt Ethel has a whole field of 'em at home, I do. Come and see."

And talking Mary by the hand, Jimmie trotted out to the piazza where Aunt Ethel was sewing.

"Aunt Ethel, did the stuff my apron is made of grow on a bush-tree like a rose bush?" asked Mary, eagerly.

"Aunt Ethel took hold of the muslin apron and gathered smiling Mary into her lap. "Dear me, no, child, my apron is made of cotton, and cotton grows on a plant. It is the fruit of a plant."

"Why, I didn't know cloth grew!" said the little girl.

"I will tell you about it," said Aunt Ethel. "Bring Mary into your lap. "Then when you hear about cotton cloth and cotton thread you will know just what it means."

"How thread grow, too?"

"See, Aunt Ethel," holding up the apron, "this cloth is made of hundreds of fine threads. So you see the thread is really made first."

"Tell her about the cotton plant, said Jimmie.

"Some day," went on Aunt Ethel, "you and Jimmie will go South Carolina, and instead of fields of grass you will see fields of cotton. If it be in July all the cotton plants will show a round fruit about as big as a walnut. In August, when this fruit has ripened, it bursts open, and then out come lovely white fluffs of lint. And this white lint is cotton.

"It is all picked from the plant and cleaned, and then the white strands are spun into thread, and then the thread is woven into cloth, and your mother buy the cloth and sew it. Then out an apron and sewn it with fine cotton thread, and here it is."

"There," said Jimmie. "I told you your apron grew upon little trees."

"Who picks the cotton lint?" asked Mary.

"Negro boys and girls," said Aunt Ethel.

"I must go and tell my mother about cotton," said Mary slipping from Aunt Ethel's lap. "Perhaps she will not come cotton and sew with it in her own cloth."

Aunt Ethel shook her head. "No," she said, "it has to be a very warm climate for cotton to grow in, and a great deal of sunlight. Your mother can not raise cotton here."

"Why," said Mary thoughtfully, "we can raise lovely roses. Mother is at work now in the rose garden, and I am glad to tell her about my apron. Which do you think is best, Aunt Ethel, roses or cotton?"

"What do you think?" asked Aunt Ethel.

"Roses," answered Mary.

"Cotton, of course," declared Jimmie.—*Youth's Companion.*

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and it's nature is abused against when it is doomed to ignorance.

Jabez's Revenge.

Jabez was a green farm boy, who had never been in the city in his life. He lived about a hundred miles from New York.

One fourth of July Jabez started for the city. He had fifteen dollars in his pocket and his best clothes in an old-fashioned carpet bag.

He reached the city all right, and was standing in front of the Grand Depot, when a man came up and spoke to him.

"Hello, Henry!" said he.

"My name is not Henry. It is Jabez Green and I have just come from Berkshire County, Mass. I don't want to make friends with any strangers, either."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, and he went on.

It was only a moment or two before another man came up. This one stepped Jabez on the back.

"Hello, old fellow!" said he.

"I don't know you," said Jabez.

"Can't be mistaken," said You are Jabez Green, and I used to work on the farm next to you a year ago."

It was not long before Jabez and the stranger were going off together.

"Have you got any money?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said Jabez, "but I can't get it out."

"Well," said the stranger, "Come to my boarding house. We'll look for have dinner, and after dinner we will see the sights."

The stranger was carrying the carpet-bag.

He spoke up quickly.

"There goes our car," said he. "Run, catch it."

He began to run. So did Jabez. Jabez ran faster than the stranger. He got on the car and turned to look for him. He was gone. So was the carpet-bag. Jabez never saw either of them again.

After he lost his carpet-bag, Jabez had no pleasure in the city, and he got back to Berkshire County as quickly as he could. He took a short cut through the woods. He had not gone far when he saw a very large hornets' nest.

"I wish that fellow who stole my carpet-bag was in that nest," said he to himself. Then he sat down on a log and began to study. Suddenly he slapped his leg, jumped up and said:

"I'll do it."

Then he went off and bought another old carpet-bag. He was very careful to see that it shut up tight and had no holes in it. Then he went to the hornets' nest, and managed to get the new carpet-bag.

Next morning he started to the city. When he got there, almost the same thing happened. It was not long before the rogue was running off with the carpet-bag.

Jabez leaned against a lamp post and laughed and laughed. Pretty soon a policeman came along and asked him what was the matter. Jabez told him the story. The policeman said he would keep a look-out for the hornets' nest. He did so, and next day Jabez appeared in the city briefly against three badly-horne-stung men.

Willie's First Circus.

"Mamma, is there no way for me to go to the circus? I've never been to a circus in my life."

"Willie, dear, I would be glad to have you go, but I cannot afford it. You know he has driven in town, and perhaps when another comes you can go."

"Pshaw! I want to go to this one. All the other boys are going, and it only costs a quarter. There will be elephants and camels, and animals from all over the world with funny little five horses at once, and there will be indians, and—"

But Willie had to stop for want of breath, and as he did so an old darkey, who had come from the stable, looked at him why he did not try to earn his way in.

The thought had never occurred to Willie before, and he fairly jumped with delight when he heard it.

"I can! I know I can!" he cried and off he ran with a light heart to do his evening chores.

The circus came to town that night; and the next morning, early as Willie was out, the tent was already up, and they were taking some of the animals down to the river to drink.

Willie was watching all the time for a chance to "earn his ticket." Pretty soon he saw a big man telling the men what to do next, and he thought that surely he was the man to whom he

charge of the circus, so he walked over to where he was standing.

Holding his hat in his hand, he asked, timidly:

"Please, Mister, is there anything a boy like me could do for you to earn a ticket to the circus?"

"Bless my heart, bub! Let me see," said the man. "Come into the tent with me and I'll see."

Willie followed him in and was soon put to work, and had a great long row of lamps. He worked with a will and was through a little after ten o'clock.

Then he went to the big man again and told him his work was done.

The man went over to look at the lamps, and patting Willie on the head, he said:

"Well, bub, you did your work well, and didn't poke about it either. I will be good, too. Here are two tickets for this afternoon. Bring one of your friends and have a good time."

Willie ran home as fast as he could, and before he got into the house he shouted:

"Hurrah for me, mamma! I'm going to the circus after all; and that is not all. Nannie can go, too, for I have two tickets. There you are, Mamma all about it."

Nannie was Willie's little sister, only five years old, and of course she would be glad to go.

And they all go to the circus that afternoon, and they talked of the matter for a long afterward, and although Willie and Nannie are grown up now, they still say they never had so happy a time as at their first circus. —School and House.

The Story of Columbus.

More than four hundred and fifty years ago Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy. His father was a poor wool-comber. Therefore he could not wait to learn a trade. He wanted to be a sailor.

When Columbus was fourteen years old, he left school and went to sea. He was a sailor all that year, and full of excitement and danger. The experiences he had then made him brave and fearless.

When Columbus became a man, he lived in Lisbon. There he married the daughter of a sea captain. Columbus and his wife were poor. Many a time few people believed that the world was round. Columbus believed that it was. He started to make a voyage to the west and hoped to reach India. Columbus was afraid he would never across the Atlantic ocean. They called it the "Sea of Darkness."

Columbus went over to fit out ships for such a voyage. He asked the King of Portugal to help him. The King refused. Most people thought Columbus was crazy. He now decided to ask help from the King of Spain. He went to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. They told his story to the queen of the court. They thought it was foolish to spend money trying to cross the ocean. But when Columbus was about to leave, Queen Isabella herself resolved to help him. With her help three small vessels were fitted out. He was made the admiral of the little fleet.

On August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain. After many days he touched land, October 12, 1492. It was a beautiful island and he named it San Salvador. After staying on the island a few days Columbus sailed south. He discovered Hayti and Cuba and many other islands. He called them the West Indies, because he thought that they were a part of India. He found strange people here and called them Indians.

Columbus now returned to Spain. He had been gone seven months. The King and Queen received him with great honor. The people welcomed him with shouts and the ringing of bells. He brought home with him six Indians, some rare birds and plants, and a few gold and silver ornaments.

Columbus afterward made three other voyages across the Atlantic ocean. He touched the coasts of Central and South America, but he never saw any part of the United States. He had found a new world, but he did not know it.

The last days of Columbus were full of sorrow. He was poor and broken in health. His friends were few and true to him. He died of a broken heart. He was buried in Spain. Later his body was taken to the new world. After the Spanish-American war it was taken away from Cuba.—*Olde Chronicle.*

Let your recreation be manly, sedentate, reasonable, and lawful. The one of recreation is to strengthen your labor, and to awaken your zeal.

Hallowe'en.

Many years ago the people who lived in Great Britain were heathens. In the night before the first day of November they always built fires on the top of tall hills and had religious ceremonies in honor of the sun. After awhile the Romans went to live in England. They were Catholics and they taught the English people not to worship the sun. So the Britons did not have the religious services any more, but they continued very superstitious. They thought that on Hallowe'ennall the fairies and witches came from their homes in the hills and had a great deal of fun about every where. So they used to light their fires that evening; but now it was to frighten away the bad spirits. And the master of each house always carried a lighted torch about his fields to protect them from evil spirits, chanting an invocation as he went.

The people believed the witches were swarming about in all sorts of places, so they used to try many kinds of charms to see if the spirits would not tell them what was going to happen in the future.

In Scotland the young women used to make "dumb cakes" and bake them in the ashes. Everything must be perfect, silence. They thought they would see wonderful things.

The English people would sometimes grind and mix a walnut, a basin-full of salt, a handful of flour, and water they made into pills with butter and sugar. They swallowed these pills before going to bed, and thought that they would have strange dreams, which would surely come true.

Later, when the people of Great Britain were better educated, they gave up their superstitions.

Hallowe'en became a night for playing pranks and for having a frolicking. They began to play such games as we do now.

They dived for apples in a tub of water, they tried to bite an apple suspended by a string, sometimes they tied a string about the middle of a stick. Then they hung the stick up in the middle of the room. They fastened an apple to one end of the stick, and on the other they fastened a lighted candle. When they tried to bite the apple, the stick would whirl around very quickly, and sometimes they would bite the candle instead.

Hallowe'en crossed the Atlantic Ocean with the English people who came to America to live in the New World. Now the young people of our country act apples before the glass, go dark and bob for apples. Sometimes, crack nuts, pop chestnuts and launch walnut-shells holding lighted tapers.

The Arctic Region.

In the northern part of the Dominion of Canada and Greenland, the climate is very cold. It is in the North Frigid Zone. There is only a couple of feet of ground the polar.

The winter nights of the Arctic region are very long and the days are short. They have no warm summers like ours, but during summer seasons, the days are very long and the nights are very short. In the north the sun goes to the white snow and the light is very bright and dazzling. The ice and snow never melt more than a few feet deep.

There are queer little people called Eskimos, living at the far north.

Venice.

Venice is a beautiful city in Europe. It is very different from other cities. It is built upon a group of small islands. These islands are connected by bridges. These are nearly four hundred bridges. Most of them are of stone. They are high enough for boats to pass under. Canals cross the islands. There are no horses there because people could not use them. When people want to go visiting or shopping they get into a gondola. It is a long narrow boat. It is usually painted black. There is a covered seat in the middle. The man who rows the boat is called a gondolier. He stands up at the back of the boat and uses only one oar. There are many interesting things to see in Venice. Many people go there to spend the winter.—*Minnesota Conservation.*

LOCALS.

Written October 31th.

MR. COLBELL'S CLASS.

—There was no school last Friday because our teachers went to Belleville to attend meetings of the South Hastings Teachers' Convention.

Ethel (Nelson's birthday was October 25th. She invited some of her friends and me to a tea-party, which was nice. She received many happy birthday greetings from her friends, and she had a happy time. We thank her for kindly inviting us to the party which we enjoyed very much.—H. Barclay.

—I got a letter from my mother telling me about my cousin, Mrs. Davan, and her son Alva, who went to visit my husband and my Aunt Nellie and them to visit some relatives in Yorkshire, Hill. I know Alva was not very strong, and he took cold while staying there. My family had enjoyed his visit. Mrs. Davan and he went home on the land and arrived home and in a little while he dropped dead on his dear mother's arm. I know God took him to be with Jesus. We will miss him sadly. I know that when I go to Ontario to see Mrs. Davan, I will not see him any more.—I. Hughes.

—This is a fine morning, but it is somewhat cold, and the clouds have passed off.

—We spent an enjoyable holiday last Friday forenoon because the meeting of the South Hastings Teachers' Convention was held, but we worked at all the trades in the afternoon. We felt very grateful to Dr. Coughlin for his kindness to us for giving us a half holiday as in the forenoon.—W. Nelson.

—A few days ago Miss McFaulane read a letter from Annie Dalgleish saying that my brother was married about a week. I have not heard from him since he went. I have two sisters, Perhaps my brothers and I will go over to visit Mr. Dalgleish next summer. My father and my aunt Nellie left early some down to see me before they went home. Father did not come on last vacation because he was ploughing.—E. Nelson.

—Last Thursday morning, our Mr. Mc was not out into our room and some other classmates and myself. There ... still hanging to the roots ... grew in his garden. It was an ... ceiling shelf. The pumpkins ... like a potato, which grows in ... on the ... and of knobs on the ground. They are grown chiefly ... warm countries and are very wholesome food, especially when cooked. We thank Mr. Stewart for his kindness.

—Last Saturday afternoon some pupils saw our baker, Mr. Boyd, riding in an automobile in the Tweed road, and I hear that he owns one. I hope that he enjoys riding in it and often has a good time.—George David McLennan.

—I am sorry to hear that Mr. Gould, of Lonsdale, is very ill with appendicitis and was taken to the hospital. I hope he will recover again.

—I read in a paper that Mr. Colbell received a letter from King George's secretary, saying that the teachers, which were sent to His Majesty, were highly appreciated.

—We are glad to hear that Miss Linn received a long letter from Mr. Keith, who used to be supervisor of the boys before Mr. Stewart. He has a farm in Saskatchewan and has 320 acres of land. He two some help him to work. We are hoping that he will be successful in life.—Mona McFarlane.

—The farmers in the west are preparing for more men to help in the threshing, and the headquarter of the union held a supplementary petition for more girls. The fall is passing away quickly and they hope that when the winter comes, everything will be right.—H. Bollier.

—My father is going to hunt deer this fall and I hope that he will get a good one. My mother said that she wished to send me a piece of venison if father succeeds, but I also thinks that is too far.—W. Edwards.

—About two weeks ago our teacher, Mr. Coleman, showed us a magnificent double case gold watch and chain, which were presented to him by his dear old friends and former pupils last June 28th for the 40th anniversary on his service since the opening of the institution. He should be very thankful to have for their remembrance.—Idelence McVean.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—Now we know that winter is coming because the trees are nearly bare. A few colored leaves are on a few trees. Many leaves are on the ground, and the little girls are playing with them just as I used to play with them when I was a little girl. Will you be glad to skate on the ice soon? I hope that we will have skating for some time yet.—Evelyn Hazlitt.

—On Saturday morning it rained very much and there were many puddles. The boys did not play football, but I do not know why. Saturday afternoon one boy asked another if he would play football and he said he would, because he was not busy. He was disappointed as they could not play football. The wind blew many leaves off the trees and they are nearly bare. The leaves are red, brown and green.

—Another boy and I went to the woods on Saturday afternoon two weeks ago. We saw some men ploughing the ground and putting it on the top of the hill. There were some horses drawing earth to the railway line. We saw a large squirrel sitting on a fence. We walked over it and it ran up a tree. It carried a nut in its mouth. Then we walked over a fence and saw many cows coming from the woods. They passed and we saw a boy shooting something, and went down a hill, through the shallow water in a creek and went through the woods. We went to the bridge and saw some of the water running. It becomes cloudy and we thought that it would rain soon. Then we went up a hill, walked over a fence and saw many cows eating the grass in a field. We walked over a fence and walked on the road near an orchard. We saw a boy carrying a gun, looking for something to shoot at. We saw a cheeky sparrow. It was afraid of him and flew away.—Edward Scott Reginald.

—The leaves are falling on the ground and grass. There are a great many of them. When they have finished falling the boys will rake them. There is a Institution and put them beside the fence. Mr. Milne will burn the leaves them. I will not take them, as I will be working in the shop.—Bruce. The leaves are falling fast because the wind broke the stems.

—The weather took some flowers from the lawn because it is cold now and put them in the green-house, to keep them warm. We went to the house to visit the green-house during the frost. Mr. Milne told me to look at the flowers.—J. McLaren

—I got a letter from my sister Dora. She lives in Toronto. Her husband, Mr. Parson is dead. He was out in a motor car by and was coming home last Friday night with his wife and they ran into his auto. He did not have the lamps burning and he says they were about five miles from London he did not see Lawrence waggon till he was very close to it. He suddenly tried to get out of the road and the back wheel went into the ditch and the auto turned over. He was taken to the hospital and died on Sunday morning. I am sorry about him.—E. Fishleigh.

—All the leaves are falling from the trees because the winter is coming. Some of them will take the leaves away after noon. The trees are becoming bare.

—I am very glad that my brothers will go to school this winter. I hope that they will be very good. My parents will hear if their improvement is good. They will have to stay at home in the summer. They are good workers.—W. Carpenter.

—We are sorry to see the leaves falling down on the ground. We know that winter is approaching. We do not like for the leaves to fall.

—I got a letter from my aunt Beatrice said that she is going away to the west to visit my grandmother and uncle. I think she will stay there all the winter. I do not know whether she will come back home or not. I think she will have a nice time on her trip.—Ivy Bollier.

—It will soon be Thanksgiving Day. We will have a holiday on that day and we will have a party in the school room in the evening. I know that we will enjoy ourselves.—W. Kennedy.

—My brother, Dunsen, went to Seaforth when on Aug. 9th and my father went there on Aug. 23rd. They are working on the farm. They said that they like the farm in Saskatchewan. My father came back home from the West after Horace and I came homeblood.

—We had a half holiday on Friday because the teachers went to a convention in the city.—W. Burnett.

MR. BALL' CLASS.

—Many teachers were going to Alberta Hall for a convention last Friday in the morning, so we had a half-holiday. Some of the other boys played football, but the senior pupils went to the shops in the afternoon.

—Wesley McAdam told me that the farmer picked apples a few days ago. He told me that he saw a cow eating apples out of a barrel a few days ago.

—Some boys, namely James Green, Percy Smith and Daniel Gerow will go to Toronto, and, but I do not know when they will go there. I will meet them. Daniel James Green, his deaf sister and another deaf boy in Owen Sound on July first. I went to the Exhibition and saw James Green sitting on the grass and I went to him and talked to him. Earl Kindree

—I suppose that we will have a holiday on Oct. 31st and there will be Hallowe'en Party. We suppose that we will have presents on Thanksgiving Day. We will have sports and we shall have a party. The prizes are: Some strangers will come and we will make them welcome.

Last Saturday morning E. Melsehe ans a cat killing a pigeon's wing. When he got to the cat it was afraid of him and it ran from the pigeon, and he held the pigeon and showed it to some boys. He examined it and found its wing was cut. He tried to let it fly but it could not fly well. I saw a lot of pigeons watching the pigeon and I thought that they were angry, and they thought that Edmund teased it, but he did not tease it but was kind to it and he carefully carried it into the barn and put it on a beam in the barn and then went from the pigeon the flock of pigeons flew to it, and they stood on the beam with it or flew around the flock.—W. Ross

The teachers of South Hastings were holding a convention on the 21st in Alberta Hall. Our teachers attended it, so the pupils had a holiday on Friday. The boys had sports on Friday afternoon but they worked in the afternoon.—Chas. Ryan.

—Our teachers are five holidays, namely Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Good Friday and Victoria Days in succession. We will have a holiday and have a party in the dining-room on Thanksgiving day, run around the chairs and walk in, with cuts. Some boys will run a five mile race on the road. We will enjoy ourselves.—C. Berthiaume.

Thanksgiving will be October 31st and we will have a holiday. Perhaps some little boys will thank Dr. Coughlin for his kindness. We will play foot ball, baseball and other games. We will have chickens for dinner. We will have a party and have a good time. Some of our parents send Thanksgiving cards and the pupils receive many cards from our relatives and friends.

There are many working for the Canadian Patriotic Fund. They were digging on our grounds for the track. I saw the track on the ground.

Last summer I worked on a farm and I helped my father. We have four horses and two colts. My brother, Gerald, is working on a motor boat and so. I got letters and postcards from Fred Fowler, Forrester, Dutton Carey, Earl Kindree, James Green, Roy Trelawney, etc. I liked to receive them from my friends. Thos. Brown.

—I went to the river and swam in the water every afternoon at home. I played in the water and went fishing and caught some fishes. I went to the house and cooked them. My father told me to go to a field and picked tomatoes and paid fifteen cents for them.—R. Kinsley.

—My mother, brother, and sister and I went from Midland to Toronto on August seventh, went back on the train to Sarnia and Port Huron. We rode on the cars but the engine was changed to the electric-locomotive and it went into the St. Clair tunnel, under the River and arrived at Detroit. We went on the train again and stopped at the Detroit River Tunnel. Then we got there O. K. and Grandpa and Grandma, some cousins and some friends came. Grandpa took us to Belmont in the wagon, and he drove a nice team of horses. My mother, brother, and sister stayed there for about two months and a half. I stayed there for a month. We were tired of riding on the train steadily for three days. My mother, brother, and sister left Raley River District on October 30th and arrived at Midland on October eighth.—J. Hall.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

Miss Templeton told us about reading in a paper that there was a big pearl found in Saskatchewan lately. I hope the people in it did not lose their lives.

—I read in the newspaper that there was a terrible fire in Minnesota lately. Four hundred houses destroyed and about three hundred people left homeless. The forest fire there has spread to Rainy River in Ontario. I hope my aunt, uncle and others were saved. They lived near Minnesota.

Miss Templeton has given us library books to read in the evening when we have done our lessons. We like to read them every night.—G. Scouse.

—I received a letter from my mother last week. She is going to visit New York and will stay two weeks and remain. I think they will like to visit it very much. She will leave New York on Oct. 28th and will sleep on the train all night and will arrive at Ottawa at 11. 45 o'clock on Tuesday morning. She will send some post cards to me. I got two post cards, one last Saturday and the other on Monday. My aunt takes care of the children at home.—Tom Brigham.

Some of us played in the sitting-room and Beulah pretended to be teacher. She told us about our lessons she is a jolly girl

Many girls talked to play outside yesterday and I went to play with them. It was a glorious day.—E. McDougall.

Thanksgiving Day will be Oct. 31st I am glad that we will have a holiday and that I would get a box on Thanksgiving Day. We said perhaps he would send us a box but he was not sure. Perhaps I will write some Thanksgiving cards. I like to play father with my friends. I hope it will be a lovely day

Catharine Hammond's father will go hunting deer about October 27th and he will hunt. I think he will shoot a deer.—R. Wilson

I saw a chipmunk walking on the railway and he had something in his mouth a ring and put it on the stones. The chipmunk came to them and put the walnut out of the trap. I nearly caught it in the trap. I took the trap off the stones and went to my home.—C. Dorchester

On Thanksgiving Day we will have a holiday and we trade now because we must thank God for giving us good crops and we will have a box. I hope that our parents will come here and we will be glad to see them.—I. Trelawney

Some of my friends visited my home before I came back to school. They were exceedingly pleased to see me. They stayed for tea and I put salt in a tea cup of tea but he did not know about it and all my friends and brothers laughed hard at him. He said that he would get you laugh I" We did not tell. We had a lovely time.—A. L. Hallowell

I received a post card from my sister Mary, and she said that the horse, Jack ran away and my mother got hurt by falling out of the buggy. He is a very wild horse.—J. Greene.

Some of the boys went to the city last Saturday and they saw a motors driving on the street. Some other boys went to the country and they saw some cattle. Some of the boys caught three chipmunks a few days ago. Thanksgiving Day will be October 31st.—G. Hubsand

Some other boys and I went to the woods about two weeks ago and we saw three mink Pests. We killed one of them. I brought it in the ground and we went to the bridge and we saw an automobile nearly striking it.—P. Smith

—My brother Duncan told me last summer that he wanted to catch a squirrel. He climbed a tree and he watched it coming but it was afraid of him and went up the top of the tree. At last it tried to go and looked at Duncan and he was quiet and he caught it quickly. He went down the tree, ran to a cage and put it in it. It was between six and seven years old because there was a hole in it. He was disappointed because it ran out of it. He told me to climb the tree and I watched it coming and it was near me but it ran towards the top of the tree. In a few minutes it came again and I was quiet and caught it quickly. I went down the tree and ran to another big cage and put it in it. I gave it sunnyps and it liked to eat it. In a few days it was lonesome and I let it out of the cage and it ran fast and climbed a tree again.—P. McDougall.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn typewriting, and from the knowledge thereof be able to earn a livelihood after leaving the Institution.

Second—To furnish interesting reading matter to encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and form a taste therefor.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the welfare and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cts. each for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Send by money order postal notes, or registered letter.

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All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. No anonymous letters or communications of any one will be admitted —of us know it.

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A few unobjectionable advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

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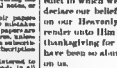


GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTION BOTTOM: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1910.

Let Us Be Thankful.

What should we be thankful for?

For a bountiful harvest. Rarely before has this or any other country been favored with a succession of such abundant crops, extending over as many years. In all parts of the Dominion the fields have teemed with plenty and the trees have been laden with fruit, and all of nature's gifts have been poured upon us with a lavish hand.

For prosperity in every field of enterprise and production. Not only has the harvest been so abundant, but prices have been high, manufacturing industries are flourishing, our foreign trade has gone well up to and above the billion mark and the demand for artizans and other laborers far exceeds the supply.

For the rapidity with which our great western provinces are being opened up and settled. The tide of immigration has been rising higher year by year and we of to-day are witnessing the fulfilment of the dream of the poet who half a century ago could "hear the tread of that advancing multitude which yet shall fill the prairie." Still more last gratifying than the large number of immigrants is their excellent quality, about eighty per cent being from the British Isles and the United States.

For the marvellous revelations of undreamed of natural wealth, chiefly in northern Ontario, where have been discovered sources of riches beyond that "of Ormus and of Ind." Nor has the end yet been reached for the mines of gold and silver and other precious metals that have been revealed and but the earnest of the practically inexhaustible wealth stored in this district and in other sections of the Dominion.

For less material but vastly more important blessings and privileges with which we are favored. There is peace throughout the whole Empire, and Britain never before occupied a more commanding position in the councils of the nations, or exercised a greater and more beneficent influence. Canada also has attained to an important position among the nations; while at home we enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty and all the rights and privileges of the highest citizenship to a degree equalled by few and excelled by no other people in the world.

Good reason, therefore, have Canadians to be truly thankful in this year of bounty, and a proclamation setting apart a special day for the purpose expresses every day to a beneficent Providence his gratitude for the favors and mercies he enjoys; but it is none the less timely and appropriate to have one day set apart by official edict in which we as a whole nation, declare our belief in and dependence on our Heavenly Father's care, and render unto Him a united tribute of thanksgiving for the blessings which have been so abundantly lavished upon us.

If there is one thing more than any other that British subjects in all parts of the Empire have reason to be proud of, it is the respect for law that prevails among all classes, and the firm and impartial manner in which justice is administered. Dr Conan Doyle in some time ago made some investigations into this subject, and among others, produced the following suggestive and striking comparisons: In the British army in South Africa last, during three years, 22,000 men, from all causes; in those three years the United States had 31,000 more murders than London, with 6,000,000 inhabitants, had twenty-four murders that year; Chicago, with less than 2,000,000, had 138. Of London's twenty-four murderers nine were hanged; of Chicago's 138, one was hanged. The single States of Georgia and South Carolina had each more murders than the whole British Empire."

The policy recently adopted by the Government of having a member of the Ontario School Staff present at every Public School Teachers' Convention, is unquestionably a most commendable one, and cannot fail to produce good results. The presence of Mr. Keyes at the meeting in Belleville, was an inspiration to every teacher present. As he said, the Normal School at Peterborough was not the Provincial Normal School, but rather the Central District Normal. Its purpose is not only to train the teachers who attend there, but also to be a centre and source of inspiration and helpfulness to all teachers in the district, and every one of them has the right, and is earnestly requested to get in touch with the members of the Normal staff regarding any difficulties he might meet with in his work.

Our very excellent contemporary, *The Mt. Airy World*, comes to us this session in a new and improved form. The pages have been reduced in size but increased in number, and it might now be described as a magazine instead of merely a "journal," as it modestly styles itself. The cover is a handsome one and altogether it presents a very attractive appearance. As to quality, we do not know that it is any better than it was before, for the simple reason that there really was not much room for improvement.

Reading without purpose is mastering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for definite end in knowledge than from a hundred skimmed over by a wandering eye.

EDUCATIONAL.

There is one bit of advice more important than all others for the young teacher. It is "Know what to do next." If you have any troublesome pupils it is while you are thinking of the next thing to do that you will lose your hold upon them. You may be perfectly familiar with all the subjects to be taught and have them well outlined in your mind, but unless you have carefully prepared the day's work, with ample provision for all the spare moments that could possibly occur, you are certainly opening the way for trouble. Your teacher, even in experience, can take time to think out what they wish to do in the moments of unexpected help without losing some of the children's confidence, while nothing excites so much respect, particularly in the mind of a boy, as perfect readiness in turning from one subject to another and in meeting emergencies as they arise. Of course, the unexpected will sometimes occur, when a teacher can depend only on her quick-ness of wit, but most of the unpleasant happenings could have been foreseen and provided for by a little planning and foresight. Do not look for trouble, but be very sure how you will meet it, when it does occur, and the same with plan such a full day's work that there is not room for it.—*Primary Education.*

There is a certain type of teacher at whose touch'y I often marvel. She is the teacher who is continually giving directions and commands. Now what is she going to do, I wonder within myself, if the children refuse or forget to obey? Can she possibly punish them for all these things or will she forget half her directions benefit? Usually I do not stay to see what happens in such a case, but I have often wished to ask the question of some one of these teachers. If you are such a teacher, do you always consider, before you give a command, what you are going to do if the command is disobeyed or evaded? If you do not know, then let the request wait until you have determined on a plan of action for all contingencies, by that time the chances are that you will not give it at all, unless it is really necessary, so the gain to you and to your pupils will be double.—*Primary Education.*

It is possible to waste much time in the unintelligent use of the dictionary, by hunting out meanings that do not fit, in failing to interpret markings, in not applying the rules of spelling and derivation to the brief suggestions in the dictionary. Children in order to be able to help themselves in using dictionaries and reference books need frequent practice under wise direction. It is an economy of time to learn to do these things right. Teaching children to be self-helpful is one reason that they shall learn all these things and why they should study not only all, so far, lack of intelligent guidance.—Mc Murry.

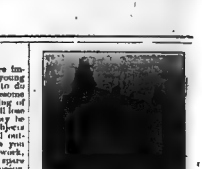
I hold the teacher's position second to none. The teacher of a band of children combines the office of the teacher and parent, and has more to do in shaping the minds and manners of the community than preacher and parent united. The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child more than three times as many hours as I do, and twenty-four more than my wife does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of the teacher's office.—J. G. Holland.

In English, more than in any other branch, the value of the work of the child is dependent upon the living influence of the teacher rather than upon any silent influence of the books; and thus in presence of excellent text books the pupil is still dependent upon of even respectable attainments in the use of the English language as a tongue and as a manual art.—Jesse B. Thayer.

Our schools do not teach our pupils to think and memorizing is not thinking; cramming is not thinking, and the pupils should be taught to think. Industrial subject is taught as it should be and pupils will be taught to think, the results will be furnished which will pay in dollars and cents.

Each teacher is responsible for maintaining the standards set up in all the reading grades and for keeping in mind these larger aims which stretch through the whole course.

Remember, when you think you are closest to your pupils, you are not. You are cheating yourself.



MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

Since our last meeting we have been favoured with another friendly visit from our genial president, Mrs. Morrice has also remembered the Institution, as fourteen baskets of grapes could testify. Twenty bags of apples has been the generous gift of Mrs. Mackay, and little Frances Kellett also treated the pupils to grapes and lattice. The Misses Rayner have knitted twelve pairs of beautiful mittens for the boys and Mr. Abner Kingman presented a bicycle to the girls. Each girl is striving to become an expert rider and taking advantage of the fine weather for the exercise. A Thanksgiving tea party is being given by Mrs. Morrice on the thirty-first. We think no school has kinder friends than the Mackay.

We were all sorry to hear that Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas, one of the directresses, is laid up with a fever. Colds have been prevalent and several pupils have been confined to bed in turn.

Our superintendent was delighted to hear of the promotion by the government, of her pupil Mrs. Morrice to the Superintendency of the Hospital for the Insane at Orillia. A visit from the doctor and Mrs. Parmelee is anticipated in the near future. Brockville is only four hours ride from Montreal.

Mr. Charles Shilson, of Cobalt, en route to his home in Sherbrooke, called at the Institution on Sunday afternoon, who is a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, is a general favorite and everyone rejoiced in his return, looking at seeing his father.

Miss M. Leech, having been called to Sherbrooke for a few days, had her class taken by Miss Myrtle Snowdon.

Miss Lillian Hall, of the staff, was summoned to Brantford to act as interpreter for Mr. Dwight Shepard, a former pupil of the Mackay. Mr. Shepard testified against his sister's husband, who attempted to steal his own child. The lawyer for the crown compliment-ed Mr. Shepard on the clear and straight forward way he gave his evidence. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is a lesson daily inculcated here.

During the session of the Provincial teachers of Quebec, held in Montreal, pupils from the deaf were allotted to Mrs. Ashcroft to show what was being done for the Protestant deaf of the province. The pupils performed their several parts most creditably and received hearty applause from the audience.

Some tardy pupils have not returned yet. As a rule, the children and the parents of these children will wonder why they are not at the head in their classes, but they have only themselves to blame.

Miss Edie MacFarlane, one of Montreal's most popular young girls, was married on the evening of October 19, to Mr. George Kinghorn McDougall. Miss MacFarlane for some years attended the Institution once a week to read to the blind class, and her many accomplishments in this pupils during the Christmas holidays will long be remembered. Mr. and Mrs. McDougal a very happy married life.

Rainy days are looked forward to with joy by the boys, as blind and deaf, since on these occasions each child is provided with plasticine and makes whatever they fancy. Some children show quite a talent for the work, while others can only produce crude lumps of nothing even the simplest objects.

This term a very large number of pupils have attended the Sunday services held here at 3.30 p. m. Last Sunday Mr. Porteous Arnold (Presbyterian), principal of the Roslyn Ladies' College, conducted service, and we hope to have Rev. D. W. Faris for the first Sunday in the month when the regular lectures given will be shown. —G. D. D.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1910.

The busy bee is small to see;
The ant, a little, too;
They teach us all, however small,
We have some task to do.

Please Pay Promptly.

Subscriptions have been coming in lately in large numbers, many of them accompanied by kind words of appreciation, for both of which we are grateful. A considerable number are yet in arrears and we hope that all such will result at once. Our terms are fifty cents a year in advance, so if you have not paid for the next twelve months your subscription is now due. If each one would renew promptly it would save us a lot of trouble and extra labor.

South Hastings Teachers' Convention.

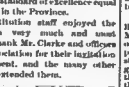
On Friday, Oct. 21st, we had a holiday in order that our teachers might attend the annual meeting of the South Hastings Teachers' Association, in accordance of the cordial invitation extended by H. J. Clarke, B. A., Public School Inspector. It would be impossible for us to give a summary of the proceedings, which were very interesting. The chief feature of the several sessions was the series of talks by S. J. Keyes, B. A., R. Peed, of the Peterborough Normal School. His subjects were "Phonics in Reading and Spelling," "Primary Reading" and "Composition of Methods of Teaching Reading in Normal 1 V. Those addresses were very inspiring and helpful to all teachers, and elicited a good deal of interesting comment and discussion.

The talk on "Arithmetic in the Public School" by W. W. Knight, B. A., Mathematical Master of Belleville High School, was a very timely and suggestive one. Among the many good ideas he emphasised was the very great importance of accuracy in merely mechanical operations.

Another most useful feature of the Convention was the report given of the sessions of the Summer School at Guelph, by Misses Hicks, Melburn and McKay. No one could doubt after that fit of these courses after listening to these excellent reports.

A very interesting and hopeful characteristic of the Convention was the complete mastery of the whole situation shown by the able Inspector, H. J. Clarke, B. A. He held always before the teachers the highest ideals but at the same time made full allowance for all difficulties that might arise. He dealt with every issue in a most tactful, reasonable and broad-minded way, asking, not for impossible achievements, but only that each teacher should make the best possible use of his opportunities and of the material at his command. Under such intelligent and stimulating guidance the schools of the Inspectorate should soon attain to a standard of excellence equal to the best in the Province.

The Institution staff enjoyed the Convention very much and most cordially invited Mr. Clarke and officers of the Association for their invitation to be present, and the many other courtesies extended them.



—Marie Greenaway and Belle Barker spent Sunday with Miss Lynch, Bellefair.

—Several of our teachers who were not on duty, took advantage of the Thanksgiving holidays to go off for a brief change.

—Not a week can get a chance to grow in these dark gardens. The little gardeners visit their plots every day and remove the tares and give the pet plants a drink.

—Grading for the new Northern Railway is now going on along the bay front near our school and the work is being pushed. We expect before many months to see trains running.

—Our little pupils are looking forward to the first party of the season. It will be held on Thanksgiving night and as this is also Hallowe'en the games will be made appropriate to this occasion.

—Our boys who are interested in sport will like to know that the crack foot ball team of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A., supervising of the Kansas School, and took up his duties there at the close of the base-ball season.

—The surgery is now fully established in the basement of the hospital. The new equipment and the handy fittings have been completed and everything under supervision and matron, "Willie" has done the painting and decorating.

—The aunt of one of our new boys called to see him last week and was astonished and pleased at the way he was getting on and to see him so happy and contented. On being asked if he would go home with her she received a decided "no."

—There is plenty of work in our garden just now and the boys are busy on the days getting in the vegetables for our winter supply. The root crops are very good this year but the apple crop in our orchard was poor and will soon be gone.

"Come little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come with a whirl and play,
I've nothing to do;
I'll help you make sport,
I'll scatter you round in the air."

—This was the invitation received by the leaves on one day last week. They all accepted and the poor trees look pitiful even alone, for the little leaves forgot to return from play.

—We are almost free from the usual nuisance of flies, they just shelter themselves at this season. Formerly they were very serious pests, but with effective screens these were not quite secured from. We are indebted to a short-sighted member of the crop for this relief.

—Jack Frost has got in his work on the maples around us and the leaves, which have been in such brilliant display the last summer months, strew the ground. The trees look somewhat bare but of work by raking them up and carting them away on fine afternoons.

—Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en coming together we shall celebrate both with one evening party. Of course we will have a bonfire and the day proves fine there will be plenty of outdoor sport. Some of our pupils are counting on buns and parcels of goodies from home.

—We shall have to wait a while before we get the screens another flag raising. A heavy wind storm brought down the upper part of our flag pole with a crash one day, leaving only the stump of the main mast. We shall probably have to get a new stick, as repairing the old one would make it rather short.

—We are glad that most of our children were supplied with a little pocket money for the Exhibition, but there are still a few we want to hear from. We will take good care of the money placed in our charge and make it go as far as we can. The more they have to their credit the more we can give them each week, unless it is injurious to their health. A few cents given them each Saturday for candies will not hurt any little boy or girl and it helps to make them happy.

—Last week we welcomed another little boy from far away Fort William. Mr. Wood, of Hamilton, who was there on business, came across the lad. He placed the benefits of an education so strongly before the parents that they got friends to interest themselves in the case and funds were provided for the lad to come east with Mr. Wood and he is now safely landed at school here and, as he is a smart little lad, will no doubt get on well and do his school work. It is about fifteen years since Mr. Wood left our school and he has worked up a large artist's business, having fourteen employees under him, and his drawings sold by agents from ocean to ocean. His old teachers, of course, are all here now, welcomed him cordially. Business called, so he stay was a very brief one.

The Provincial Fire Inspector, Mr. Crawford, visited us lately and closely inspected all parts of our fire appliances. He reported everything in first class shape and well cared for. During the stay Mr. Crawman whistle blew as a signal for fire drill. Few of our boys can hear it but all can feel it for a vibration. Lights are out, they all at once took their stations. The reels were reached out the fire hall and a way to the hydrants at full speed. The run about 175 yards, coupled on, had 250 feet of hose and were ready for water in one and three-quarter minutes. The whole performance was good, reaching 115 feet. The ladder company also had a run and our lads raised the heavy extension ladder to the upper stories of the main building with practiced ease and dispatch. At the close of the drill Mr. Crawford expressed his pleasure and satisfaction; he had not seen the like equipped in any other institution under his charge, even in places where the pupils were limited by full grown men. This was a compliment to our boys and those in charge.

PERSONALITIES.

James Tate's aunt, of Toronto, visited him on Saturday.

Jonathan Underwood and Stella Meredith returned to school last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Woodward, of 81 Williams, welcomed a little girl to their home and love on Aug. 18th last.

We are pleased to hear that Walter E. Reid, one of our ex-pupils, is doing well at Moose Jaw, Sask. He thinks that he will not return to Ontario to live.

Miss Fritz is employed at the Knitting Mills in Hamilton, and is doing very well. She is a sister of Mrs. Gabe P. Fisher, Sec., Ont.

Mrs. G. A. Kelly, of Glen Meyer, has been on a visit to Mrs. Wm. Sutton, of Simcoe. Mr. A. W. Mason, of the Toronto Mission, was expected to hold service at the home of Glen Meyer last Sunday, 30th ult.

—We are sorry to hear that Willie Goodall, of London, is in the hospital and will probably have to be operated on for appendicitis. We hope that all will go well with him and that we will soon hear of his recovery.

—We were glad to see that one of those who attended the Convention at Grimsby Beach we omitted the name of Miss F. Fisher, of the South Sie. Marie. Mrs. Fisher and her little son, Alfred Fred, enjoyed the three months visit with relatives and friends at Grimsby and other places. They returned to the Soo in September accompanied by Mr. Fisher, who had had a two weeks holiday.

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns was the greatest poet of Scotland.

He was born in Alloway in Ayrshire, and was the son of a farmer. His father was very poor, but Robert could go to school. He learned a great deal. He loved to read and read many books. He wrote many poems. By and by he published his poems in a book. The people were very proud of him. He wrote some fine poems. One of them is called "Tam O'Shanter." This is his best work. He also wrote "Dotter's Saturday Night." Burns often drank whiskey. He was sometimes drunk, and by and by his health failed.

Mrs. Burns, Burdies, Scotland, when he was thirty-seven years old.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES R. FORD.

Raking leaves is the order of the day.

Mr. Edward Cuddy, who used to be a pupil here for a number of years, is out of the hospital in Ottawa, after a month's illness. Mastoid in the ear was the cause. I saw him one day in the hospital when I was at the Ottawa Fair.

Have you heard about the "Coon Fever" in Portland and my home Mountain Station, parcons are as thick as bees. My father and I struck good luck, having caught eight of them in one field, where corn used to grow during the past. They are extremely fond of corn. The fur is advancing in price this winter because coon rugs, capes, caps, etc., are very fashionable.

Mr. Norman Gresdon is doing well at his trade in Hamilton but he is not going to stay long. His chief pastime is taking pictures with his own camera.

Some boys caught three squirrels not long ago and they were kept in a small cage, much to the amusement if the young chaps. The wily squirrels got away from the cage and once more the boys enjoy their free life in the trees.

It is reported that Henry Hewett and Harvey Countryman are successful in the Far West. They left Hamilton last August for the west. They like the west much better than Old Ontario.

A little deaf boy came here the other night from Fort William, accompanied by Mr. Nelson Wood. The parents of the little boy were very grateful to Mr. Wood, for he long after Mr. Wood was pleased to see us once more.

I wish a lot of our readers could send interesting items to the columns of THE CANADIAN MUTE to publish for the benefit of the readers as well as the writer. If you want to know what happens in the different parts of Canada, you better write same as the others will do so.

John Underwood came here last week to resume his studies. He should have come when the school was opened on September but his foreigner was on call from the doctor. Boy he was shocking grain something pricked his finger, which developed poisoning, and the doctor had to cut it off.

The Forgotten Window.

A great cathedral was being built. The most beautiful marble, exquisitely carved, made the walls. In each window was the satin, and of delicate colours. The windows were like rich paintings, telling the wonderful story of Christ's life.

The workmen had come from far and near, the most skilful only having been chosen. For months hammers and chisels were heard, at last all but one window was finished. It was a south window in the nave, where sunlight fell early and late.

"Strange it should have been forgotten," said the master-workman. "The light comes to morrow, and all should be finished."

A little, bent man, with a shrewd but kindly face, limped up. Doffing his cap, he said: "Sir, I have made a window for that space from bits of the broken windows. Pray, let it go up."

"It is the best we can do in the matter. Put it up for to-morrow, but after that it must come down. The next day the church was crowded. At the usual hour the window was uncovered, and the sun shone out like a blessing, through the south window, touching his white hair with a halo.

Everyone turned to look. The stranger's window was a flashing jewel. Though it was made of bits, the colors were so blended that it seemed like one. The sunlight glittered and broke into a thousand rays.

The bishop knew about the forgotten window and the strange way it had been made. He had written a stately sermon, but he put it away and preached the thought the humble workman gave: The rejected stone being the head of the corner.

The man who would climb the ladder of fame mustn't linger too long on each round of applause.—Puck.

The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not.—Huxley.

We Thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blossoming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Lion.

The lion is one of the strongest animals. It has a large head. The body is covered with short yellowish brown hair. The male lion has a heavy mane and a tufted tail. A full grown lion is eight or nine feet long. A lion lives to be about thirty years old. A young lion is called a cub.

Lions usually hide themselves and sleep during the daytime, but at night they come out and look for food. They kill and eat other animals. Sometimes several lions together will kill a large animal. The lion's cry is a loud roar.

Lion hunting is dangerous, for a wounded lion becomes very angry and will try to kill the hunter. A hunter sometimes escapes by climbing a tree, for lions cannot climb. Young lions are easily trained.

Lions are found in Africa and in some parts of Asia.

The lion belongs to the cat tribe. The tiger, leopard, jaguar, puma, lynx, wild cat and the domestic cat belong to the same tribe.

1. Is the lion a useful animal?
2. Is it a very fierce animal?
3. What do lions do in the daytime?
4. When do they look for food?
5. What do lions live on?
6. What sort of cry has the lion?
7. Why is lion hunting dangerous?
8. Where are lions found?
9. To what tribe does the lion belong?
10. Name some other animals that belong to the same tribe.
11. A mane =
12. A wounded =
13. angry =

—Deaf Carolinian.

"Number" Exercise.

Re-write the following in the plural:—

A farmer had a field of oats near a woods. One day he noticed that a large patch of oats had been trampled down. He suspected that a bear had done it. He went home, got a good strong trap and set it at a place where the fence was low. The next morning he was very anxious to know whether he had caught anything in the trap; so, as soon as day had broken, he went to the field. He thought that a bear might be in the trap, and when he came near enough to see, he was not disappointed. He had taken his rifle with him, and was glad that he had done so, as the bear was very fierce. He shot it, and after skinning it, took the hide to a tanner to be tanned. He told the tanner that bear would never trample his oats again. He said that the hide would make a good lap rug for his parlor in winter.

Abbreviations.

Write in full, the words for which the following are abbreviations:—

a. m.	Sr.
p. m.	Jr.
P. M.	A. D.
Xmas.	B. C.
1st inst.	Y. M. C. A.
1st ult.	Y. W. C. A.
1st prox.	Dr.
Mrs.	Messrs.
P. S.	Mr.

Some Any None

1. John did not buy— fire crackers last Fiyt of July, but his friend bought——.
2. Mary did not receive——valentines.
3. A cow has horns, but a horse has——.
4. Frank bought——oranges, but Fred did not buy——.
5. A butterfly has wings, but a caterpillar hasn't——.
6. Clara ate oatmeal, but she didn't put——sugar on it.
7. Alice didn't have—— money, so her father sent her——.
8. Helen went to a field to gather strawberries, but she couldn't find——.
9. ——of the teachers went to the woods to get arbutus, but there was ——.
10. Charlie had——candy. He gave ——to a little boy.
11. A man went fishing, but he did not catch ——fish.
12. Miss Pottle told Marshall to get ——molasses for her. He got the jug, but it was empty. He told Miss Pottle that there was ——.
13. There are ——leaves on the oak trees, but there aren't——acorns.
14. I have ——black ink, but I have not ——red ink.
15. The driver would not give the horses—— water, but they wanted ——.
16. Ruth invited——girls to her party, but she did not invite——boys.
17. A teacher went to the store for —— five pens, but there were ——.
18. A boy wanted—— cherries. He shook the tree, but —— fell.
19. A bird could not find——worms, but it found——seeds.

Questions about Autumn.

1. What month is this?
2. What day is today?
3. What day of the month is it?
4. What season is it?
5. Do you like the fall?
6. How many months are there in the fall?
7. Name the fall months.
8. What do the children find in the woods in this season?
9. What comes the last evening in October?
10. What colors do the leaves turn?
11. What do the leaves do when the wind blows?
12. What game do the boys play now?
13. What fruit is ripe in the fall?
14. What do people put into cellars?
15. What flowers blossom in the fall?
16. Where do the birds go?

Uses of Certain Things.

What is each of the following used for:—

1. A jack-knife?
2. A mouse-trap?
3. A lead-pencil?
4. A paper-knife?
5. A pen-wiper?
6. A pin-cushion?
7. A black-board?
8. A wheel-barrow?
9. A waste-basket?
10. A side-walk?
11. A lawn-mower?
12. A rake?
13. A snow-shovel?
14. A spade?
15. A pump?

Questions.

1. Do you ever perspire?
2. When do you perspire?
3. Did you ever see a horse perspiring?
4. When does a horse perspire?
5. Did you ever see a dog perspiring?
6. What does a dog do when it gets very warm?

Nationalities.

What is:

1. An Englishman?
2. An Irishman?
3. A Scotchman?
4. A Frenchman?
5. A Canadian?
6. A Russian?
7. A German?
8. A Greek?
9. A Cuban?
10. A Swede?
11. A Dane?
12. A Swiss?
13. A Dutchman?
14. A Jap?
15. A Turk?
16. An Italian?
17. A Chinaman?

What language does each of the above speak?

1. —— ——
2. —— ——

Was Were.

1. Three boys went down the road. One of them —— my brother, and the others—— Tom Brown and John Jones.
2. Mary and Alice——at the party. I think Annie ——there too.
3. Little Tom——ill, and the doctor ——called to see him.
4. Where ——you yesterday afternoon? I —— at home.
5. Why ——you not in school yesterday? I ——not there because I ——ill.
6. Mabel's father came to see her on Thanksgiving Day. When she met him she ——greatly pleased. She said to him, "I did not know that you —— coming."

Commands.

Tell some person to do something with:

1. the door
2. the lesson.
3. my book.
4. this hat.
5. that window.
6. the clock.
7. the hens.
8. the calves.
9. the cows.
10. your shoes.
11. your head.
12. a pen.
13. your face.
14. the blackboard.
15. the window blind.

Fill the Blanks.

1. The person who has written a book is called its——.
2. The name of a book is called its ——.
3. A book or a long story is divided into——.
4. Chapters are divided into ——.
5. Paragraphs are divided into——.
6. A piece of poetry is generally called a——.
7. A poem is divided into ——.
8. Each stanza has a number of——.
9. A person who writes good poetry is called a——.
10. Three ordinary bindings for books are——, ——, and——.
11. Books that have ——bindings are generally the cheapest.
12. Cloth-bound books are cheaper than—— books.

Asking Questions.

Ask questions beginning with:—

1. Who	11. How
2. Whom	12. Why
3. Is	13. Was
4. Am	14. Has
5. May	15. Must
6. What	16. When
7. Where	17. Which
8. Are	18. Were
9. Have	19. Will
10. Can	

Either——Or.

Combine the following sentences using either——or.

1. I saw John. I saw James.
2. That is a sparrow. That is a swallow.
3. He sold a cow. He sold a calf.
4. The book is for you. The book is for me.
5. John is going. His brother is going.
6. Will you have tea? Will you have coffee?
7. We will bury the leaves. We will burn them.
8. Mary will sing at the concert. She will recite at it.
9. You may go to Toronto. You may go to Hamilton. You may go to London.
10. That is an apple-tree. That is a pear-tree. That is a peach-tree.
11. I gave it to Tom. I gave it to James. I gave it to John.

Compound Sentences and Simple Sentences.

Separate each of the following into two sentences:

1. Boys and girls go to school
2. Mary and Annie sing
3. The robins and the swallows will soon go away for winter
4. Boys run and play in the yard.
5. Horses and oxen draw loads.
6. The train killed a cow and a sheep.
7. Trains and steamboats carry freight.
8. The teacher teaches boys and girls.
9. Sheep and cows eat grass.
10. Father and mother work for the children.
11. Roses and pansies are flowers.
12. The moon and the stars shine at night.
13. The earth and the moon get light from the sun.

Asking Questions.

These are answers. Write the questions.

1. I have a book in my desk.
2. My teacher gave it to me.
3. It is a reading book.
4. I read it in the evening.
5. I shall finish it next week
6. I shall return it to my teacher then.
7. It takes me about two weeks to read a book of that size.
8. I enjoy reading books.
9. I like stories about children best.

Sentence Work.

Re-write the following sentence, making changes as directed:

John asked his father for a book and he gave it to him.

1. Change *John* to *Mary*
2. Change *John* to *John and James.*
3. Change *John* to *You.*
4. Change *John* to *I.*
5. Change *John* to *John and I*
6. Change *father to mother*

Has. Have.

1. Tommy —— a new cap.
2. I—— a new leadpencil.
3. Rabbits —— long ears.
4. A donkey —— long ears.
5. ——you ever seen an ocean?
6. ——John came back to school yet?
7. Mary's pet cat ——soft fur. ——you seen it?

A Story.

A grocer in a village had a clerk who was about fifteen years old. This clerk was dishonest but the grocer did not know that. One day the grocer went to the city to buy goods, and left the clerk in charge of the store.

Write a story about "The Dishonest Clerk."

Thanksgiving Day.

"Thanksgiving Day is coming!"
The children cry in glee;
The kitchen's full of goodies,
As tempting as can be.

The pantry shelves are loaded
With dainty cakes and pies,
And Ben and Bessie view them
With wide and longing eyes.

"O dear me!" says mamma,
"What had I better do?
Someone's been in the pantry
And in the kitchen, too,

"And nibbled round the edges
Of everything that's nice;
I'll set a trap to-morrow,
Of course it must be mice.

"I certainly must teach them
To let my things alone,
And never, never meddle
With what is not their own."

I'p came two little figures,
Each with a drooping head,
I guess you needn't set the trap;
We were the mice I they said.

—Selected.

"Yes, But I Got the Rabbit."

Some years ago there was born in Oklahoma a pretty little Indian boy, which is ordinarily spoken of as a "papoose." Like all fond parents, his father and mother loved their little boy dearly, and looked forward to the time when he would laugh and talk and play around the house like other children.

As time went on, this little Indian boy grew, and his father and mother taught him to speak, and call them by name. In spite of all their efforts, he never uttered a word. So they named him "Thunki It On Apoke," which means, "The Boy Who Wouldn't Talk."

After awhile his parents ceased to love him, and as Indians are sometimes very superstitious, they decided that their boy was possessed with an evil spirit. Little did they realize that their precious little boy was deaf and dumb. So, one day, they decided that one possessed with an evil spirit would be dangerous to keep in their home, and carried him away off and threw him away, and left him to die of starvation or to be eaten by wild beasts.

But, God who took care of little Moses in the bulrushes, kept His eye on this little Indian castaway, and presently some kind Christian white people passing by heard the distressed cry of the poor little Indian boy abandoned by his parents. These good people took him to their home till they could find out who his parents were. As nobody ever claimed him, he grew up in the home of these white friends.

They soon discovered that he was deaf and dumb; but that did not prevent them from loving him, and so he was adopted as their son and sent off to an institution where he was educated and taught the sign language. He proved to be very bright, and learned fast. As soon as he was old enough he dropped his Indian name, and called himself "Martin Benton." After he grew to be a large boy, he thought that people who could not talk on their fingers as he could were sadly lacking in education. On one occasion when one asked him how he liked to live with white people, and his answer was: "They are very nice, but it is a pity they are so dumb-ed."

One day Martin's adopted mother was expecting company, so she washed him real clean, and dressed him up in his nicest suit of clothes. As he was walking about the place, all at once a rabbit jumped up in front of him. Like any other boy, he flew after the rabbit, around the lot, over the fence, and through the hedge. Being swift and active as a young animal, he finally ran his rabbit into a hole, and secured his prize.

Breathless with excitement, and in dilapidated garments, he rushed to his mother with the rabbit in his arms.

"Why, Martin," said his mother, "you are all covered with mud and dirt."

"Yes, mother," the boy answered, "but I got the rabbit."

"But just look at your nice clothes, how badly they are torn."

"Yes, mother," he said, trembling with excitement, "but I got the rabbit."

"See how your face and hands are scratched and torn with briers."

"Yes, mother," he answred, "but I got the rabbit."

Look at his smiling, happy face, boys. What does he care about his soiled hands, torn clothes and scratched face? The prize he holds in his arms more than satisfies and pays him for his trouble.

Is that not a lesson for all of us? What difference does it make if we be hurt at school if the lessons are hard, so long as he stands at the head of his class and wins the prize? What matter if now to the business world we had to make sacrifices and self-denials, so long as he has won success, and is a leading merchant in the town? What matters it if the way be rough and hard, if that is the path to honor and victory in the end? That is what Paul said after a life of hardship, of bitter trials and fierce conflicts: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Are we willing to make the sacrifices to win the crown?—*The Home Mission Herald.*

At a Moment's Notice.

A gentleman, who is now a prominent lawyer in England, was employed, when a young man, in the drafting room of a railway company's engineering shops. Occasionally employees in that office were sent down the line on responsible commissions. Receiving information in the morning, they would spend a good part of the day in preparing to start. The young man was shocked at the waste of time, and, having the ridicule of his companions, kept a bag at the office packed with travelling necessaries, ready for a start at a moment's notice. One day the chief engineer came in, and asked about the bag. The owner said: "I determined, if I had a chance to go, to be ready." "You did. You see that, Talbot?" "Yes." "Jumped, I'll telegraph instructions." From that time promotion came rapidly to the one who was ready.

At any moment we may receive a call to some duty demanding of us that we shall have all our powers of body and mind in working order, and ready for instant and well-directed action. If, in such an emergency, our nerves are unsteady or our brains befuddled with strong drink, we may miss our opportunity and blundering, the opportunity that would lead to advancement and success.

The winners in life's race are those who "keep their heads" each day at their task. And all experience proves that drink impairs the physical and mental powers, so as to unfit them for the most effective work.

In the morning fix thy purpose; and at night examine thyself, what thou hast done how thou hast behaved thyself in world, deed, and thought.—Thomas a Kempis.

I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at in simplicity of heart and life; that the world is a very [illegible] place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness.—A. F. Bronson.

Thorough-Going Johnnie.

The day was one of those hot, sticky August ones, and the air, filled with flying dust and motes, unwholesome vapors, seemed anything but life-giving. I stood at a street car intersection, waiting as patiently as I could for a northbound car. Every other kind of a car, but just the one I wanted, passed with provoking regularity, and by and by, weary with hope deferred, I began to inspect my surroundings. There were about me small shops exposing, and seemingly most of the proprietors were seeking shelter inside from the scorching heat. There was just one little fish store that had about it an air of bustle that made me feel that, after all, I had not struck "sleepy hollow." In front, a big fat man was arranging slippery fish in a case of ice, and really the care and neatness which he displayed were worthy of all commendation. Not a fish tail but was pointed at just the right angle, and every head was nestled in the most precise fashion on its pillow of refreshing green. By and by, when I had wearied of watching the man's energetic and faithful way of attacking his work problem, I became conscious that a very small boy was sweeping off the steps and sidewalk in front of this little fish depot. I suppose he was possibly six years of age, and with a very large straw broom in his hands, he looked like a mere baby. But, my, how that youngster did broom away at that sidewalk and those steps. At first I thought he was unduly particular, and when I saw him, after ten minutes' laborious work, leave a shop front in fairly spotless order, I was reconciled to his fastidious ways. Stepping a little nearer, I said: "Well, my lad, you're a good sweeper."

"Have to be," he replied, laconically.

"Why go?" I enquired, curiously.

"Cause dad don't believe in no slackbelieve work. He says if I ain't 'through-going Johnnie,' I ain't no use of his."

And with this very emphatic reply the boy turned to whisk off a stray bit of ragged paper that had dared to venture within his immaculate precincts. Just then my belated car appeared, and with a word of commendation for "thorough-going Johnnie," I turned and left him to his labors.

The case, as I worked it out, was a clear argument in favor of downright thoroughness. How was this bit of a lad accomplishing what his grandfathers had quite failed to compass. And surely it wasn't because he was experienced. His possible six years of life could not have brought him a world of hardly-earned equipment. Neither was he strong nor able-bodied, but just a quaint, little mite of a workman, beaming manhood's code with but feeble show of dexterity. And yet this small boy, with a look at both the experience and muscle ends of life, did his work in first-prize fashion. I was driven to the conclusion that in life's course the race is not always to the strong, nor to the swift, nor yet to the experienced. Times not a few I gave to the folks who, lacking many another qualification, can yet maintain a fine, steady, thorough-going pace.

Ability to admire and appreciate the best is more important than varied knowledge; for we are developed and formed by what we admire and love more than by what we simply know.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves; to restrain our selfishness, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitutes the perfection of human nature.—*Adam Smith.*

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well doing is in itself ample reward.—Seneca.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Roman, of Montreal, were visiting friends here lately, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley.

Fred Terrell was in Aurora on Oct. 3rd on behalf of our Mission Board.

We regret very much to say that while cleaning a window at the home where she stays, Miss Edith Burks had the misfortune to fall from the forward from a high perch and severely injure her spine. The window sash fell very suddenly and the sound caused Edith to lose her grip momentarily and she fell, with very painful results. Latest reports from the General Hospital say she is suffering much pain. Her sister Mabel is still at the Weston Consumptive Hospital, and we are hopeful of keeping the white plague.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts, Miss Mabel Critchley and Fred Terrell attended the Woodbridge fair on the 19th ult. Mr. Roberts would also have gone had he been able to pull away, but duty had first call. Mr. and Mrs. John Dean and Mrs. David Hambly, of Nobleton, were also there.

As C. Hopkins has gone off on his holidays, but we are at sea as to what part he is staying.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts spent the 22nd and 23rd at the latter's parents' home in Nobleton.

The Wednesday evening bible class at Alton hall re-opened for the fall and winter on the 19th ult.

Mr. F. Pratsy has been taking a brief holiday, and was up in Cookstown for a short stay in the meantime.

Mr. A. W. Mason is home again after his sojourn with friends in South Middleton, but likes it on the farm, especially in the early-morn patch.

The technical school of manual training opened on Oct. 17th, with Mr. Thomas of our Industrial Mission staff in charge. They seem to like the work.

The Misses Cowperthwaite left the 8th ult. It now rests on the first Monday of each month, instead of the first, as formerly, for a service to be held in connexion.

There is one surprise is very exciting, but to get a surprise is different. For the time being it causes a perplexity, and then a wonderful joy. Such a scene was to death, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts were recipients of the virtues of this lugubrious practice of "taking them by surprise," and a "surprise or more correctly speaking" could not have been hatched. On the 19th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were taking life easy in their kitchen, the former in his old arm-chair busy reading, and the latter in her rocker, deftly plying her needle, when as usual their peaceful life was disturbed by sounds and got them busy absorbed in selling yarns, while outside his confederates were busy with the wood pump. Suddenly, and without warning, the back door burst open, and a horde of yelling boys and girls scrambled in like a buffalo stampede, hurling baskets of grapes and bushels of apples in front of the astonished and very paraphernalia at astabies over each other in their forward rush. Mr. McGillivray stepped aside to watch the fun, but his brother and sister, already dumbfounded and nearly scared to death, vainly looked around for a place of refuge, and Herb almost dodged the gang by means of the cellar route, but he waited when he thought of his wife. After getting their senses they found they were not a band of Indians, but no less fierce Red Indians to whom the glad hand of welcome was hastily extended and the friendship of "Hyperia Rest" proven. The rest of the evening was given up to frolic and fun, and the whole band of delighted guests departed in a goodly amount of eatables they all repaired to their various homes at a late hour. The occasion was also the natal day of Mrs. Roberts, whom they had come to honor. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil and Arthur Brethour were the prime movers in the formation of this party.—H. W. R.

Wisdom, like flowers, requires cultivate.—Hosea Ballou.

Strictly speaking, money is neither good nor ill. It is a force like water, or wind, or electricity, and in itself is, therefore, neither moral nor immoral. It is a force, made good or bad by its use.—Hillis.

A Thank-Offering Story.

Here is a story that will do good to the man who reads it, though it was written for women.

It was a thank-offering meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud. They read something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, $5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, $10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railroad accident, when so many were killed and injured, $10."

"For the conversion of a son, $5."

"For the dear baby that has come to me, $3.

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened and the secretary took out $2, enclosed in a blank sheet, accompanied by no word or comment.

The truth was Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful for a year. It had gone quietly on, with few ups and few downs. She and her husband and her two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had had enough to eat and drink and to dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on the part of the various purchasing known only to her self.

Self-denial had seemed to be the keynote of her life the past year, her husband been rather gray than warm, her atmosphere rather chill than warm. Not that she made any moan over her self-denials and privations. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. The reading of this thank-offering meeting, she had wondered just a little if some special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition with the rich luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered a little dully if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offering out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their poverty, as they had once been out of their abundance; so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet worn through another winter, without the refurbishing she had hoped to give it. Still, she was warmly interested in missions, and gave gladly, only wishing that it were more.

The secretary read on, while she sat half listening, half thinking. Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this:

"For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, $2."

Other notes were read, remarks were made, the meeting closed, and Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home the words, "For the pleasant little things," ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things and been grateful for. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought, she could recall numberless little joys that had come from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to heaven in gratitude.

Even as she meditated, the bell rang, and going to the door there stood little Elly Hale with a great bunch of roses in her hand.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please take these?" said the little messenger, the child of a wealthy neighbor, who lived in the church, and one whose thought for kindness was nothing new in this household.

Mrs. Stanton kissed the little maiden, and made her bosom swell with pride. She buried her face in the flowers with childish delight. She loved beautiful things, and often had to deny herself to task for her rain longings for them. But now there was a feeling about her now mingled with her pleasure as she remembered again the little "things," and how soon her thoughts had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, pausing often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed them. They brought a glow to her heart which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope, "Thank offerings for Pleasant Little Things," and dropped a nickel into it for the handful of roses.

The next afternoon, as she sat mending Willie's jacket, Mrs. Dodds came in with the *Forum* in her hand.

"Here is an article," she said, "that I thought you would be interested in, so I brought it over to read with you."

The article was read and discussed. Both women received some new ideas, some inspirations to better living, and parted feeling heartened and uplifted by the pleasant hour. That night another child bore the first message.

"O mamma!" cried Willie, as he came rushing in from school in great excitation day, "I passed ninety-eight in my arithmetic to-day. Don't you think I didn't do better to study for it, though?" "Indeed I am glad, Willie, more than I can say—not only for the passing and good record, but I am glad because you have been in earnest and determined to conquer your easy-going habits of study. You make me very happy."

She hoped that another contribution would join the thankful envelope next day.

Thanksgiving for One.

(Continued from first page.)

Then he began to think about the cousin, and "by-and-bye" he was all the time doing something for one mother. "It was let us play this, let's do Marion's favorite game, or, 'Shall we do this now?' Frank has been depending on this ever since we planned to come,' or, 'Let us carry this to mother; she will be very much pleased,' and so on.

Then he thought of what they had done to make it pleasant for her, and had he ever done anything for the purpose of giving her pleasure? He grew red to the tips of his ears; he could not recall an instance,—not an instance.

Then with a crushing weight that almost overwhelmed him came a sense of devotion to him. How they trusted through his brain! All the errands he had done for sister and her friends, and all the disagreeable work Ben had shouldered for him, and all the help they had taken to himself to save Burton from getting his deserts, and never were complained!

It was a humiliated sensation to Burton. He was ashamed of himself, ashamed of himself. "I am a pretty peasant of a chap," he said, at last, leaning his head in the window and walking up and down the floor; "and Ben has been a brick to me, and I've been a cad to him."

Mrs. Folsom heard some one coming down the stairs and walking about very subdued whistle, and she looked up. "Burton!" she called, "when is Ben coming for the suits?"

"His suits? echoed Burton, in surprise.

"Why, yes, I suppose half of them belong to him, don't they? You went off together to gather them."

Burton very quietly put on his coat and cap, and closed the door gently as he went out, and his mother smiled at the grave face she caught a glimpse of from the window.

Half an hour later animated voices and laughter announced that Mrs. Folsom looked out in time to see two boys racing around to the porch door, each with a bundle of boys' clothing. They were scrambling up the porch steps, and Ben, after some little struggle, got ahead. Burton came again. "Hold on till I get the skates," shouted a familiar voice, and the next instant a large face appeared at the sitting-room door.

"Mother, Ben has just been up for his suits. He said he didn't care about them, but I made him take them. We're going skating now. We've brought the old skates as well as new ones, and we are going to take turns with them. Can't say now more."

"It is a fine day for skating," said Burton's mother. "Don't have such a cold as you had when you left home before."

Burton stepped into the room, hesitated a moment, and then said hurriedly, for there was an impatient whistle outside the door: "I'll be back in time, couldn't I invite Ben to dinner? He never has had a real boy's time at our house. The day after would be better than no Thanksgiving."

"I should be pleased to have Ben come to dinner," said Mrs. Folsom.

Ben was invited again in the evening, and a merry time they had. When he had gone Burton came and stood by his mother's chair, leaning over the back of it so he could see her face. "Ben is the best fellow out," he said.

"Ben is a good boy," replied Mrs. Folsom.

This has been the jolliest day I ever had," said Burton; "it has been a better Thanksgiving than yesterday."

"I think so too," replied his mother.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories, they are strongest for things a long way off.—*Romola.*

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself. For every man has need to be forgiven.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

WEST—6.14 a. m.; 4.55 a. m.; 4.35 a. m.; 11.35 a. m.; 3.15 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.; 9.20 p. m.

EAST—12.30 a. m.; 1.00 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.30 a. m.; 12.30 p. m.; 5.40 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

MAIDO AND PETERBORO RAILWAY—4.30 a. m.; 12.30 a. m.; 5.55 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot

publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of personal length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

By Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, Prof. Bell has made a profound study of the human voice and has made it the subject of a lecture which he delivered at Jeffrey Hall, Edinburgh, and which was merely a telephonic. His discourses are delivered in a most interesting manner, and his Lecture is one. Illustrated by diagrams etc. 128 pages, 16 mo. net. Price 25 cents. CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., 104-106 East 23rd Street, New York.

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The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription ex pires. We would like you to continue to take the paper, and hope you will remember at Jeffrey time. If you are in debtor, which plan is the best for collection—to stop the paper or continue it? You desire to renew, kindly remit your subscription at once, as we positively do not go over your name taken off the list. When remittances are sent renewal of paper promptly it saves them and us trouble.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parcels or friends must letters, packages or boxes to people, address as follows:

(name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

All Express packages, express or freight charges to all cases

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:—

Ephraim Jackson Hall, 86 Alice Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Ephraim Jackson Hall.

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday evening at Seventy St., at 8 p. m.

Mrs. J. R. Dale, Superintendent, 39 Beverley St.
Mr. F. Bannon, Superintendent, 103 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

DARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Deaf and Dumb Institution, will find W. LAMBERT, the CARMAN, at the Grand Trunk Station, with his conveyance, ready to convey them to the Institution. Leaves Belleville Station at 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. G. T. Station. Orders may be left at the Institution, or at my residence, 17 Victoria Ave., Belleville. Telephone, 207. Terms moderate. Calls made for. W. LAMBERT attends all trains. 207 Telephone.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY deaf child not attending school send me the name and post office address of the parents of such children not educated. Please let me know in them, or that I may forward to them circulars containing full information. Please do not delay, but write me what means of the children can be found.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind is situated at Brantford, and is open to pupils from all parts of the Province. For particulars apply to

M. P. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.45 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 10.45; during which time it is served at the pupils. Preparatory classes dismissed at 12 o'clock.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms the teachers visit each bedroom and open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. Afternoon session from 2 o'clock to 4 p. m.

The Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms fifteen minutes before the hour fixed for the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING PRAYERS at 7 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 12 a. m. to 1, and from 7 to 1.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Sunday school at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Prayer and all communications at this hour until their respective churches whenever the Rector or Pastor may be present.

ENGLISH VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. G. W. Hamilton, Rector; Rev. A. L. Geikie, (Presbyterian); Rev. H. Greatrix, (Methodist); Rev. Father Cleary, (Catholic); Rev. Father Spratt, (Catholic).

HOLY COMMUNION, May meeting at 8.15, Lenten sessional Series of Sunday lectures. Superintendent, Mr. George W. Hewett. Teachers, Miss Lisa, Miss Hall, Miss Burke, Miss Hall, Miss Lisa, Miss Burke, Mr. Hall.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious in attention in the chapel on Sundays at 10 a. m. 3.30 and on Monday afternoons from 2 to 2.30.

All Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, from 2.30 to 4.

DRESS MAKING—Tuesday afternoon and after noon at noon each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE—Hours of attendance from 2.30 to 4.30 for junior pupils and from 2.30 to 5 o'clock for senior pupils. Saturday session, for those who do not, from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon. Pupils are not to be in the office without the permission of the teacher in the office and duties will be closed at noon.

LAUNDRY—Hours of labor as may be arranged from time to time.

THE BOOT AND SHOE SHOP—Hours of labor to be 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school and after 7 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

All The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

All Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Shops during Working Hours except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

All Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow visitors to enter the Shops or Class Rooms to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution will be welcome visitors on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Wednesday, Sunday or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as near 10 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents remain with them in the Institution, they are kind by to let their children remain for a week or two visiting with their relatives. If early notice is given of the intention to enter the Institution, the pupil will be assigned to the proper class and be all in the classes without delay will be able to commence their studies in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It is not forbidden, however, they will be allowed to see pupils only at certain times, and after proper permission. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain friends of pupils. Persons desiring accommodation may be had in the city at the Queen's Hotel, Bridge Street, Commercial House and Dominion Hotel at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all direction that they may desire in the management of their children from the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and children without special permission and communications without special permission will be destroyed. Letters must be addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly attended to.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent to parents or guardians. In the absence of letters from parents or guardians, letters from pupils will be written by the teachers for the little ones unable to write. Parents will be notified as soon as possible, likely without.

Parents and friends of deceased children are warned against Funeral Directors in an endeavor to induce them to purchase coffins and caskets. It is the custom of a few who are friends and relatives of deceased children to attend the funeral. Parents will, however, understand the importance of not purchasing coffins or caskets from undertakers unless they are first approved by the Superintendent.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. XVII. BELLEVILLE, NOVEMBER 15, 1910. NO. 20.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. D.,
Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the Institution:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., *Superintendent.*
W. COCHRANE, *Bursar.*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D., *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, *Matron.*

Teachers:

D. R. COLEMAN, M.A., (*Head Teacher*)	MRS. SYLVIA L. BALIS,
W. J. CAMPBELL,	MISS ADA JAMES,
JAMES C. BALIS, B. A.	MISS A. M. BURKE,
GEO. F. STEWART,	MISS LORA HUNTER,
H. L. INGHAM,	MISS NADIA MCARDLE,
MISS E. TEMPLETON,	MISS MARGARET EVOY
MISS MARY BULL,	MISS C. FORD,
MISS GEORGINA LINN,	MISS P. CAMPBELL,
	MISS I. B. PALEN.

MISS FLORENCE CHASE.

H. L. INGHAM, *Teacher Manual Training.*
MISS MARY BULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
MISS K. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr. Ingram.

MISS B. A. MCINTOSH, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	JOHN T. BURNS, *Instructor of Printing.*
WM. NURSE, *Supervisor & Associate Supervisor.*	ALEX. MORRICE, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. S. MIERS, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	CHAS. J. PEPPIN, *Engineer.*
MISS L. DEANNARD, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*	JOHN DOWNIE, *Master Carpenter.*
MISS MAUD TINDALE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

WILLIAM H. LAMB, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of *deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 2.45 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

POETRY

I Wish That I Could Tell.

J. SCHUYLER LONG.

In the sound of song and music
 There's a charm for those who hear,
And they look upon me sadly
 When they see me standing near,
And they think that I am lonely
 As they reckon what I miss,
And they seem to be so sorry
 That I lose this cherished bliss.

But I wish that I could tell them,
 As I smile and turn away,
Of the voices ever singing
 Through the night and through the day,
Voices full of sweet reminders
 Of the days of long ago,
And I hear again the echo
 Of those songs I used to know.

And I wish that I could tell them
 Of the music that I hear,
With its vibrant tone resounding
 On my inner conscious ear,
How it thrills and, creeping o'er me,
 Steals away the bitter sense
Of the wrong that Nature did me
 This her gift in recompense.

And I wish that I could tell them
 Of the music that I see
In the buds of spring unfolding,
 And the moving melody
In the motion all about us,
 In the birds and in the flowers,
In the happy eyes of children
 As they look their love in ours.

And I wish that I could tell them
 Of the most delightful things
That I hear and see in silence
 When my inner fancy sings,
And I wish that I could tell them
 Of the music in the hand
When in song it moves in rhythm,
 But they would not understand.
American Annals.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Onion Brigade.

BY MRS A. S. HARDY.

"Thad Polaski is getting well, after all, mother! The doctor says he'll have to go on crutches for a year or so, but after a while he can let the crutches go," said Harry Gould, talking very fast in his excitement.

His mother looked up with a glad smile as she replied, "That is good news, indeed; I am as glad as you are, Harry. How did you hear?"

But the excited Harry was half way to the street before his mother's words were spoken. He had caught sight of two of the high-school boys, and raced down the street to tell them the good news about Thad.

"Who is this Thad Polaski?" asked Mrs. Gould's visitor. "His name tells that he is a foreigner, but why is Harry so interested?"

"Oh, Harry is Thad's friend, though so is every boy in town," Harry's mother answered. "Thad is a young Polish lad who came here four years ago," she explained. "And in his brave heart the fires of independence burn as strongly as they ever burned in Kosciusko's heart.

"He came to America alone. How he ever got here I cannot tell, only, if Thad resolves to do a thing, he does it!

"He left a mother and a little sister in Poland, and it has been his ambition to earn enough to bring them to live with him in this country, in which he has found friends and a chance.

"In coming to America, he drifted to this place, though I should not say 'drifted,' for I believe that One guides all who are willing to be guided.

"His bright, brave face won him friends on the start; and although he could speak our tongue but very brokenly, he began going to school at once, finding a home with kind people whom he served when out of school.

"He proved so apt, and was so anxious to learn, that soon he was not seeking work, but was sought after.

"Thad was a scholar in his own country, and when he began school here, he plunged into Latin, though English was yet unconquered. Nothing seemed to daunt or discourage him. Harry used to tell me of Thad's funny blunders in wrestling with the two new tongues. But every scholar in school admired Thad, for all could see that he was a hero.

"Several months ago an opportunity opened for Thad in the city. There he was to receive wages which seemed fabulous to the boy, and he was to attend school evenings. He wrote to his mother and his little sister, 'I can send for you now before another summer.'

"But poor Thad's budding hopes met with a terrible blight. As he was going to his work one day, an auto with a drunken chauffeur came tearing down the street. A little child running across the street, Thad saw, was right in the track of the on-coming car. The boy darted like an arrow into the street and rescued the little one, but word came to his friends here that Thad was killed. 'He'd better have been killed outright,' was the next word brought us from the hospital to which he was taken.

"A little later we heard, 'The boy has a fighting chance; he has constitution and pluck, but he's in a bad plight.' And so we have heard from time to time of his critical condition, but ever there came the story of his courage, his patience, and his determination to get well. '*I must!*' he said, 'for I'm going to send for mother and little Theckla.'

"So weeks have gone by, and even months, and this is the first news from Thad that has the ring of certainty in it, that he will recover. The whole town will rejoice."

While this conversation was going on in Mrs. Gould's sitting-room, there was a little scene being enacted down in a field three-quarters of a mile away, which would have interested both Thad and Harry if they had known anything about it.

Both boys, as well as most of the town, would have been surprised to see the high-school professor in a pair of overalls hoeing and weeding a field of onions.

As it was, nobody saw, and the professor kept his own counsel, and the onions laughed and grew, until it seemed as if their shiny silver skins could never hold them.

So all the summer through, sunshine and rain and the professor did their best by that onion patch; and one day in September, when the trees were just beginning to wear their glory of crimson and gold, and the air was crisp with a hint of frost, Harry came from school like a young whirlwind. He dashed up the steps two at a time, and rushed into the room where his mother was sitting, almost too much out of breath to say what he had hurried home to tell.

"I'm going to-morrow to pull Thad's onions!—everybody's going!—and to cut off their heads—their tops, I mean,—and Mr. Benjamin is going to buy 'em, and pay a dollar and a quarter apiece—a bushel, I mean. And Thad won't know a thing about it—it's a surprise,—and it's all Professor Van Fleet's doing!"

Harry poured out his words vehemently, and his face glowed with the interest he felt in what he had attempted to tell.

His mother laid her sewing down in her lap, looking more and more puzzled as Harry went through his story like a cyclone.

As he stopped to take breath, she said: "What is it you are trying to tell? Do begin again, and talk more slowly. It is something about Thad and onions, but I can't understand what one has to do with the other. Do please explain."

"Why, mother," said Harry, trying to speak connectedly, "you see, Mr Smith had a field of onions, and in the spring there was so much rain it overflowed the low field where they grew, and Mr Smith couldn't do a thing with them. One day in the spring, when the water was nearly gone, he told Thad if he could find any onions among the weeds he might have them. Thad went to work and got the onion patch in pretty good shape before he went away. He meant to run down and work them a little more on the Fourth of July and some other times when he could get away, but you know, mother, he couldn't." And Harry's voice grew soft with the thought of what happened to Thad.

"But, mother," he resumed, with a ring of triumph in his voice, "Professor Van Fleet knew about it, and he has worked that patch all summer, and nobody knew it but Mr Smith.

"Mr Smith is President of our School Board, you know, and to-day he came up to the school, and told us about the onions, and he said they are the best crop in the town, and that prices are way up now. He got us all interested in Thad's onions. Then he told how someone had worked, weeding and hoeing them all summer, and finally he told us who it was—that it was Professor Van Fleet.

"You should have seen the school! All the scholars were on their feet in a minute, and we cheered till the old 'High' rang.

"As soon as the President of the Board could get us still enough to listen, he said, 'Tomorrow is Saturday, and I have come up here to invite you scholars to come over—all of you, girls as well as boys; it will need you all—and to pull and top that field of onions. Mr Benjamin will buy them and pay the top figure. What do you say? How many will come?'

"Every one, boys and girls, were on their feet again in less than a minute, and everybody's going! Won't it be splendid? And you better believe we boys will stand by Professor Van Fleet after this!"

On Saturday a merry crowd gathered bright and early in Thad's onion patch. It was a glorious autumn day, as if made on purpose for the "onion pulling." The trees flung out their gayest banners, and an occasional yellow leaf floated down into the onion field. "A sign of the gold dollars there are in this field for Thad!" agreed the boys and girls whose fingers flew at their work.

The field looked almost as gay as did the autumnal forest not far away, as the gay costumes of the girls and the red sweaters of the boys dotted the patch.

Merry laughter, bits of song and bright repartee gave zest to the work and helped to shorten the long rows to be pulled.

"Rah, Rah, Rah, keep in the shade,
 Rah, make room for the Onion Brigade!
 Rah, Rah, for the Onion Brigade!"
was the new yell that heralded the reaching of the end of a row.

The onions piled up more than even the President of the School Board had guessed when he had pronounced this the best field in town.

While scores were busy pulling, others worked no less hurriedly cutting away the tops of the fine, large onions, and in the afternoon wagons carried load after load to the car.

Night came, and still the work was not done.

Lanterns were brought, and the place with its flashing lights, with its merry chatter and song, seemed more like the scene of a gay lawn fete than a field of toil.

Ten o'clock the last onion was pulled, the last top cut, and the last wagon piled with round silvery trophies rolled out of the lot.

It was followed by a procession of weary but happy-hearted workers.

(*Concluded on last page.*)

A Story About a King and a King's House.

2 Sam. 5. 7–11.

Among the oldest cities in the world is the city of Jerusalem. In the time of King David it was called Jebus because people called Jebusites lived on one of its high hills. These people had built strong high walls round the top of the hill upon which they lived. They had made their city one of the safest cities in all their land. When David became king over Israel he needed a good and safe place in which to live. Jebus was not far from Hebron where David had been living, and he said, "I will go to Jebus and make my home there." When he reached this city, the Jebusites would not let him inside their walls. They said, "A man that not come in hither," and mocked him with words like these.

"You may think you are strong enough to come into our city whether or not we are willing for you to do it. We are not willing and you may not come into our city. It is such a safe place that even weak men will be able to drive you away. The lame and the blind will do it, as you shall see."

One reason why the people of Jebus did not want King David to live in their city was because they were Jebusites and King David and his men were Israelites. The Jebusites and Israelites were like strangers. They did not know or care for each other.

It was true, however, for King David to live in Jebus. He knew that it was, and cried to his men, "Whosoever is the first to climb the wall of Jebus and take the city shall be chief and captain of all my soldiers." Joab, who was the son of David's sister, was the first. He climbed the walls, took the city, and opened the gates for the King. Then did Jerusalem become the city of David.

Another of the oldest cities in all the world is Tyre. Not many people live in it to-day, but once it was a large and beautiful city beside the sea. Among the people of Tyre were merchants. These merchants were men who sold sweet spices and rich woven of softest and richest threads.

Among the people of Tyre were also sailors. These sailors went down to the sea in ships. They did business in great waters. They saw the works of Jehovah and his wonders of the deep sea. Among the people of Tyre were carpenters, masons, and men who went into the forests and cut wood. The king of Tyre was Hiram.

When David became king of Israel, Hiram sent him cedar wood from the forests. This wood was firm, strong, and sent forth a sweet smell. Once upon a time the wood had been tall forest trees. The tree roots had drawn in strength and sweetness from the air and sun. It was no wonder that the wood was firm, strong, and sent forth such a sweet smell.

The King of Tyre also sent carpenters and masons to David. The carpenters knew how to turn the cedar wood into beams for a house. The masons knew how to lay one stone upon another. Together the carpenters and masons built a house for David.

David's house was the strongest and finest in all the land, for it was a king's palace. It was built in the safest city, for it was built in Jerusalem. It was the happiest of happy houses, for it was the people of Israel, for it was David's. David was the happiest and busiest of happy and busy men, for he was king.

King David loved God and tried to rule the Israelites wisely. He himself grew both wise and great. His people grew happier and richer than they ever had been. His country grew to be a good land in which to live. And David knew it was Jehovah who had made him king over Israel and made his country a great country for the sake of the Israelites who were Jehovah's people.—*Picture Lessons Paper.*

Jean Val Jean.

Jean Val Jean was a very poor man. He lived in France. His mother died when he was very young, and his father was killed.

He lived with his sister. Her husband died and she had no one to take care of her and her seven children. Jean Val Jean worked very hard and tried to take care of them all, but he got very little money for his work. Often they hadn't enough to eat, but Jean Val Jean never complained.

One winter poor Jean Val Jean could get no work. His sister and the little children were starving. There was not even a small piece of bread in the house. Jean Val Jean was grieved and much troubled. He went out on the street. There was some nice bread in the window of a bake shop. He did not want to steal, but he thought about the poor little starving children at his home. He broke the window with his fist. He took a small loaf of bread. He took one loaf of bread. The baker caught him and he was sentenced to hard work as a slave for five years. He was almost crazy then. He did not know how his poor sister could live. He had to go away to work in prison as a slave. When he was away in prison he tried three times to escape. He was caught and kept in for nineteen years. All the wrong he had done was to break a window to get some bread for his starving family.

When he was freed he started to walk to his home. He walked thirty six miles in one day. He went to a village to stay all night, but all the people drove him out. Nobody wanted him to stay. After a while he came to a bishop's home. The bishop was very kind. He gave the poor man food and a bed. Jean was surprised to be treated kindly.

In the middle of the night Jean Val Jean decided he would steal a basket full of silver from a cupboard in the bishop's room. He took a drill and went to the room. The bishop was asleep and Jean Val Jean thought he looked so peaceful he would not kill him, but he took the silver and ran away very fast.

Early in the morning the servant missed the silver plates. The bishop said he would use iron plates. In a little while the bishop's door opened and some officers brought in Jean Val Jean. They had the silver. The bishop told Jean he was glad to see him. Then the bishop told the officers he gave all the silver to Jean Val Jean. They freed him. Jean felt very thankful. He could not speak. He became a good man.

Saved by a Cat.

A mother had a little boy baby. His name was Willie, and he was one year of age. His parents thought a great deal of him, because he was their only child. He could creep on the floor, but had not yet learned to walk.

One day Willie's mother was sitting in a chair in her kitchen. She was knitting a pair of mittens for her husband. Willie was sitting on the floor beside her. He was playing with some toys. The mother kept very busy and did not watch her baby.

In a few minutes Willie left the kitchen and crept out of the open door into the wood-shed. There was a tub of soda on the floor, and the baby fell crept to it. Then he stood up beside it and put his little hands into the water. He played and spatted the water about with his hands. Suddenly he slipped and fell into the tub.

Willie's mother owned a handsome cat. The cat saw Willie moving about in the water. She felt sorry for him. She ran into the kitchen, mewed and pulled the mother's apron with her claws.

The mother then thought of her baby. She put down her knitting work and looked about the room. She cat led her to the shed. There she found her baby in the tub. She was shocked. She took him out and carried him into the kitchen. He was almost drowned. She put some dry clothes on him. She rocked him to sleep and put him to bed. Soon he recovered and was well again. His mother felt very thankful to the cat for saving her baby's life. She said Willie would have drowned, if her cat had not called her.

Bruce, King of Scotland.

One of the most picturesque figures in Scottish history is Robert Bruce, who followed William Wallace as the leader of the people. March 21 is the day he ascended the throne of Scotland as Robert I., and wherever you find a Scotchman his heart beats for the love of the patriot, and his whole being thrills while recounting his service to his country.

Robert was the eldest of the twelve children of the Earl of Carrick. He was born July 11, 1274. During his early years he lived at the court of King Edward I., and it is said that he even joined the English army which that kingdom into Scotland to fight the brave Wallace.

But soon after the shameful death of that chief, Bruce began to think that he would put himself at the head of the Scots, in order to rescue his country from the harsh rule of the English, and obtain the crown for himself. He dared not openly avow this design, because he was still in the power of the English King.

But he told a friend whom he trusted all that was in his heart, and his friend, whose name was Comyn, after pretending that he quite agreed with him in his plan, shamefully went and betrayed him to Edward. Edward did not seize him immediately, and he was warned by the Countess of Gloucester, who sent him, by a servant, a purse of money and a pair of spurs.

This was rather a puzzling present but Bruce was quick enough to comprehend, and he took the hint immediately, abusing his horse, we are told, wrung side before, in order that anyone who pursued him might think he had gone in an opposite direction. He reached Scotland in a few days, and under their new leader the Scots took fresh heart and in a very short time drove the English back to their own country.

This so angered the English King that he sent a large army against Bruce, routed him, and even followed him in his flight with hounds, until he found refuge on a small island in the Irish coast. Though defeated, he was not conquered, and in a few months again took the field, and for three years he and his brave followers fought the English with varying success.

At one period he was on the point of abandoning the struggle, but at that very moment, raising his head, he saw a spider trying again and again to fix a thread for its web. 'Twelve times it failed, the thirteenth attempt was successful, and it at once struck the despondent monarch that if an insect could show so much perseverance, a man ought to be ashamed of giving up in despair. With renewed energy he set himself to his great task, and at the end of three years almost the whole of Scotland recognized him as King, when he ascended the throne March 21, 1324. The glorious battle of Bannockburn, in which a hundred thousand English under Edward II were defeated by the Scots, established Bruce in his kingdom, and freed Scotland from foreign masters. Robert Bruce died at the age of 55, in the year 1329, after a reign of twenty-two years.—*Ex.*

What Will Have You Glad.

"When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have come, says an exchange, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, every day thing of life, that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round.

You will be glad that men have said all along your path, "I can trust him; he is as true as steel."

You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. Clouds and storms are not the worst things in life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully, and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those he loves.

You will be glad that you shut your eyes right against all the evil things even said about you, and turned tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison.

You will be glad that you brought smiles to many and not sorrow.

You will be glad that you have met all the hard things which have come to you with a hearty handshake, never dodging one of them, but turning them all to the best possible account.

Lake Superior.

Lake Superior is the largest and the deepest of the Great Lakes. It covers 21,400 square miles of the earth's surface and is 1000 feet deep. It is the largest body of fresh water in the world. The water is very cold all the year round. If you should put your fingers into it on a very hot day in July and again on a cold day in January, you would find very little difference in the temperature; it would be almost as cold in July as in January. Many rivers of ice are formed in the ice and snow regions of the north empty into it that; is the reason it is so cold. A strange thing about this lake is that it has tides, but no one can tell the reason, only much smaller of course. A very interesting and sad thing is that the bodies of people who are drowned in it never come up to the surface. Many vessels have been wrecked and every one on board drowned and their bodies were never seen again.

Rocks containing iron, silver, gold and copper are found on its shores. The iron mines are the largest in the world.—*Mt. Airy World.*

Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo was one of the greatest of the world's writers. He was born in Besancon, France, on Feb. 26, 1802.

His father was a very fine soldier. Hugo wrote a great deal of prose and poetry. We know his prose better than his poetry.

His best book is called "Les Miserables." It is one of the two finest stories in the world.

It tells about a poor prisoner whose name was Jean Val Jean.

It tells a great deal about the French Revolution. It tells how about Napoleon and the great battle of Waterloo.

Victor Hugo wrote it for all people to read. It is very sad and tells many things to learn, but it is a fine book.

Victor Hugo wrote "Notre Dame," "Toilers of the Sea," and many other great books, but none of them so good as "Les Miserables."

Hugo lived in a beautiful house at Guernsey. Now his home belongs to France. The French people are very proud of Victor Hugo.

LOCALS.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written November 10th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

—Last Thanksgiving Day Lisgar and other Hall expect that their father and mother would come back here by train from Baltimore, but they came in an automobile. They took their sons to ride in the automobile through the streets of Belleville. When they came back, their parents returned home. I hope they arrived at home safely.—L. Curtis.

—A few days ago I read in a paper that the Duke of Connaught gave a selection in opening the first Parliament of United South Africa. He is the uncle of King George, who reigns over all the British Empire.—C. McVean.

—Two weeks ago while I was in the sitting-room sewing and reading, other, Miss Deamard told me that my sister would come to see me in the evening, but I told her that I did not believe that my sister was in Belleville, as Miss Deamard assured me, as Mr. Goldsmith telephoned her that he was going to take me in the auto to see her at the Quinte hotel. Mr. Goldsmith asked me to go for a drive auto to the Quinte hotel and I was delighted to see my sister as I had not seen her in four years.—E. Mc-Goldsmith invited my sister and me to take a drive for a distance of seventeen miles to Stirling. We reached Stirling and stayed with Mr. Young for two days. I returned home and my sister went away on a visit to Port Arthur. I felt grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith for their kindness to me while I was in Stirling.—E. Burk.

I read in the paper that the Coronation of King George will take place London on the 22nd of June. It will be much ceremony. It would be interesting to see it.—M. McFarlane.

On October 29th, 30th, Miss Jamieson ran a visit to Toronto to see the Toronto Thanksgiving holiday. She Dorothy Haskin another friend. of her mother was greatly than last October when Dorothy's mother said that visited Miss Jamieson had brought thy and her sister home for obey. She returned here and said had a pleasant time in Toronto.

My cousin Ruby's most welcome ar rived came to hand on the 9th of November, saying that my cousin Polly is going to take vocal music in the city, also that my friend Lovie Pallis is going to Toronto to Conservatory lecture about General Gordon. The lecture began at 7.30 and lasted till o'clock.

Some Saturday in this month two pupils will be in the pavement in the rink at the north and south, and Mr. Peppin, our engineer, will attach the electric wire to let in the light of the rink when we skate on the rink at night.

I read in a newspaper that a sportsman in Smith's Falls shot a wild duck a silver-grey for near the Rideau Lake a few weeks ago. It is estimated value is several hundred dollars. It is surely hard to catch silver foxes as they can smell the hunters some miles off and they know what the hunters intend to do, and consequently they hide themselves.—George David McLaren.

—Last Wednesday the Institution duck was covered with barrels of apples and a steam boat came along and took them on board. We don't know whom the apples belonged to. Last Saturday night there was a fire in Belleville and a large warehouse with five thousand barrels of apples was destroyed. It was a pity.—Annie Brown.

—We have had changeable weather here and we hope the ground will be covered with snow before the middle of December.—D. Edwards.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—On Little girls are dressed up to see it commencing to snow. They will have such a good time sleighing or skating when the snow is on the earth. It won't be long until Christmas, and we will be happy to get our loving presents from Santa Claus. He is so kind to us. Don't you think so?

I received word from my aunt, Emma, lately, saying that my cousin Lucille's aunt, and cousin were visiting in Rochester. Her cousin was very much hurt. When she was going to put some candles on some white mobile struck her. Her back, and her head was badly injured and she was taken to the hospital. She was said that she had a nice letter from Aunt Emma again in which she said that poor cousin was getting better. I am glad. They live in Perry, N. Y.—Evelyn Hazlitt.

—I got a mail letter from my mother, my father, Mrs. Jones's daughter, Edith, passed away two weeks ago. We were very sorry on account of her death. Edith's funeral was held Monday yesday. I do not know what caused her death. Edith had a sweet and sympathy to her in a letter which we wrote to her. We often got letters from Edith when we were at school last year. We are sorry that we will never hear from her any more, but we hope to hear from Mrs. Johnson sometimes.—Dorothy S. Hazlitt.

The time pupils went into the chapel last Saturday evening, and Mr. Morse told stories about "General Gordon," and "The Lion King." We were very much pleased with these stories. We had stamps and some like him to tell us some more, sometime when he is not busy in the evening.

Last Sunday Mr. Morse lectured to the pupils in the second highest division school class about "Jesus, —I. Barker.

—We always remember that King Edward's birthday Wednesday, because was on Nov. 9th. We were very sorry that he died but we love our present king and are also glad to him.

—Miss Templeton's birthday was on Nov. 10th. The girls were pretty cards to her on that day.—D. Kennedy.

—In two weeks it will be Muriel Kennedy's birthday. We hope that she will get many cards or letters from home, as she is a great friends. Some of us think that a doll will be coming to her from home, as she is staying because it will be her birthday.

—We heard that there was snow in Toronto and we cannot understand why there was no snow here. We think there will be snow here before long. We think that we will be glad to skate on the rink in the winter. We hope that we will have a lot of fun and have a nice time in winter.

—The Canadian Northern Railway have made much progress yet because the rain and snow hinders the laborers. I think they will push more of their men to complete it. They will be able to finish it. It will pass between Toronto and Ottawa. W Burley.

Mr. Nurse told some senior boys that they would play football with some spanking boys in a few weeks. Our boys are very young, but they will play the play football with them if they could. I think they will not be able to play football as the ground is often and the ground is very wet.

—Last Saturday afternoon, I saw some spanking boys throwing stones at a squirrel and they killed it. They gave it to a cat but it did not eat it. C. McFarlane.

—Some other boys and I like to work in the shoe-shop in the afternoon. We like to feed the wood, for the farm when I am through school.

—A man came to the Institution in the week and I went to the office to see with Mr. Minns. He went home the next day. Mr. Minns told me a good saw about four or five years.—Roy McCallum.

—I got a lovely letter from my sister, Dora. I was glad to hear from her. I answered it till the evening that I she wrote her letter. It began to snow hard during the night and in the morning there was a heavy fall. My father had to shovel the snow of the sidewalk. It melted during the day and the streets and roads were very sloppy. It was hard to walk without rubbers.

—The leaves have fallen on the ground and it is fall. They were brown, yellow and red. The trees are all bare now. They do not look as nice as they did in summer.—E. Fishlock.

MR. HALIS' CLASS.

—I got a card from my mother a few days ago telling me that my sister Dalsie and my nieces Laura and Jessie went to Lindsay on Thanksgiving to see my nephews, Arthur. Dalsie wished me to go home on that day, but I had to stay here. She was unfortunate, as she went to Lindsay.

—On Sept. 3rd my brother came home for a holiday. He got ready to buy some presents for his wife on Thanksgiving Day, Labor Day. My mother, Minnie, Bob, I and other people went to a wedding. Fred was married to Miss Bridsch. They had a wedding cake and other things before they went to Toronto on that day, at two o'clock. They are happy and comfortable. F. Whitworth.

—Last Labor Day, Lehmann told me that her daughters Julia and son Rudy are in New York. Julia and Rudy came home to my home in July and I was glad to see them again. They stayed with me for three months. Julia and Rudy are taller. She is four years old and Rudy is six years old. Rudy is lively, and I played games every evening last summer. Julia and Rudy went away with Hazel for some evenings. I played games with Lily Boyd. Lily and I sat in a buggy. She had very much fun in the evening. I told Lily Boyd that I enjoyed myself with Hazel and Julia. We enjoyed ourselves and were tired.

My uncle told me that he would come home on Thanksgiving Day but he said my aunt could not come down, because my uncle was busy in Toronto. I guess I will send some things for me Christmas.—C. Burks.

Some pupils' relations came here Thanksgiving Day and they visited us. We were glad to see them.

I think that Misses Hunter, James and Mitchell went to Toronto a few weeks ago and visited their friends. Miss James met some deaf people. They returned last Tuesday week.

We were surprised to see Mr. Terrill coming into the dining room last Monday evening and we were very glad to see her again. She shook hands with many boys and girls and she announced that she was going to Belleville on Thanksgiving Day. I thought that she met her daughter in Belleville on Brock ville.—V. Cousey.

I saw some boys stealing tar from the barn. Some weeks ago They are changing it, the same as gum. It is very sweet. Some of the boys like it and gum is grey, brown, and white. I like tar best, but the better to chew gum is Beeman's.

Some boys and I pick vegetables in the vegetable field and we are very busy. It is not nice weather as we were very cold. We have picked fruits and we are gathering them into the cellar for the winter. A farmer carried some loads of turnips to the stable, and up a ramp to the loft, and put them in, the attic. It is used for keeping the waggon and the cutter in.

I read that there was snow in the West on October twenty-third, and it was almost knee-deep. It seems to like the winter and there was a hard frost that night and it will be very cold near winter. I think that people do not like the cold in the west. Some people like the farms in the West.—C. Ryan.

This is a fine morning and it is somewhat cold. I feel cold and I put my hands in my pockets. The wind was blowing for several days. It is warming.—Jas. Brown.

Wesley McAdam got a letter from his aunt in Owen Sound. His cousin lives in Owen Sound and I used to swim happily with her. Her house is near the harbor. The reason I know that is that I saw her little dog and it bit my arm and I was very hurt. Summer seems to be a nice girl. W. McAdam is her cousin.—Earl Kindree.

—Yesterday in working for the Postum Co. and he is making bread. The Postum Co. has a very large building, and I helped to make it and he got some pans of bread in a large oven. He put some pans of bread into the oven with the wooden shovel or peel. He cut some bread into pans and he put the pans into a bread waggon and pushed the bread-waggon into the large cooler.—E. McLachlan.

—We did not have school on Monday as it was Thanksgiving Day and we had a holiday on that day. Some senior girls went for a walk with Miss Evoy in the afternoon. We had a party in the evening and had an enjoyable time. Some pupils had some music and enjoyed playing these.—H. M. Hamblin.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

I read this to a story book:—

Once there was a little red hen in the woods. She had a little bed, a little stove, and a little table with little dishes. Every day she got some sticks of wood for the stove. Before she went to get them, she always locked the door. One day she forgot to lock it. She went to get some sticks of wood and found a fox behind a tree. When the hen went out of the sight, the fox crept toward the door and lay under the bed. Then the red hen came home and put the sticks in the stove. The fox was in the bed then but she was very much frightened and thought on a beam. The fox ran around it and he made her dizzy and finally she fell down. The fox put the hen into a bag and covered it and then he was tired and went to sleep. The red hen had a pair of scissors in her pocket and she cut the bag and the little girl returned to death. After words the hen was happy.—Margaret Hall.

Miss James went to Toronto to spend Thanksgiving. She saw many former pupils. She had a very nice time there.

I got a letter from my mother and she said that my father shot two black squirrels and one grey one. My father and he liked to eat the squirrels better than pigeons. I never tasted a squirrel but I often tasted a pigeon Gladys Shore.

There were picture flies in Miss Ketchen's room again and many boys lost their rings, desk and buildings. I want Miss Ketchen and all to mail the old deed at the Home. The House of Refuge is a home for poor, old people.

It snowed a few days ago. The boys are busy playing football in the senior yard. The boys will skate for the rink off the rink and some senior boys will shovel it. I hope it will be good ice James Green.

I received a letter from home. My sister, Maggie said that she would come all the way to the Institution and be glad because Maggie will be there with me. She lives in Waterloo and it is in the United States. I never saw Bella since two years ago.

My cousin told my mother that my aunt was very ill. She went to go to my aunt's house and she decided to go to it on June 12th. She went to it and she told me that she was on the train three days. She arrived at my aunt's house and she stayed in it for two weeks and my aunt died. My aunt lived in Medicine Hat, Alberta. My mother returned home two weeks ago and she was glad. F. McDougall

Thanksgiving was a fine day and Mr. Morse and Miss Jones took a lot of ball in the morning. Some boys saw a robin in the dead snow sitting in an auntie, they went six miles and came back to the Institution. We had a holiday and had a party in the dining room in the morning. Charlie Deschner

Mr. Morse said that the senior is approaching and it will be snowing in a few weeks. We will be skating on the ice. Some of the boys would like to play hockey and we will learn to play it. Roy Tretheway.

Miss Olive Best went to see Myrtle Mason a couple months last week. She visited Miss Mary Boyle in Midland and she was glad to see her again. I think she will go to see her in a few days.

—Evelyn Hazlitt got a letter from her mother about Willie Johnson. He lived in Toronto. He was a former pupil. His mother died one week ago and I was sorry for him. H. Wilson.

—I received a letter from my mother and she said that my sister, Mrs. D. Myers, would move this month to Belleville. I was very much surprised to hear it. Perhaps Mabel Smith and I will go to see them on Saturday and Sunday. I think my mother will help them to move. I will be very much pleased to see my mother. I think I will go with her to the city and enjoy myself.—A. L. Holbrook.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

If any child is so critically ill as to necessitate the constant attendance of a parent or other relative at the bedside, of course they will be our welcome guests as long as their presence is so required.

The Teachers' Association.

The regular monthly meeting of the Teachers' Association was held on the 8th inst.

A short discussion took place regarding the Pupils' Leaflet and the kind of exercises which would be found most helpful; also concerning the pupils' pages in THE CANADIAN MUTE. All the members of the staff were asked to hand in any stories or articles which they had written for the leaflet, and suggestions were invited for any new features that might be found useful.

Miss Hunter, Librarian for the pupils' library, explained the new rules adopted for the guidance of teachers in their use of the books. It was agreed that the rules carried some of difficulties encountered in arranging the various objects to the best possible advantage, and suggested some ways in which the exhibit might be improved next year, although it was very creditable this year.

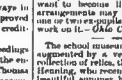
At this juncture the proceedings were pleasingly interrupted by the entrance of Messrs J. J. Kelso, Thomas Ritchie and Mr. Wrightsman, accompanied by Dr. Coughlin. In a brief address Mr. Kelso, who is Superintendent of neglected and dependent children for Ontario. He explained the purposes of his organization and narrated a few incidents to illustrate the character and importance of the work, and the awful need of something being done to remove these poor waifs of humanity from their pitiable and hopeless environments, and to give them a chance to grow up under healthful moral conditions.

Dr. Coughlin expressed appreciation of Mr. Kelso's remarks, and said that they had in a measure thank for services rendered to the Institution on a few occasions, in securing the attendances of pupils whose parents had not been disposed to send them to school.

The meeting then adjourned.

At the preliminary meeting of the Association, held in October, the following officers were appointed and elected, as follows: Hon. Pres., Dr. Coughlin; Pres., Geo. F. Stewart; Vice-Pres., H. L. Ingram; Secretary, Miss Ford; Interpreters, Messrs Colcleugh, Campbell and Ingram, and Miss Templeton.

This term we have made a change in our arrangements for the care of sick pupils. Formerly the hospital was reserved for cases of contagious and infectious disease. This gave both the nurse and the surgery have been transferred to the hospital, where all medical needs are attended to. We have had no cases of severe illness so far this session, but there have been a few cases of indisposition, and some parents have written to alarm when they have received word that their children that they were sick in the hospital. All children ill enough to go to bed for even a day or two, go to the hospital, so parents need not be alarmed when they get such letters. Parents are promptly notified by the Superintendent when their children are sick, and they are kept fully informed relative to their conditions from day to day.



Value of School Gardens.

The school garden idea is as yet only beginning to show its value. Last year more than a thousand barren lots in Philadelphia were transformed into garden by ambitious children. We can say that the young farmers were not made better for the training they thus received; for being kept off the streets; for the thought that they were actually committing something of a practical nature—for the "grown-up" feeling of independence that comes with knowledge that they may be thus capable of earning money, no matter how little the sum? As a mind-developing influence alone, the school garden is developing into one of the valuable adjuncts of public education. In opens the way of applying a practical elementary knowledge at least to the production of food staples, and ultimately it may turn the thoughts of many city lads as they reach manhood to the question whether they cannot do better for themselves in agriculture than in overcrowded stores and trades. *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Their New Linotype.

With a special appropriation made by the Legislature last spring a new linotype machine was bought this summer and installed in our printing office. It is a beauty and the pupils who have put it up says it is one of the finest in this country.

While the machine is intended for the special benefit of our boys who may take up the linotype line of business, arrangements may be made to admit one or two pupils a year who wish to learn to work on it.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

The school museum has been largely augmented by a very fine and rare collection of curios, the gift of Dr. F. A. Henning, who recently disposed of his beautiful summer home, on the lake front here. The Doctor has travelled much at home and abroad and during his journeys gathered together many articles as souvenirs. His donation to the school comprises ninety-one pieces, from Australia to the United States, represent the following countries: England, Scotland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Spain, Africa, Australia, India, Mexico, Turkey, Italy, France, Egypt and Canada. Each article has been carefully catalogued and placed in the cabinets of the school building. The pupils are taking a deep interest in this collection of natural and scientific curiosities and wish to thank Dr. *Carolinian.*

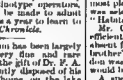
St. Anne's Church, in New York, is maintained for deaf mutes. The hymns are announced with a gesture, and the choir sings their lines, while the deaf congregation, bank in hand, follow the tunes, without a sound being uttered. The sermon is delivered in the sign language by the pastor, his face lighting up as he proceeds, to the delight of breathless silence on the part of the audience. After the sermon comes a prayer, the minister alone bowing his head, and proceeding reverently and slowly in the sign language, while the congregation watches attentively. It is said that to few churches can worshippers be found giving such expressive attention to the service.—*Deaf and Dumb.*

The New Mexico School for the Deaf has secured from the State a land grant of ninety-five thousand acres from which they expect, in a few years, to derive a handsome income to maintain the school independent of the legislative grant. North Dakota, we understand, also has a land endowment. It would not have been a bad idea if we had secured a few of the school years ago when there were millions of acres of unclaimed land right at our doors.—*Silent Educator.*

Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School at Boston, has retired after a life of efficient and unselfish work for the deaf. For more than forty years she has been a teacher of the deaf and few in the profession have labored so well and so long or have highly respected as has this noble woman.—*Silent Hoosier.*

We have found it an effective punishment to put our bad boys on the Saturday clean up squad and not allow them to attend the moving picture show in the evening.—*Iowa Star.*

The Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Institution, which has just celebrated its centenary, was the first institution of its kind in Scotland and the second in Britain.—*The Scottish American.*



MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

On Thanksgiving evening the pupils had a very enjoyable tea-party, given by our ever generous friend, Mr. Morrice, wife of our President. The tables were loaded with good things from the caterer's and the children showed their appreciation by making them disappear as quickly as possible. After tea a number of the graduates came out from the city and a very happy evening was passed playing games and dancing.

We have also to thank Mrs. Morrice for a very acceptable donation of one hundred and twenty yards of flannelette and fifty yards of dark blue flannel to be made up, in the sewing-room, into garments for the younger pupils.

The blind class had a special treat this month. Mrs. Mackay and Mr. H. W. Rose sent tickets for a concert, which proved very interesting. The most pleasant feature on the programme was selections from Dr. Drun mond's "Habitant."

Mr. Gordon Staniforth, our very efficient boys' supervisor, has been absent for a few days to attend his brother's wedding. We are glad Gordon was not the happy groom as he would be very much missed here.

A special instructor in wood-carving has been engaged and the boys show much interest in this new industry. Specimens of this are very artistic to join this class.

Four of our graduates are now employed in the workshop of the Department of Henry Birks & Son's large jewelry store.

Last Sunday Mr. D. W. Rose held his first regular lantern service for this season. The attendance was very satisfactory and as always largely attended by the parents and friends of the Institution. Miss Heath sang a hymn for the Blind.

Miss Elizabeth Frankhu, a former pupil, re-entered schoolshis week. We are very pleased to have her with us again. We were also glad to receive a short visit from Rev. James Outerson, a graduate of our Institution.

We are sorry to announce the illness of one of our most attractive little pupils, Glenn McNeish. He is being nursed for at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

The boys were more than delighted to see Gordon well here for his all ready to bank and feast at the first opportunity.

Always Room For Good Men.

Col. Henry Watterson says that when he applied for his first employment on a newspaper he was told:

"There are never any vacancies on a good paper, but there's always room for a good man."

Col. Watterson says he thought the reply a queer one at first, that, after becoming an editor himself, he said the same to all applicants.

It is true in all kinds of business. The whole world is full of good places for a good man.

"Only a dead fish lies wrapped in formaldehyde.

Give joyous greeting to every morning—have you counted the mornings you've missed? Have you ever failed to get up with a grouch?—Florida Times-Union.

A blessed thing it is for any one to have a friend; one human soul whom we can trust entirely; who loves the best and worst of us, and loves us in spite of our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our faces and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and respond in the day of prosperity and self-conceit; but who will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us to fight our battles as best we can.—Charles Kingsley.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness a friend is making others happy."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1910.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

Thanksgiving Day.

The celebration of the day gave our pupils the first holiday since the opening of school, and they enjoyed the release from the steady routine of school and work very much. The day being fine they were able to spend all the time out of doors. Some took nice walks, but most of them enjoyed running games on the foot-ball field. Of course, special preparation had been made for dinner, but, on account of the early season and scarcity of birds, we were unable to get turkeys; an abundant supply of chickens and other nice things was, however, provided and also piped the hearty holiday dinner. Several of the pupils' friends visited them during the day, while many of these, who could not come, remembered their little folks here with nice boxes of good things, and some sent special instructions that their gifts should be shared by other schoolmates. This thoughtful remembrance for others was pleasing. After tea in the evening all dressed up in their best for the social party in the large dining-room, which was cleared for the occasion, and a couple of pleasant hours were spent, the children all looking bright and happy and bent on having a real good time. The usual distribution of fruit and candy rag to each was not forgotten, and after a brief interval all retired to be ready for school again next morning.

Church—Elliott.

A pretty Thanksgiving wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Elliott, Ingersoll, when their eldest daughter, Bertha May, became the bride of Mr. Thos. Church, of Galt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. B. Christie. The bride entered the parlor leaning on the arm of her father, to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Miss Stella Walker.

The bride looked charming in a princess gown of white muslin, with bridal veil and a shower bouquet of roses. Lily of the valley and maiden hair ferns. The bridesmaid, Miss Maggie Hoy, of Avonton, looked lovely in cream silk and carried pink carnations and ferns. Miss Roberta Sutherland, cousin of the bride, made a charming flower girl, gowned in white, and carried carnations. Mr. Roy Elliott, brother of the bride, was the best man. Mr. Wm. Elliott sang a solo during the signing of the register.

The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful locket and chain, to the bridesmaid a pearl brooch.

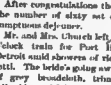
After congratulations the guests to the number of sixty sat down to a sumptuous dejeuner.

Mr. and Mrs. Church left on the six o'clock train for Port Huron and Detroit amid showers of rice and confetti. The bride's going away suit was of grey broadcloth, trimmed with Alice blue, with hat to match.

They will take up their residence in Galt.

The bride is a sister to Mrs. Henry Chetwood and Mr. Wilbur Elliott, both of Galt.

Guests were present from Hamilton, Tilsonburg, Woodstock, Avonton, Galt, Embro and Ingersoll.



The girls, under the supervision of Miss Evans, went for a walk on Thanksgiving Day.

The new pupils entered heartily into the games at the party on Thanksgiving night.

The turkey was underrated dead weight hour Medallist. It is to be regretted that she is too old to go to school.

—Some students from Albert College spent the day at the Institution on Thanksgiving Day and took a few snap-shots.

—Miss James and Miss Hunter spent the Thanksgiving holiday in Toronto, and Miss MacIntosh in Arthur. They all report having had a pleasant outing. Miss James and Miss Hunter attended services for the deaf at the Trinity Methodist School on Sunday afternoon and met many of the Toronto deaf, who were glad to welcome someone from Belleville.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Townsend and Miss Niven, of Carleton Place, visited their friends here during the Thanksgiving holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, Toronto, have moved from their former house at 49 Lynd Ave. to 32 Bloomfield Ave.

—Miss Mabel Bowlby, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Culver Bowlby, is the proud owner of a baby, being a pretty and pleasant girl.

—Mr. James Boyd, of Malahide, had a very fine crop of potatoes, getting his bushels from one acre. Not many farmers can beat that.

Mr. Fred Hazinard has bought a fine 75-acre farm with good house and barn on Tillsonburg Road. Fred is a steady and promising young man and the place where he lives is growing fast.

Among those who visited their children during Thanksgiving time were Mrs. Powell and Mr. Cornish, Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Ingram, Hamilton; Mr. Ivey and two daughters, Cainsville; Mr. Vallancourt.

Mr. Daniel Bowlby writes: "I was pleasantly surprised to receive a visit on Thanksgiving Day from Mr. Hugh Cameron, of Meaford, a former pupil of the Belleville Institution. He likes the North in the Meaford country at Meaford very much, and is doing well."

—We thank Mr. D. S. Laddy for a card depicting "the largest reinforced concrete building in the world," the Pacific and Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal. It is an immense structure, and gives a good idea of the scale on which the new city is being constructed.

—Miss Allen Waters, of Plaisance, Que., entertained during the Thanksgiving holiday some of her deaf friends. Some very enjoyable moments were spent and time flew by only too quickly. Miss Waters is a graduate of the Misses Connors, Maggie Southwick and Geo. Hall, all of Ottawa, kindly said bye to their hostess after many good wishes were expressed.

—In a communication received from Mr. Wm. Lightfoot we learn that he is stopping at the Alleghany Mountain, taking the fresh air cure for what he well calls "the world's deadliest scourge, tuberculosis," trusts which he is suffering. Our readers will all join us in the hope that he will fully receive his health. Mr. Lightfoot wishes us to hear from old friends. His present address is Jersey Shore, R. F. D. 2 (in care of McKain) Penn.

—On the 23rd ult., Mr. A. W. Mason, of the Toronto Mission, held services for the deaf at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Simcoe, where quite a number of the deaf in that vicinity met together, and very interesting services were held and much enjoyed by all present. On the following Sunday Mr. Mason was at Glen Meyer and was warmly welcomed at the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kelly, where both morning and afternoon meetings were held, all the deaf around there attending. At both places much interest was taken and the deaf feel deeply indebted to Mr. Mason and the Toronto Mission which sent him.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES H. FORD.

Skating and hockey are nigh and we will probably have a good rink this winter if we respond to Mr. Jack Frost.

It is reported that Harvey Countryman returned to Ottawa from the Far West last week, after a few months' holiday visit to Galt, Ont. He speaks highly of the far-off land and he is going back again when spring comes, if nothing happens.

It is also rumoured that Gerald Bennett, with whom Harvey Countryman went to the West, is coming back to Ontario from the West this week. Gerald prefers the Hill West Ontario. He says that it is too cold for him to stay up there this winter.

The session here are going to reorganize the Dufferin Literary Society. We hope for them to have it to pass the time on Saturday nights when the weather is disagreeable.

Miss Mary Chrisp had the misfortune to have his foot badly cut by an axe two months ago, while he was engaged in chopping a tree in the north-west part of Ontario. He was in the hospital for three weeks. Then he went home to Ottawa but in his heart he wants to go again to the woods, for he likes the life there. He says he used to work with Mr. J. Lacombe in the same place.

I have heard from my sister frequently in Olds, Alberta. She tells me of everything in "Sunny Alberta" where she likes to live. She was married last August to Mr. McIntosh and they went to Alberta on their honeymoon. They have plenty of things to eat, as game abounds on the prairie. Brother-in-law gets prairie chicken by the dozen from the window. They are just like our domestic chickens that run around the yard. Would you like to live there?

The Prima Donna Sang for Them.

Madame Calve is known all over the world as a queen of song, but she is also greatly admired for her kindness and gentleness. Among the many stories told of her is the following:

"At one time, we are told, she was busily singing in the apartment of her hostess in New York, when the door opened, and two little girls whom she had nevermen before, looked in. Nevertheless, she greeted them cordially and asked them what they wanted. 'Oh,' they replied, "we want to hear you sing." The famous prima donna resumed her work and went instantly to the piano, and sang to them some of her most popular songs for which in a public performance she would have received hundreds of dollars. When she had finished she ordered cakes and tea, and having regaled her little visitors to their heart's content, sent them away delighted."

This was a little thing to do, and yet how few would have embraced the opportunity to perform such a kindly act! As we journey through life we shall find many opportunities of cheering our fellow travellers by words and deeds. Let us not allow them to pass unimproved.

The first American paper money was made in 1780.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Elliott, of Toronto, was down to Ottawa on the 29th of October and on the following Sunday held services for the deaf, while here was well attended.

Mr. Wilson was called to Montreal, owing to the serious illness of his mother.

Misses Borthwick, Holt, and O'Connor spent Thanksgiving Day with Miss Waters, of North Nation Mills, Que.

I have been very busy pulling roots and getting into shape for the winter and I hope your readers will excuse me for the tardiness of some of my items; that is, if they think them worth reading.

The Deaf Bible Class met at the residence of Miss Borthwick to welcome Mr. McClelland and his bride back to Ottawa. Mr. McClelland having taken an active part in the work of the class, we felt the occasion a fitting one to show him our appreciation of his services and to present him with some token of our esteem. On the deaf having all assembled, they were presented to Mrs. McClelland by Miss Borthwick. Mr. Bayne was requested to address the newly married couple on behalf of those present and to extend a hearty welcome to Mrs. McClelland. On the conclusion of his address Miss Borthwick presented them with a beautiful silver cut-glass salad bowl on behalf of the Deaf Bible Class of Ottawa. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse, and on their departure all wished Mr and Mrs. McClelland long and happy married life.

Our genial friend, Thos. Hazelton, formerly of Delta, town of Lanark, was in Ottawa recently on a combined business and pleasure. We find him greatly changed in appearance since we saw him in Wigget's at Montreal.

The deaf of Ottawa are at present in good health and prosperous circumstances as far as I can learn. D. B.

A Few Items In and Out of Hamilton.

Nearly every Friday evening I call at 37 Mary St., Mrs. Wilson's home. Messrs. Hackbusch and McPherson, too. We enjoy our visits very much.

Miss Wilson was stunning, but with very fine flakes, on the 6th, when I went visit with George Bridgeford, and then we both went to call on Miss Waughy. She was well. We spent a very pleasant time, and Miss Waughy was doing well at the John Bertram Co. manufactories.

I would like to know why some reporters never mentioned in THE CANADIAN MUTE. Every paper an account of the Toronto deaf defeated by us at the Burlington Beach, where a picnic was held last August. I suppose Toronto didn't want to be laughed at. We were glad that we won the game, and hope to do it again next time. I greatly enjoyed the picnic.

Thanksgiving Day here was very pleasant, though very cold. I saw the famous Hewitt race around the bay here. I also saw our locomotive again at the canal, three miles from our house. Took pictures of them. Page When the race was over, I met Mr and Mrs. Cosgrove and we talked about it. N. Meadow.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—*Christian World.*

"No language more eloquent than a life of love."

"They who never stop for little joys never find large ones."

Story of a Rural Revolutionist.

It is hard to "bring home" to the readers of printed pages the exigent and the full meaning of the work that is going on in the United States to build up rural life—to make farming pay; for this is a kind of work that a man must see to understand it, to measure its value, and to come to know what it will mean in the near future to the people. Here, for example, is a little story from life:

The best small farmer in this neighborhood never has only ten to an agricultural college. When the boy had finished his studies he had a plan to go away and to begin life for himself, but his father was eager to keep him at home. He would stay only if his father would give him complete control of the farm. Since the old man was himself the best farmer in his part of the world, he yielded to the boy's wish reluctantly, but he yielded

"Now what do you suppose John did? he asked, as he told the story. "He hitched all three of the mules to one plow. I had never done that, but I pretty soon saw that he was right. There he was on a lot of nine acres all selecting seeds. I had never done that so thoroughly, but I soon saw that he was right," and so on, item after item.

The result was that, although the farm had for years made larger yields than any other in the neighborhood, the yield the first year of the young man's management was thirty per cent larger than it had ever been before; and the second year, fifty per cent. Within a few years the methods of farming in the neighborhood had become so much better that the farmers receive now $50,000 more a year, in cash, than they received before John took his father's place in hand.

Similar changes are taking place in many parts of the country. The difference in the difference between a life of hard struggle and a life of independence, between good roads and bad, between good schools and bad, between a cheerful life and a sad existence, between hard times for women and comfortable and refined lives, the difference between stolidity and a glad intellectual existence.—*From The World's Work.*

A Brave Act.

About ten years ago a steamer was sailing up the Red River of the North. There were not many passengers on board. But among the passengers was a pretty winsome little child and everybody petted her.

One afternoon she went down to the lower deck. There were three men lying on the deck, bound hand and foot. They were prisoners.

They were on their way to Fargo to be tried. The little girl came up to the men and looked at them and then looked at her. She was not afraid of them. She began talking to them. She put her baby hands on the fetters of one of the prisoners, and said, "What is that?" The man smiled at her, but did not say anything. She patted the fetters and seemed to be sorry for the men, and then got up to go away.

As she was walking away, the steamer gave a sudden lurch. The little girl lost her balance, fell and rolled over the side of the boat into the water.

The prisoner whose chains she touched saw her fall. He quickly rolled himself over and over, and dropped into the river beside the child. His hands were bound, but he caught the child's dress in his mouth and kept himself afloat, until a boat came.

The captain and the sailors praised the prisoner for his brave act. When they got to Fargo, the sheriff told the judge what the prisoner had done. The judge found that the prisoner was not a very bad man, and so he set him free.—*Selected.*

PUPILS' LOCALS.

MISS EVOT'S CLASS.

—We made gardens in the green house on October the twelfth. I planted mash pasnaps i pare aunips pes onsuop every day. They are growing. Lawrence has the best garden in the room. We will eat the lettuce and onions, when they are big.

—Mr. Campbell came to see us on Monday. We read two stories for him. He stood Romeo on his head, and we all laughed.—R. Swayne.

Dr. Coughlin gave a speaking tube to each room. He came and he talked and talked to it to me. I heard them well. —R. Dalaire.

MR. STEWART'S CLASS.

I read in my story book about a kind horse and a dog. The dog was beaten in the street one day and the man cruel boys saw it. They threw stones at the dog and struck it with sticks and broke its leg. The dog sat a while and it hid in it. A kind horse saw it and made a bed for the dog and it slept there. A man brought some food for his horse and the dog ate some of it. It was glad it had a home and the horse became very fond of it.—Nova Tait.

I read in a story book about a woman and a bear. The woman went with a friend. She left the baby in the house all the afternoon and had to go home. In the evening she came back to go home and she walked fast. After a while she saw a bear. She was afraid and she took the two dead babies. She threw a mitten on the ground and the bear stopped to smell it and it had time it ran after her again and she threw her cloak on the ground. It smelled that and it had time to run. She got home safely and told his husband how it was. He took his gun and he hunted for the bear and shot it.—John Buchan.

We went to chapel one Saturday evening and Mr. Nurse lectured to us about fire and fireflies. He was a brave man and a soldier. He fought in wars with Russians, Chinese, and Egyptians, and Soudanese. He was in the Crimea, and the people of England were very sorry, because they all loved him. He died in 1858 and he was fifty-two years old when he was killed. We learned a lot of things more about the brave man Achille Walker.

I read in the newspaper about two children named James and Jessie. They were very poor and their parents were dead. They lived with their uncle Mr. Hill. He had no children, so he wrote to some people in the city and asked him to send two poor little children to him. They sent James and Mary. They were glad to live in the farm. James often helped Mr. Hill to milk the cows and rake the hay. Mary helped Mrs. Hill to wash the dishes and feed the chickens. Mr. Hill had an old horse. It was gentle and he let them drive it. He did not send them back to the city, but took care of them until they were grown up.—L. Ruth Lloyd.

MR. INGRAM'S CLASS.

I read in a newspaper that trains on the new Canadian Northern Railway will be passing the institution and many lives are in danger. It is a new railway. It has been built here also, and the mail will run from Penrose to Rutherlin.—Ira Stegwelt.

I went to the city last Saturday, and I saw a broken window in the store, belonging to Mr Dickens. I saw a Whippet, and was afraid of the automobile, and it ran away. It ran over the store window, and broke part of it. The buggy was smashed also.—Lorne Goldaugh.

I have a pet. Bonds, works in Mr. McIntosh's office in Sidning. My sister, father and mother come to see me last Saturday, May 20th. I got a letter from T. Ward, and he is a merchant tailor. —T. Ward.

—We have a telephone in our house now, and my father can talk to people in Winnipeg, and Worcester through it.—Elsie Montgomery.

—A few days ago, I received a letter from my brother Peter. He told me that my rabbits were all dead. The monster rabbit went wild, and killed them. I am very sorry to lose my pets.—Arthur Walker.

—I was very glad to see my mother on Thanksgiving Day. She came here in Wigwam and was afraid of the automobile, and it ran away. It ran over the store window, and broke part of it. The buggy was smashed also.—Lorne Goldaugh.

—I went to the Sloyd-room every Monday and Thursday afternoon and make things out of wood. I finished making an inkstand last week and I am making a book-rack now, out of ash. I like working in the sloyd-room better than in the printing-office.—E. T. Payne.

—Early this morning, I looked out of the bed-room window and saw a big fire near the Grand Trunk Railway. I told the girls, and they all ran to the window to see it. Some girls thought it was a house on fire, but I thought it was a barn.—Avis Kerr.

MISS SUTHERLY'S CLASS.

—May Stegwelt was monitor in our class-room yesterday. Elsie and Margaret went into the hospital. I am sorry for them. I think they will come back to the institution soon. I went to see them.—Annie Steele.

—We had a party on October 31st. We played games. We shall have a party on November 26th. It will be our Christmas Day. Clinton played with Vegetable Soup. He is seven for Mr. Nurse. I like school. It is raining today. It is a very wet day. Maggie and Elsie are sick in the hospital.—Gordon Leggett.

Mr. Nurse gave some candy and biscuits to me. Dr. Coughlin came in our class-room yesterday. He told May my news good. I had a letter Saturday. Luella and Hazel wrote letters to their mothers.—Mary Johnson.

—Perhaps I shall get a letter to morrow. Dr. Coughlin came to-day. He wants us to write for THE CANADIAN MESS. My father and mother write to me. I was answering yesterday. I saw a bird yesterday.—C. Parker.

—I got a letter from my mother. She was sick. She was in bed four weeks. May Stegwelt was monitor in our class-room yesterday. Miss Burke went to Mr. Campbell's classroom. Marjorie and Elsie did not come to our class-room to-day.—Mary Hodgins.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Many interesting social happenings during the past month. Mrs. Sarah Bell, one of the aged inmates of the Home, died after a long illness. Mrs. J. Veale, of Bloor street, sister of Messrs. W. H. and H. Mason, died Oct. 4th, aged 71 years. We regret to report the death also of Herbert Allin, a farmer of East Whitby, on Oct. 11th, after an illness lasting three years. He was in middle age. His brother, Sam, who died several years ago, was one of the first pupils of the Belleville Institution. He, himself, was educated in a private school conducted by the late James Muir, a Scotchman, of Lanark.

Miss Mary Meyers, of Ladybank, was married to Mr. Eli Gardiner, of Alnwick, on June 26th. They have a very comfortable home of their own. Mr. and Mrs. H. McKenzie are their near neighbors.

Mrs. A. W. Mason may spend Christmas with her aged mother, who lives in Framingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, of Oakville, were in the city on a shopping expedition a few days ago. We are glad to say that Mrs. Thomas has recovered from her long illness.

Mr. John Flynn has about recovered from an attack of bronchitis.

Mr. Fred Pringle, of Ridgetown, paid a flying visit to the city a couple of days ago. He intends to travel for a firm in Hamilton.

Mr. A. W. Mason, of this city, attended mission services at Mr. Kelly's, Glen Meyers, on Thanksgiving day. There were eight baptisms performed.

Mr. Jas. Stewart, an old Belleville boy, has engaged with Tom Middleton, farther west.

Russell Ormiston, of Oshawa, son of Mr. Jas. Ormiston, is very ill with typhoid fever. He spent a few days in Toronto about two weeks ago and we believe ill shortly after returning home.

Mr. Nais O'Neil, of Toronto, visited friends in New York and has returned home after having had a good time.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Ada Jones, of your school, spent the Thanksgiving holidays, the guest of Miss Jessie Riddell.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts enjoyed their Thanksgiving Day dinner at the home of the former's parents in Joyce.

We sympathize with Mrs. Edward Bell, of Detroit, in the loss of her father, Mr. Wm. Reid, the other day in Clinton. When it was seen that the end was inevitable, Minnie was sent for, but before she arrived her father had passed away.

The Maple Leaf Reading and Debating Club re-opened on the 4th inst., for the coming winter, under J. T. Shilton's presidency. Through the generosity of the church wardens, the members have been granted the use of a room in the Carleton St. Methodist church for the club's fortnightly meetings.

Miss Susan Wood, of Hamilton, dropped in our midst one day lately.

Mrs. Mary Muckle and her grandson, Master Norman Harris, spent Thanksgiving holiday in Simcoe.

There was a typographical error in your last issue regarding the Mission Board, which meets on the last Monday of each month instead of the first.

Miss Margaret Hutchison spent a few days lately, the guest of Mrs. Nelson Wood, in Hamilton.

On Nov. 5th we held our annual Thanksgiving service at 10 A. M. T. H. and they were well attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The platform was profusely decorated with almost every kind of fruit and vegetable, for which we should think of God's love, mercy and thoughtful care towards us, and for which we were most thankful. Mr. Brigden and other members of the Mission Board were waiting to hear letters to make this occasion a memorable affair, and our superintendent's address, dwelling upon God's wonderful love, was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. H. C. Slater, of King City, was down in our midst on the 6th ult. and may be said he will be with us more or less in this city for the winter. Come on.

Mr. A. J. McGillivray has been laid up for over a week. There were serious complication in the side, which has been giving him much pain, of which there were two, but they have since been issued, and Neil will be out again by the time this issue is out. As soon as conditions permitted he was removed from his boarding house to the residence of his sister, Mrs. H. W. Roberts, where he was given all the attention possible.

Mr. A. G. Shepherd has returned from his holidays, spent in Hamilton, Brantford and Montreal. "Did you get any maiden-hair arrangement at the store?" asked a fully grown Alvia's return. "Only from an old bachelor," was the quick response.

Mr. Harry Grooms did splendidly at the shooting competition of the Post Office Athletic Association at the Rifle Ranges on Thanksgiving Day. A beautiful gold fob was one of the trophies that cause his way as a result of his marksmanship.

Mr. F. H. Redhone had his Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, in Oakville.

Mr. Chas. Elliott was in Ottawa during Thanksgiving time, on behalf of our city bowlers.

We understand Miss A. Woods enjoyed the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. Boulding, in Mount Forest.

Arthur Hinson was in Regina on Thanksgiving Day, with friends.

Mr. F. Brigden was in Hamilton on Monday the 9th, on Mission business.

Mr. W. Brigden, brother of our Superintendent, was taking in the sights of Guelph during the holiday.

Mrs. M. F. Wilson, of Niagara Falls, spent the holidays in the city.

Miss Mary O'Neil enjoyed thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McIntosh, of Mount Hope. We are pleased to hear our friends at the Mound are not in the throes of financial scenes or prosperity.—E. W. R.

DENFIELD NEWS.

From an occasional correspondent.

A social gathering was held at Cedar Hill Farm, Denfield, the home of Andrew Nuzum, during the Thanksgiving holidays, in honor of Andrew and Mrs. Drew's most intimate friends gathered to celebrate the event. A most enjoyable time was spent by all in games and social chat.

On Monday all the gentlemen repaired with guns and rifles to the woods, where various games for the good things provided by Mrs. Swain were enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Bert. Gustin, took several photos of the parties. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. David Gustin, Clinton; Mr. David and Mr. Murray Pringle, and Miss Pringle, of Staffa; Mr. and Mrs. R. Drew and friend, two children, Exeter; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. W. Gustin, and son Willie; Mr. and Mrs. Pavey, of London; Miss Ada Mason, of Hyde Park; Mrs. Wm. Given and three children, Forest, and many others.

Mrs. Given and Mrs. Brock are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gustin.

The fool is willing to pay for anything but wisdom. No man says that he would be unpunished for his sins as abundance anyway.—Simms.

Building.

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It may prove a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
'Tis the same in character.

Build it well, what'e'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true,
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

Too Neither

1. Fred has some marbles. Tom has some.——.
2. Edith is going to have a new hat. Clara will have one.——.
3. Mary has no watch. Julia has one.——.
4. Annie hasn't any dolls. Ruth isn't any.——.
5. Charles did not receive a valentine. John didn't receive any.——.
6. Walter went to a circus last summer. His sister went.——.
7. Jack doesn't like cheese. William doesn't like it.——.
8. Walter has no plates for his sisters. Frank hasn't any.——.
9. Charlie can't dance. Tom can't.——.
10. George hasn't any money. Ned hasn't any.——.
11. My father is well. My mother is well.——.
12. Pearl is very fond of fairy tales. Louise is.——.
13. Maude wants a pony. Flora wants one.——.
14. Frank had some Easter eggs. Jessie had some.——.
15. Flora has never had measles. Mary never has.——.
16. Ned has never been to a "show." Willie has never been.——.
17. Annie has had several letters from her. She has had several postcards.——.
18. Clara has not heard from her cousin Josephine lately. She has not had a letter from home.——.

And So.

Combine the sentences in each group, using "and so."

1. My father is well. My mother is well.
2. One of the teachers was sick yesterday. Two of her pupils were sick yesterday.
3. Tom has some money. James has some money.
4. I should be industrious and try to improve. All the other pupils should be industrious and try to improve.
5. I am going to the city next Saturday. Some of my classmates are going to the city next Saturday.
6. The desks were covered with the dust which blew in through the open window. The floor was covered with the dust which blew in through the open window.
7. There is some beautiful scenery along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. There is some beautiful scenery along the shores of the Bay of Quinte.

Order of the Months.

January is the——month of the year.
February is the——month.
March is the——month.
April is the——month.
May is the——month.
June is the——month.
July is the——month.
August is the——month.
September is the——month.
October is the——month.
November is the——month.
December is the——month.

And But

1. Mary wanted to play in the snow——her mother would not let her.
2. Fred tossed a ball——caught it.
3. He tossed it to Clara——she did not catch it.
4. A parrot can talk a little——it cannot sing.
5. Alice dropped her doll——she did not break it.
6. Ruth played out of doors——lost her ring.
7. She looked for it——she did not find it.
8. John lost his knife. He looked for it——found it.
9. Tom tried to ride a bicycle——he could not.
10. A girl dropped a cup——broke it.
11. Frank wanted to buy a gun——his father would not let him.
12. A boy dropped a crayon——it did not break.
13. A cat caught a mouse——killed it.
14. A dog chased a rabbit——it did not catch it.
15. It chased a chicken——caught it.
16. A girl went to the village——bought a hat.
17. Her friend went with her—— she did not buy anything.
18. A little boy tried to fly a kite—— he could not do it.
19. A woman bought a hat——trimmed it.
20. Mary has several dolls——she is too large to play with them.
21. Frank knows how to write nicely ——he does not always do it.
22. The sense put Marjorie into her go cart——took her riding.

Possessive Forms.

Change the following sentences so as to show possessive forms:—

1. The books, which belong to the boys, are on the shelves.
2. The children were pleased with the photograph of their cousins.
3. Those boys like to read stories written by Henty.
4. The manes of the horses were clipped short.
5. The mane of a lion is shaggy.
6. The teeth of a wolf are sharp and strong.
7. The eyes of the children were bright.
8. Are the wings of a butterfly pretty?
9. The ears of an ass are longer than the ears of a horse.

Number.

Re-write the following sentences, changing the subjects to the plural, and making any other necessary changes.

1. He is a good boy.
2. He was with his dog.
3. A spider eats flies.
4. A fox eats hens.
5. A lady wears gloves.
6. This duck is mine.
7. A robin steals cherries.
8. A girl slams the door sometimes.
9. The goose is the one that Tom killed.
10. A deer has the same kind of hoofs that a cow has.

An Elliptical Story.

Tommy and Annie——spending a holiday in the——. They——the squirrels running about the limbs of the——and jumping from——to——. In a little——a boy came——with a gun, and began to——at the——. Tommy——him why he wanted to——them, and asked——to stop. He was——because Tommy interfered with his sport. Tommy got angry too, and ran ahead of the——of boy, and——the squirrels away from him so that he——shoot——.

Question:—Which of the two boys do you like best? Why?

To For

1. Tom's father made a large kite ——him.
2. Clara's mother made a dress ——her.
3. She sent it——her.
4. My father will buy some new shoes ——me.
5. Emma passed her birthday cake ——the children.
6. I wrote a letter——my mother.
7. Bertha bought a top——her brother.
8. She gave it——him on his birthday.
9. William showed a small toad —— the children.
10. Abbie carried a large doll—— school.
11. A boy worked—— Mr. Lamb.
12. Marshall cooked some beans——dinner.
13. Mr. Boyd made a birthday cake ——Charles.
14. Mary rolled a marble—— Annie.
15. A boy bought a pencil——his sister.
16. He paid one cent—— it.
17. Ned gave some nuts——Ruth.
18. She thanked him—— them.
19. Mary brought her letter—— school.
20. A boy walked—— the village.
21. The girls picked some flowers ——Miss Elroy.
22. Mack got some milk ——his teacher.
23. Fred's mother made some candy ——him.

Subjects for Sentences.

Insert any subject, that will make good sense, in the blank spaces:

1. A——hunts mice.
2. The——of the house has caught fire.
3. The——is learning to sew.
4. A——eats grass and gives milk.
5. A faithful——barks at strangers.
6. A——tills the fields.
7. That——has one hundred pages.
8. A——neighs and an——brays.
9. My——is not well to-day.
10. An angry——gored a man with his horns.
11. A——is of no use without ink and paper.
12. A——rises from a spring and flows to the lake.
13. Sick——require kind treatment.
14. Very high——are covered with snow.
15. The——of trees fall in autumn.
16. ——are covered with wood.

That Those.

Change *that* to *those* in the following sentences:—

1. Hand me that leaf. Where did you get it?
2. That ox has long, sharp horns.
3. That knife has two blades.
4. Where is that potato?
5. That church is beautiful.
6. Has that toy chanse, red eyes?
7. Where was that house with the beautiful windows.
8. Did that large brigade grow in our garden? I did not see it there.
9. Little Jack carried the sheaf of wheat to the barn. It fell off the wagon.

How We Are Heated.

1. The institution is heated by. . . .
2. .....comes from heated.....
3. The.....is heated in huge.....
4. The.....are in the boiler-room.
5. .....is burned to heat the .....
6. The.....comes to our rooms through.....
7. We open a.....when we want more.....and close it when the room becomes too .....
8. We know how hot the room is, by looking at the.....
9. The.....in this room is hanging .....

Something Anything Nothing

1. Fred went to the carpenter shop. He watched the men work, but he did not make ——.
2. John and Tom went down town. John bought ——, but Tom did not buy ——.
3. Alice felt —— crawling on her arm.
4. A woman heard —— flying around the room one night. She thought it was a bat.
5. A boy heard —— behind the radiator. He went to see what it was, but there was —— there.
6. William was sick one day. He did not eat —— for dinner.
7. A blind man cannot see ——.
8. A blind man sees ——.
9. A boy found —— on the sidewalk.
10. A baby cannot make ——.
11. A little boy wanted —— to play with but his nurse would not give him ——.
12. There is —— on the window sill.

Can You Answer These?

What is a sled made of?
What is a foot ball made of?
What are scissors made of?
What are bottles made of?
What are envelopes made of?
What is a letter written on?
What are coats made of?
What are the desks made of?
What is candy made of?
What is bread made of?
What are birds nests made of?
What is a ring made of?
What are cups and saucers made of?
What is the floor made of?
What are windows made of?
What are your shoes made of?
What are spoons made of?
What are dishes made of?
What are hammers and saws made of?
What are rubber bands made of?
What are skates made of?

Nationalities.

A person who lives in America is called ——.
A person who lives in England is called ——.
A person who lives in France is called ——.
A person who lives in Scotland is called ——.
A person who lives in Canada is called ——.
A person who lives in Mexico is called ——.
A person who lives in Ireland is called ——.
A person who lives in China is called ——.
A person who lives in Japan is called ——.
A person who lives in Spain is called ——.

Dick and the Apple.

Poor Dick! He cannot walk now. He is in bed.

Last Friday afternoon he climbed a tree. He got a large red apple. He fell from the tree and broke his leg.

When did Dick break his leg?
Do you think he cried?
Who heard him?
Who carried him into the house?
Who came to see him?
Where is Dick now?
Can he go to school now?
How old do you think Dick is?
Where do you think he lives?

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Good Night and Good Morning.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see.
Then soon-dried her work and folded it right,
And said "Dear work, good night! Good night!"

Such a number of maids came over her head
Crying "Caw, caw," on their way to bed,
She said as she watched their curious flight,
Little black things, Good night! Good night!"

The sweet-peas nodded and the roses leant,
The daisies shut their eyes,
Then she rose to say her simple prayer,
Said "Good night!" Good night! Good night!"

She did not go to the sea, the child,
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head
The violets curtsied and went to bed,
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on knees her evening prayer

And while on her pillow she softly lay
She knew nothing more till it was day
And all things said to the beautiful sun
"Good morning" good morning" our work is begun

Baron Houghton.

The Boys' Last Night.

BY SUSAN RUSSARD MARTIN

It was the last day in college, and the three students who had spent the two years largely together were up in Guy's room.

Tomorrow they would go their separate ways. All three were fine musicians, playing the violin equally well. Many happy times they had had together

It is the last evening. Let us remember the boyey Miss Norton," suggested Tom picking up his violin.

"I'd like to call up the pretty Smigson girl, replied Ben, "she likes our music.

Harold did not answer

He was a tall, athletic young fellow, with a pair of earnest, handsome eyes. Everyone loved Harold

They are both fine fellows, he answered slowly, "and at either home we would have a good time but, boys, there will be plenty of people to dance attendance upon them.

I think," his tone sobered a little "I think we could give more real happiness to quite another direction."

"What direction?" asked Guy curiously

He knew Harold.

Harold stood up. His face was thoughtful

"You both know Mrs. Wright, who has done our washing for four years. Well, she is old and poor, and terribly crippled with troubles. It's our last chance to do anything more for her. I know where she lives. We could go there one after our clothes. It's a poor little place. The paint is all off the outside, and it's mighty poor inside. Let's go out there tonight and take our violins. Well play some old old pieces and some of our new ones for her. The lovely Miss Norton and the charming Simpson girl will have forgotten our efforts in a week, but Mrs. Wright will remember them as long as she lives"

"Oh, I say, now," demurred Ben. Guy's face, too, did not look encouraging.

"Come now, be good fellows, I'm sure you won't be sorry.

And so Ben and Harold had his way

There had been a big washing that day and the room was very hot. She would miss her boys, too. She always called them that, and she would not see them again. She would not be able to get to the college in time Somehow her heart was heavy.

Why was it so many people had so little pleasure and so many burdens? Her shoulders ached with the pain of the day's work. Life was hard, so hard. The tears fell slowly down her wrinkled cheeks. She was so lonely—so alone.

And then three tall young figures stood in the open door, for it was summer time.

"Good evening," they said, and somehow the poor little washerwoman for the moment forgot her troubles. The gleam of the young and friendly eyes was unexpected. In a few words they told her that they had come to make a little music for her and to bid her good-bye. And then they took one out down and began to play.

Somehow—they could not have told why—they played as they had never done before. Each player with the touch of genius in that humble little room with its rude walls, its plain furnishings.

The little washerwoman sat in her old chair, her hands clasped. She had forgotten all about her rheumatism and her poverty and her innumerable washing days. The boys were playing her into an enchanted land where everything was new and beautiful and altogether lovely, and where, for the first time, she was permitted to enter. How good God was to give her such a joy as this! She would never complain again.

The boys played on.

One by one people of the humble neighborhood had gathered about the place. They were not used to such music as that.

They, suddenly, it was all over.

The boys arose. Each one took the small, hard hand that for four years had washed his clothes. Harold was saying in his cheerful fashion, "It is not good-bye altogether, Mrs. Wright, for I shall send you a card now and then to find out how you get on."

They were silent as they walked along in the bright moonlight.

Guy broke the stillness.

He still saw the rapt look on the washed face

"I paid, didn't it?" he said.

Ben looked up at the stars.

Something new and strange had crept into his soul that night the desire to be a better fellow and less selfish.

"I should say it did," he answered soberly.

Harold put an arm around each of his two friends.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

And in the room they had just left a humble washerwoman had been ushered into a new world. The days would be hard, the labor would be heavy, but the memories of their coming and the music would alive and transform the dull routine of her life. Some one cared and for her. And because of her hitherto gray world had blossomed as the rose.

The Union Brigade.

(Translated from the French.)

"We never had such a good time in our lives!" said Harry to his mother that night. "And won't Thad feel like a king! It has been a good lesson for us, Jerry Hawley said he had learned to be ashamed of his rude boyish ways, and I know I have my part and soul—to help other people. Jay Layton, who never has a home in the world, we had a chance to find a home to-day, rate worker.

"The pride must be awful tired, for I tell you they worked like sellers, and many of them never did such a thing before.

"That little Angelina Tate that I told you the other day was sewing and but a little dressed-up doll baby, she was a busy girl! She knew how to use as quick as a flash to sew. I don't make fun of her again, since I've seen her work to-day.

And Harry went, weary but whistling, to his bed, and as his light went out his mother heard:

"Rah, Rah, Rah, for the Union Brigade!"

The following Saturday was necessary to have her well to-day, we are going to let you have company," said his nurse, by way of preparing Thad for the coming brigade.

His face brightened at her words, for there are days when the little lad is very eager, restless heart of the boy who had been so full of work, grew lonely and needed sympathy, and to-day there are came to see friends in his ward he might have a great deal of pain to have someone to come and see a fellow.

But who was there to be coming to see him, he wondered.

The nurse propped him up against the pillows so that he could see from the entrance to the ward. He had not long to wait before he filled all his cheer with Professor Van Fleet and Harry.

"You may stay half an hour," said the nurse, smiling kindly.

What a full, happy half an hour it was! Thad was told of the success of his field of onions, and of the work of the Union Brigade, how his eyes shone!

But when Professor Van Fleet told him of the check placed in the bank to his name, to help the fund for bringing the mother and sister across the sea. Thad was not the only one who broke down and cried for love and gladness.

When Harry repeated their visit at home that night, he added, "Thad says it does help and will be a great deal harder than ever. He is going to be a surgeon. And if he does, he'll be a great one, you can count on that, for you know whatever Thad sets out to do, he does well. He says he wants to be able to help others poor fellows who get used up as he was."

It is not ease, but effort; not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is perhaps no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome, before any decided measure of success can be achieved.—Samuel Smiles.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
Went.—6.14 a. m.; 4.25 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.29 p. m.; 4.25 p. m.
East.—2.45 a. m.; 6.30 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 1.05 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.; 10.30 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—8.30 a. m.; 12.10 a. m.; 6.05 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot

publish reports of meeting a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. •Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

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TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in Toronto:—

Sabbathia Mission Hall, 31 Alice Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Baptist Tabernacle, 130 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class, every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Sabbathia Mission Hall.

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday evening at 8 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. J. E. Burns, Secretary, 32 Beverley St.
Mr. F. Brennan, Secretary-pro, 88 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CABMAN,
BELLEVILLE.

PARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the INSTITUTION or calling for LAMBERT, THE CABMAN, will find him at the Institution every train, will collect after, and deliver to any part of the city. Leave orders at the Institution or at my residence, 10 Bridge St. Parties visiting the Institution or calling for W. LAMBERT, THE CABMAN, will find him at the Institution.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

IT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE KNOWN of persons who read this paper and see the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are of suitable age to attend school. Also of persons concerning the institution and its work, who may be ignorant of what means are provided for the education of the deaf.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THIS PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind, of Ontario, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

HOURS.—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which time pupils attend to toilet. Preparatory classes dismissed at 12 o'clock.

HOUR AT WHICH PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be classified, the roll called and order observed. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of the Province. The instructors are not to be in their respective classes in the morning until after the opening of the chapel exercises.

EVENING STUDY FROM 7 to 8 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday for senior pupils from 7 to 8 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 3 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m.; Church of England Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations at liberty to attend respective churches whenever desired by the parents to change.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER CHRISTMAS, Rev. G. W. Beamish, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Dymond, (Methodist); Rev. J. Ferguson, (Methodist); Rev. J. A. Ford, (Baptist); the Incumbent, (Anglican).

SUNDAY CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.15; Intermediate pupils, Miss Lizzie Mc Gregor-Superintendent. Mr. Ford, Miss Ford and Miss Teachers—Mr. Imlie, Miss Lizzie, Miss Ida Imlie, Miss Ethel Imlie, Miss Lizzie Mc Neil, Miss Imlie.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on the same morning from 9.15 to 10.30 and 10.30 to 11 from Rev. Father Lennon. Teachers, Mr. Ingram and Miss McArdle.

ST Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit the deaf at home.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, from 2.30 to 4 p. m. Tuesday and Friday, 1.30 to 3. Monday afternoon each week, from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, from 2.30 to 4 p. m. Tuesday from 2.30 to 3.30 for senior pupils who attend school. On Friday afternoon, from 2.15 to 4, to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 3.30 p. m. each Saturday. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Printing office and shops will be closed all noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS—Every afternoon from 12 to 1 hour.

THE SEWING ROOM—Hours are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school in the afternoon; 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday.

ST The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Class are closed on holidays and when work comes in a storm and cannot be delivered.

ST Pupils are not to be excused from the various classes or industrial departments, except on account of sickness, without permission from the Superintendent.

ST Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow children from their homes to visit or interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Sundays, except by order of the Head. The Institution for visitors on ordinary school days is from about 9 o'clock a. m. to noon-day.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents accompany with them to the Institution, they are kept by rail and not in longer and pressing inconvenience to the Institution. The inconvenience for all concerned, particularly the pupil, is very great. The pupil is separated from his or her home and friends, and the child will be quite happy with the others in a few hours. In some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is our benefactor to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It prevents home sickness and gives the pupil a feeling of confidence in the parents. Parents are requested to write frequently to the pupils, and to encourage them to write frequently to their parents. Parents are requested to visit the Institution. Good accommodation can be had in the city at the Albion Hotel, Fry's House, Argyle Association Hall, and other boarding houses.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to send all clothing and other articles necessary for the comfort of their children to the superintendent. All clothing should be plainly marked. Neither parents and officers or employees under any circumstances are allowed to give children money upon such occasions. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence.

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent by the matron or superintendent. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTER FROM ONE OR BOTH PARENTS, no pupil will be allowed to go home.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be employed in the various industrial departments and may write whenever they wish; letters to be left unsealed and addressed to the persons who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wants.

Very kind correspondence from friends may be addressed to pupils by the parents, and letters will be allowed to be sent to and from except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise good cures and specifications for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Parents should consult reputable physicians only.

Any further information desired will be cheerfully given by the Superintendent, and he should be consulted by parents in all matters connected with the treatment and education of the pupils.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

1910—

1911

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
J. M. COUGHLIN, M.D., ... Superintendent.
W. COCHRANE, ... Bursar.
W. W. BOYCE, M.D., ... Physician.
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY ..... Matron.

Teachers:
D. C. CAMPBELL, M.A., MISS SYLVIA L. HALES.
(Head Teacher) MISS ADA JAMES.
W. J. C. CAMPBELL, MISS A. M. BURKE.
JAMES G. HALES, B.A., MISS FLORENCE MCCABE.
JOHN C. STEWART. MISS ISABEL MCARTHUR.
H. L. DOBLE. MISS MARGARET EYRE
MISS S. TREMAYNE. MISS C. DARNELL.
MISS M. CRAWFORD. MISS L. E. FALCK.
MISS FLORENCE CRAIG.

H. L. DOBLE, Teacher Manual Training.
MISS MARY BOYD, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS E. VANDAL, Teacher of Domestic Science.

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr. Ingram.

MISS K. A. MACDONALD, Superintendent of Nurses.
JOHN T. BURNS, Superintendent of Boys.
C. H. RUSH, Superintendent of Shoemaker.
ALEX MORRISON, Shoemaker.
W. S. MAHER, Overseer of Boys.
URIAH J. PEPPER, Engineer.
MISS L. DEARDARD, Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.
JOHN DONOHO, Night Watchman.
MISS MAUD TIZZARD, Assistant Nurses and Instructress in Home Nursing.
J. N. BOYD, Monday Helper.
WILLIAM H. LAMB, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, under 21 years of age, who are deaf, dumb, or partially deaf, mute, or semi-mute from congenital causes, or who may become deaf mutes from accidental causes during the course of such years.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be received as pupils. The regular term of admission is seven years, with a session of nearly ten months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $100 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT of board can board with the Institute free.

At the present time the leader of Printing, Shoemaking, Blacksmithing and Baking are taught as well; the female pupils are instructed in Dressmaking, Household Management, Cooking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Fancy Work as they desire. Work is not to be considered. Manual Training is given to boys from the Primary Department, for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will attend the meeting of the Liberal forces offered by the Government for their consideration and instruction.

At the Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information desired, or applications for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

J. M. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS ARE SENT TO and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail messengers leave every 15 minutes for either east, west or south to all U.S. p. o. and at 4 p. m. to each day mentioned excepted. The passengers do not, however, call for mail on Sundays, and all mail matter at post office for delivery, by any one, leaves the room to be by messenger.

Which Loved Mother the Best?

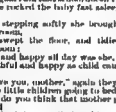
"I love you, mother," said little John,
Then forgetting his words, his cap
went on.
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her word and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Nay Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can
tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half a
day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went
to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I will help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep.
So she rocked the baby fast asleep!

Then stepping softly she brought the
broom,
And swept the floor, and tidied the
room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child can be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?



The Mischief Boy.

Miss Daly, in the "Christian Instructor."

"There's that awful red headed boy in a fight!" The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

"Young man," she addressed the owner of the red baby, "this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last." She marched the pair leading boys to the principal's office.

In the meanwhile, a red head had appeared at an upstairs window; one glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation, and the head disappeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!" The sharp voice was pitched as to enter the principal's ear, and penetrate to his inner mind heart, sounding in advance a righteous judgment on the redheaded culprit.

He waited, boys. What grade are you in?" The red-headed boy looked up.

"Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine." The sharp voice had resplendent still.

"Did you attack this boy first?"

"With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say 'with your hands?' Because he attacked the first with his tongue?"

The principal looked at the other boy, who was not in his grade.

There was a tap on the door. "Come in!" called the principal; and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of the red head, but then took to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed because he remembered the fight he had the previous year; and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him. How she had told him that God had made both their heads red; how life had numbered each of those red hairs; how that it did not just happen to be red, but that God had permitted it to be that color; and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now," to the black, drooping head, "how did you attack this boy with your tongue?"

Both boys' faces got redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please Miss McClain, go out! then you can come back when we holler." came.

The blue eyes looked bewilderingly into the principal's face. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously: Miss McClain laughed merrily

"Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, it's something about red heads. You see Pat is so sensitive on the subject, that he can't realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Ernest, just speak the truth, for I'm sure you only looked more ashamed of himself."

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. "He called him a red headed, freckled-faced Dutchman, I suspect. Was that it, Pat?

"Ask him." Pat Dillon nodded his reddened towards Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of tears of shame, to his teacher's intelligent face—and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

"Professor," he stammered. "I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and thought he was still reading after she told him to get out the light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from the hall. I said I didn't think her action it was, until—until Miss McClain came in."

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

"I'm glad you told! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell "that made it red, before I fought with you, and I forgot to-day; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her, and they all be licked."

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

"Now shake hands with each other! Pat, I'm glad you told, but I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, as I can promise you to Miss McClain's room. I think you should soon learn to appreciate red hair.

"Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. Shake on both go.

"Oh, I do hope you can promote him, Miss McClain," she knew I first noticed him in school, we've had a queer sort of understanding. I'm sure we could have a great deal of such talks."

"I sincerely hope he will be promoted!" sighed the teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and fruit the day he entered Miss McClain's room—and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He began to be laughing her name sake because, when she looked up to select some one, a pair of eager blue eyes begged for her service.

The principal watched with interest the changing of the red-headed boy, by the tactful, intelligent, red-headed teacher.

Miss McClain has the best behaved grade in the school. I've taught it myself one senior to another, and wonder whom she met in the hall, on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

"I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys for the first time; ten to thirteen years are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches come on suddenly.

"Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's a treasure."

The nervous senior found the report to be true, and everything had gone on smoothly until the arithmetic class was studied, the eight pupils were at the board when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

The fire drill proclaimed the senior excitedly.

"Fire, fire, fire!" shouted a voice in the street below.

The senior sprang from her seat and rushed out on the platform. Pat raced down the aisle, caught her in his arms, and hurried her back to Miss McClain's desk

Interest in Pat's movements had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number her of charge, commanding tone. The grade responded mechanically, but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall, and saw the whirling heat fires struggling desperately to control themselves, and the crowded lines of escaping girls, and excited boys, she hesitated.

Ernest, lead the line!" commanded Pat, and every one looked to the one in front?

From the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade leading their lawful place next the wall. A line too remained to be broken, they came on past him, and in their rear came a red headed boy, dragging an unconscious senior.

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher had preserved the discipline of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it and was proud of her red-headed boy.

His Change of Mind

They were on their way home for vacation, the college year was over.

"No more rest for us!" puffed a wheezy, portly passenger from behind the "Limited Mail" Two enthusiastic, merry girls entered the car. "If these a few days' holiday mean anything for a crowd of boisterous young animals they call its mothers undergoing the process of moving, laughing girls. Vol the one ejaculations, too, nothing more definite. Lalla! can't you control you such talkative, laughing girls possess it's well, typewriter pretty well to experience it.

All unconscious were Mary Norris and Lalla Bigelow of the prettiest mannequins behind The Daily News.

As they to speed on many pairs of the evening boughs were eagerly discussed the mountain trip the company of the "first persons at Hayden Point, and three, more serious by the country sailing. Mary was pre-occupied all the mother.

Once The Daily News dropped from the hands of its owner, immediately it was caught up again as though he had not left it. It was both true, for, to himself, an interest in the plans of the laughing girls across the aisle

Lalla was unable to control, he said, as he returned to the stock columns.

At a little wayside station a tall waif of a building a purely-laid woman entered the car. The tear-stained face told its own story. She was following the last of her little family to its resting place amongst the hills.

"She's mine," whispered Lalu, and, taking the baseline and that small face of flowers from the woman's hands, she gently deposited them in the overhead rack. With a look of infinite encouragement and a sympathetic press of the hand, the stranger realized that she was not alone, for she had found a friend.

"Mine," said Mary to herself, as a wonderful smile flew from behind the train. Almost immediately the tired mother was relieved of the care of her many bread save the baby, and he was fast asleep in the seat facing his own relations with the girls in front.

And so through the entire day, old and young were made comfortable and happy by the thoughtfulness of these two merry girls, and as the train stopped at dusk and they alighted, the reader of The Daily News went over to the window and peered out.

"Glad bless them!" he exclaimed, reverently. "There can be merry, talkative, and laughing Christians—and they're the best kind, too!"

Your Mission.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold or silver,
Ever ready to commend,
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep:
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear, to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it everywhere.

Selected.

A Child's Prayer Answered.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to us a short time since, by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the city of New York on one of the coldest days in February.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a show-shop in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quickly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so wearnestly in that window?"

"I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied: "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings.

Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head said; "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"—*Baptister.*

Until the Pitcher is Perfect.

Out of the pottery over a young man was taking a beautiful piece of work. To the ordinary eye it was very nearly perfect in form, in coloring and in all its workmanship. But the young man who had made it saw another thing of imperfection about the pitcher, beautiful as it was. With the pretty things in his hands he stepped to the door. There was a crash. The lovely pitcher fell to the ground, a little heap of broken fragments.

"Why did you do that?" someone who stood by asked. "I thought it a most excellent piece of work."

It was not the best I could do! I never could be satisfied with it! Now I am going to make a better one!"

Then Josiah Wedgwood went back to do his best. Today the world prizes the Wedgwood pottery most highly for its beauty and perfection. The young man, who was not satisfied with anything but the best, put himself back of his work. From a humble workman he rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers of pottery and in his chosen line of work. But never would he permit a piece of inferior pottery to go from his factory. Those who wished for him knew it would be of no use to try to let poor pieces slip through.

"That never will do for Josiah Wedgwood," they would say. "He should come into his hands he would only break it to pieces and perhaps discharge us."

Yonder is a young carpenter at work Watch him a moment as he places his square across the end of a board and marks the line the saw is to follow in cutting it. Close against the edge of the board he brings one tongue of his square. He knows that the slightest variation here will give him a leaning line and spoil the fitting of the saw, for the board will not fit perfectly into the place for which it is intended. With steady hand he draws the pencil toward him, pressing hard against the other tongue of the square. Standing up, he looks the work over. Is the line true? Nothing else will do for this man, for in it he has way to the master carpenter's place. Every mark must be perfectly true, every cut of the saw as straight as a die, every mortise exactly on the mark.

Up to the well-trained ear of the locomotive engineer of the fast express comes the grating of a piece of metal, another metal bearing. The piston is working hard. Slight as the noise is he catches it and knows that the piston is wearing itself to pieces. Leaping from his place, he seizes an oil can and drops a little stream on the wearing metal. A smile lights up his face as he listens for the sound that disturbed him a moment ago and does not hear it.

But why not let the steel wear? It is only a little way on to the end of the run, where another engineer will relieve the young man? Does he need to do so much? Listen to his answer: "I am working for the best place on this road. I must turn my engine over at the round-house in the best possible condition. I shall not be satisfied until I can do my work perfectly!"

In a great factory where broom work is done an old man is polishing the surfaces of a beautiful door. Over and over again he pushes his polishing tools on the already smooth surface. No sooner is he done with the last one over, than he goes back and begins it all over again. Every spot and place on the door is touched and retouched, and you can see, even with your unskilled eye, that each time over leaves the door more beautiful.

"But how can you tell when to stop?" you ask the old man. There is a smile on his face as he says: "We just keep at it till there is nothing more we can do."

It is the keeping at it that counts. Josiah Wedgwood could not make a perfect piece of pottery at-first. The young carpenter made many a wrong mark on the board before he reached the master mechanic's bench. For years the ambitious engineer toiled on until at last he stood at the head of his profession.

Whatever we do, the polishing must go on and on and on, over and over again, until the beauty of perfection at last appears in our work.

And, best of all, as we put ourselves into our everyday work, earnestly, patiently, whole-heartedly, the lines of our characters come out more and more clearly. Life must have the chiselling and the painstaking and the patience, but the end is so glorious that our hearts rejoice and are glad that we have been thus faithful.—*The Classmate.*

To Hold It.

Thirty years ago in a poor schoolhouse in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy looked down his case, and made no answer. But next day he did not miss a word in the spelling. The brighter scholars in the class knew they might be called to go ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an industrious pupil before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" said the master.

"I study every word in the lesson, and get mother to hear them at night. Then I go over them every morning before I come to school. And I go over them again at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master; "that's the way to have success. Always work that way, and you will do."

Dave is to-day manager of a big hardware company, and he attributes his start to the words, "Go up head, and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

Success may sometimes come unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it. —*Christian Endeavor World*

A Horse Which Can Count.

A few months ago "Our Dumb Animals" offered prizes for the best true animal stories its readers would send. Among the prize-winners was this story about a dapple-gray draft horse, and his owner. "He was strong on arithmetic and never made a miss when it came to counting. On one occasion my father had purchased six hundred boxes of tin plate, which were being unloaded from a steamer at a wharf in Halifax.

Twenty boxes made a load. Victor very quickly became familiar with the amount that he was to draw each time at each trip, and the moment the twentieth box was placed on the express team he would start off without any word or sign from the driver.

"One day the man loading the team saw Victor begin to move away with what he supposed to be one box short of a load. He stopped the horse. To make sure, however, the boxes were counted, when it was discovered that the driver had made the mistake. Victor was perfectly correct in his calculation, as a full twenty boxes proved."

Of course, suggests the New York *World*, the professor who reports about boys with piano stools uses an upright piano.

Talking Without Speaking.

A gentleman and his wife in London had learned the deaf and dumb alphabet, and used to amuse themselves by spelling words on their fingers.

One night the gentleman was very busy and went away and told his wife that he was not coming home until very late. His wife set up a long time, and waited for him, but at last she concluded to go to bed. She did not sleep, because she was waiting and listening for her husband.

Suddenly she heard a loud sneeze behind the bed-board. There was a large sum of money in the house, and she knew that there was a robber behind the bed. She trembled and feared that he would kill her. She shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

The robber came out from behind the bed and said, "You need not pretend to be asleep—I know you are awake. Tell me where the money is."

The lady opened her eyes, and there stood the robber with a great club in his hand. She pointed to the closet and said, "The money is there." The robber went to the closet and began to open the door. Just then he heard somebody coming up the stairs. He stopped opening the door and rushed back behind the bed again. He said to the lady, "If you speak one word to your husband I will kill you! I am here I will kill you." Pretty soon the gentleman came into the room, looking at his wife he saw that she was very pale. He said, "What is the matter?" She said, "I have a headache." Then she spelled with her fingers, "There is a robber behind the bed." Her husband said, "I do not have a cup of tea, I will ring for the servant." He rang for the servant, and then he stuck the poker into the fire and said, "It is very cold. You must have more fire." When the servant came in, the gentleman spelled to his wife, "Jump" and she sprang out of bed and ran into the next room. The gentleman took the poker out of the fire and then said to his servant bravely, "Thomas, there is a man behind the bed. Do you think this red hot poker will help him out?" The robber then came out at once and begged the gentleman to let him go! But the gentleman and servant bound him and took him to the police. The robber said to the gentleman, "How did you know I was behind the bed? I know your wife did not tell you for I was close to her and she did not speak a word."

The Cup of Water.

Once upon a time a brave soldier was badly wounded in a battle. This soldier was an officer; I think he was a captain. He had fallen from his horse, and lay on the ground suffering very much from his wound and also from thirst.

Some of his soldiers, who dearly loved him, found him lying there, and asked him what they could do for him. "Give me some water, if you please," said he, "for I am very thirsty." They brought him some water in a tin cup.

As he was about to put the cup to his lips, he saw a poor soldier, who was lying on the ground by his side, looking at it. This poor man, too, was badly hurt, and suffering from thirst. He was looking at the water eagerly, wishing that he too, could have a drink.

The officer, without touching a drop of the water, handed the cup to this soldier, saying, "Take it, friend; you need it more than I."

You may like to know the name of this good, brave man, who thought of others before he thought of himself. It was Sir Philip Sidney.

"The church is a shelter for the sinner, but not for his sins."

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written November 23rd.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

On Nov. 23rd, Muriel Kennedy celebrated her birthday and we wished her many joyful returns of the same. Some of her birth. She got some nice presents from her friends here whom she will remember when they become separated.

Two Sundays ago the Methodist pupils went to Holloway Church in West Belleville. During the service some of the older girls recited the hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" very soothing. Nora Toll and Ada Kerr recited in signs the hymn: "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me." Little Clarice Ford recited in signs the hymn: "The Child's Prayer." Mr Stewart interpreted the sermon. L.t.tis

On the 12th inst. the girls in our class went to the city with Miss Rose and her sister to make some purchases. Miss Harwood visited us in the room and we gave her our thanks for her kind thoughtfulness.—M. Mason

On the morning of Nov 16th, after supper, Miss Desmarai told some of us to go out to see the eclipse of the moon. We did and it was a fine sight. The eclipse was caused by the earth passing between the sun and the moon and casting its shadow over the latter —E Nelson.

We had a visit to our class room on Nov. 16th by the Rev Dr Bishop of Belleville, and Mr. Murray, also a Japanese missionary. The latter gave a very interesting address about his home in Japan, and his interesting work in Corea. We were much pleased with the address, and gave him our thanks.—W. Kliz.

Time is passing rapidly and it will be only four weeks till Christmas. All the senior girls are actively employed sewing fancy work, and buying articles to send as Christmas presents to their friends at home. The children will be sent home to Alexis Creek from Victoria on his visit. On that joyful occasion the senior pupils will try to make their visit comfort and pleasant.—E. Rolk.

A friend of Mr Coleman and Mr. and Mr. Ralks, named Mr Sadler, from the South I seen in many years. me for an hour or so from a few days. I gave us an interesting address about Mr Coleman was born, but we don't know him, and when he told him his name, he was very much astonished and delighted. He did not stay here long, because he had to go to Toronto on the next train, on business. We all find in him to stop over at Belleville to visit his old friends. M. Edwards.

One night not long ago one of our girls undertook her face to make white color, and was lying on the bed to make the girls think she was dead. Some girls, going from the study room to the dormitory at 9 o'clock, saw her, and one of the girls asked what was the matter, but she would not tell. They believed that she was dead and sympathized with her. We soon discovered that she was playing a trick to deceive us. We enjoyed the joke very much.—Iva Hughes.

MR. STEWART'S CLASS.

—I read in the *Globe* that four people were drowned at the Soo. Their names were Frederick Lee, aged 2; Cecil Brandt, aged 17; Reginald Levi, aged 18, and John Sherwood, aged 55. Three other men were saved after travelling in a boat in the river. The water was rough and the waves filled the boat and it sank.—G. W. Golds.

—We went to the chapel on Sunday afternoon and Mr. Stewart lectured about "Consider the Lilies." He told us that it is easy to destroy a flower, it is easy to destroy a character and it is easy to destroy a life. He had two flowers with him to illustrate the lesson.—A. Pappan.

—I received a letter from my aunt Mary and I was surprised to hear that she had visited Ottawa and Montreal with her husband to see his mother and sisters. She enjoyed herself very much, they were so kind to them down there. They arrived home safely the next Friday after noon. My aunt sent a little box of presents to Bella and me and we were very much pleased to get them. She is always very kind to us.—Eleanor Whyte.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—I read in a Montreal newspaper that a great many Indians had smallpox. About ninety-three Indians died.

—There was cholera in Italy, Turkey and Manchuria. There were about forty-eight people who had sickness and some of them died. There were eighteen cholera cases in St. Petersburg.—Dorothy S. Hazlitt.

—Count Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is dead.

—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, was sixty-nine years of age last Sunday. He received telegrams of congratulation from King George V; Lord Minto, Bolin, the Premier of South Africa, and from many other prominent men in the British Empire.

Christmas Day is approaching. When it was snowing a few days ago many little pupils thought it was Christmas Day.—Eddie Fishburn.

Last week, Rev Mr Murato, a preacher from Japan, came here to the Methodist Church. We were pleased to hear that he had been preaching to the Japanese, himself. He is now living in Toronto.

Mr Campbell told us that a lady whom he knew in Belleville, went to Japan last month as a missionary. She has a friend there, and she also told us about her. It is a long time since she left Belleville.

Some of the views or scenes which I bought from England. They are call ed Rainbow, and Wade. The Rainbow is in England, and the Wade is in Halifax. We can see pictures of the Rainbow and the Wade in the views. I think the people of Canada are proud of them because they can help the people who are in need.—E. Richard.

November 23rd was Muriel Jean's birthday. She got a lot of presents. Some of the girls had presents before breakfast. She thought they were very much. She said that she a solid gold ring which was given to her by her mother. She also got a brooch from her brother and she also got one from her sister. She also got a fountain pen that have a writing tablet in it. She also got a watch and she said that she would be very happy.—Ethel Hughes.

—Some of the girls had their photographs taken by the gas friends. Mr. Richardson.

My teacher, Mr. Campbell told me that some of the girls had their photographs taken by the gas friends. The Rainbow and The Wade. The Rainbow is in Esquimalt, B. C. and the Wade is in Halifax, N. S.

—I got a long letter from my sister a few days ago. She said that my brother's wife has a new baby baby and she said that from brother and she have a new cottage. It is cute to have a new cottage. We have a to wait ages as I will have with them next summer.

We went to the chapel last Saturday evening and Miss Hunter explained to us about Spurgeon. She was very much delighted with her lecture. B Pedlock.

—I got a long letter from my friend Alena Farell. She said that it snowed a few days ago and that it did not use it for long. She went on the side of the hill and the girls and boys skated on them.

Alena Farell said that she saw my brother, Amey, on Sunday. She said on Sunday before she wrote her letter I was in Belleville. I went to the rink beside Dorothy Young on Sunday School.

I received a good card from my brother, Gerald. He said that he would go home next Christmas. He said that Billy my parents will be very glad to see him.—Muriel Kennedy.

Miss Linn took some girls for a walk and they saw a new black school house.

Ethel Hough invited some other girls and me to go to see the moving pictures at the Empire. They were nice. They were about a convention and a Jewish husband.—M. Kennedy.

Some of our Methodist pupils went to Church on the 23th November. We enjoyed ourselves there. We were glad to go to church in the city. I saw Mr. Minto and his wife, his son-in-law and his son and daughter. I saw also my mother and sister and I stayed at his place last Easter.—E. Hartley.

—Phoebe Stepp was real glad to get a box from home on the 21st of November. She was anxious to see what the things in it were. She found some things in a paper and thought it was money. She was fooled. It was some slices of a raw potato. Her father read it. It was a joke last year. She laughed about it and showed it to the rest of us.—L. Carpenter.

MR. HALIS' CLASS.

Some carpenters are working in the room. They are digging the trench for water pipes. And some automatic troughs in the barn for the cows to drink from. When a cow is not drinking the water is shut off. They save water and are easily kept in order. The ceiling and walls of the barn have also been white washed

Seven girls and six boys are learning to draw now. Mrs. Halis teaches them drawing every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock. We are drawing very well

Last Saturday afternoon E. Reid gave me and I many magazines as a chum reading-room. We went to the Empire House and stayed till four o'clock, when we came home. I went to the barn and milked two cows. I carried a pail of milk into the kitchen and this is most to supper.—J. McAdam

—Rev. Mr. Bishop called on November sixteenth with a young Japan ese student named Mr Murata. Mr. Murata showed us through the class rooms, shops, and buildings. Mr. Murata is going to become a Methodist minister. He will go back to Korea. We were also visited by Mr. J. D. Mc Donald, Sunday School superintendent of the Wesley School for the Deaf.

I got a letter from my mother and sister last week. My father had finished to get on. My father has a lot of grain to thresh. He can't get on. The crop were a good crop. My mother had had nearly all her pantry of fruit canned. She said the market for tomatoes, cucumbers, pickles and grass was very high. Other fruits are not so high. Two little colts were in the barn.—E. Thomas Hayes.

—Mr. Saunders is superintending a new school. We had three chambers a day and afternoon and three in the morning.

My aunt and I are about the same age. Her name is Mary Ann and mine is Beatrice. A few days after she got back from Ashcroft she had three days off and She left pretty early after she died. He wanted to go on his own home and could not get any food. He was so unhealthy. He was years old. Dicks

—Last Sunday two weeks I decided about three weeks ago and I thought I would go. So we got on our and after a while we came to the church. Then we went to Sunday school and then to the chapel. We were going to the grass and I and found the Then I thought that the would be a lot of fun. So I decided to go and find out the creek. I found it and went to the house and told them where she at the town and the wood. I took a pencil and I had to write. Lucie Beauchamp.

I saw two men walking on the road with their coats on the sunshine. Some of the squirrels and one made short work of the squirrels. I saw a big one in the shade and he was running into a hole in the ground. I saw some birds and some squirrels. I saw and it ate them up quickly.—Melville

I had my two weeks visit about a girl named Edith Smith whose mother lives in Ashcroft. She and Edith is walking on the road with after school. Edith and I went to the store. She was bright and I thought she had her and carried her to his home. He took her and had to answer. He took Edith to live with him as his daughter. He became rich. Many people thought that she was his own daughter. He told them that he found them in the woods. I know that he had them. I told this story on a black school paper.—F. Hartley.

Winter is approaching. Some boys put boards around the sides of the houses to keep the cold out, after dinner yesterday. We will skate on it in the winter afternoons and evenings. There will be no more electric lights on our rink. We will have a holiday on December twenty-sixth and will have a party in the evening. Some of our parents will come to the institution to visit the deaf-mute boys on Christmas Day.—H. Lawson.

My aunt Violet lives in Birthart, in Bailey River District, Ontario, and she wrote me a letter two weeks ago. She told me that my uncle, George Schnaebelen shot a deer the day before October fifteenth. He wanted me to stay in Bailey River to shoot some deer and moose but I wanted to come to Vancouver again last fall, because I must get an education. He is a little deaf. —Ewart Hall.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

I read this story as a book: A girl and her parents lived in a log house. Her parents went to see a friend one night. The girl was alone in the house. She saw an Indian coming, pulled down the blinds, and hid in a barrel of meal. The Indian could not see her. He took a bottle of wine and drank some. He was drunk. He fell on the floor and slept soundly. The girl's parents came home and put him in prison.—G. Holland

The Methodist pupils went to church last Sunday and some of the girls sang and some hymns. A little girl signed and recited a poem. A great many boys were crawling and mouse and mice looked fine. How nauseous Lucy Ford. She is the Indie Fords sister. She looks clever. Some persons seemed to hurt B. Watson

Miss Hunter visited the senior pupils into chapel and she told them a story about Spurgeon. He was a very brave man. He loved to preach. Many people were cruel to others. I would like to see them punished. It was many years ago.

Yesterday was Miss Reid's birthday and she got many presents from her dear relatives and friends. She had a good time of day. E. McDonald

Rev Dr. Bishop and Mr. Murray visited the Institution on Nov 16th. I was here on them around the room. Mr. Murray is a missionary. He came to the Institution to interest us in the Japanese mission in Corea. The Japanese are very polite.—E. Hartley.

Some snow—not much—fell during the Canadian Thanksgiving and they had a good time. Some Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Smith the Mrs. Reid. The pupils was to get to see the cars passing the Institution. Some pupils got visited on a pupils and all be glad to see the Institution —Dorothy Barnes

We saw an eagle. I am not a two nights ago

Some pupils in the new carpenters put them on the rink and they put them square

The rink is flood of

Some pupils went to the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church on Nov 16th. I was here on them around the room. Mr. Murray is a missionary. He came to the Institution to interest us in the Japanese mission in Corea. The Japanese are very polite.—E. Hartley.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910.

A Wonderful Machine.

A few days ago a number of our officers and teachers had the pleasure of witnessing a demonstration of the Burroughs Adding Machine, through the courtesy of Mr. D. W. Saxe, the Toronto representative of the company manufacturing it. All of us had heard of these machines but most had never seen one, and all were very much interested in its operation. It is simple in construction, easy to operate and almost unlimited in its possibilities and is a remarkable evidence of man's wonderful skill and ingenuity. It can add, subtract and multiply, and of course, always with absolute accuracy. There are 71 different Summation Machines, for handling all kinds of figures—tons, cwts., lbs., yards, feet, inches, hours, minutes, furlongs, etc. Some of our teachers were anxious to have a machine in her class-room, as there does not seem any other way of ensuring accuracy in the arithmetical operations carried on there.

There are many definitions of education, and many conceptions of its true purpose. The following, from an unknown source, seems to embrace the whole circle of highest attainments:

To teach the mind to think, the hands to work and the heart to love."

This would be an ideal motto for every teacher who desires the best for her pupils.

No life is entirely a failure that leaves the world better for having been lived in it. And of course no one ever achieves for no matter how much wealth a man may have accumulated or how much material success he may have achieved, he is a failure in the saddest and most pitiest sense, unless he has done something to uplift humanity and to bring joy to some human's heart.

The sympathy of the whole institution will go out to Prof. W. O. Connor in the great loss he had sustained through the death of Mrs. Connor, which occurred on Nov. 1. Prof. Connor has for forty-three years been the Principal of the Georgia School for the deaf, and during forty-two years of this period Mrs. Connor has been his loyal and devoted confidante in all his labors. For twenty years she was a successful teacher of the deaf, retiring from work about three years ago on account of ill-health, and during all her life there she always exerted a most beneficent influence upon the pupils of the school and upon those associated with her in the work.

HOME NEWS

Personals.

—We hear of snow falls in many parts but we have had little so far and it soon went away.

—Aggie Gilbert and Gertie Freeman have returned to school since last writing. They both look quite well. Gertie has almost recovered from the effects of a seriously wounded knee.

—Miss Hunter gave the pupils a nice lecture on a late Saturday evening. She is getting quite handy in the use of signs and we expect her to be much help to us in entertaining the pupils during the coming winter.

—Our bursar, Mr. Cochrane, was receiving congratulations Wednesday, 30th ult. Another little baby boy arrived at his home to fill up the ranks of those who have left to take up their places in the world of business. He has four boys in a row now.

—Through a correspondent we regret to learn of the death of Mr. R. W. Willis, of Orillia, which took place in July last from typhoid-fever. He was a pupil here in the early eighties and leaves a wife and little daughter to mourn his loss. Shortly before his death he asked that a floral token of remembrance be sent to all at the institution.

—The boys have lined the edges of the skating-rink with old planks and the ice is getting to be fine. Quite a few got a steady freeze; they have also put up poles at each end and Mr. Peppin will also put up a few arc lights and electric lights very soon. We foresee a busy time for the carpenters to repair the windows of the work shops, as we expect a great improvement this year.

—The boys are taking much interest in their hockey and are out every hour all they can to get it ready for skating on when the frosty weather comes. A goal has been erected at each end of the rink for lighting purposes, and the surface of the ice is being made as even as possible. The hockey puck will then take the place of the foot-ball and will be ordered about the field.

—Through the courtesy of Mr. J. M. Hurley and Miss Hurley, our boys for a few days ago were graced with a beautiful display of chicken eggs sent in from the hatcheries at Point Anne, a few miles east of here. It is needless to say that all hands did justice to the eggs and the treat, for which we heartily thank the generous donors. These hatcheries are doing a good work by stocking our inland waters with millions of fish fry every year.

—Miss Linn was holding quite a reception in her class-room during recess one morning recently. It was her birthday and boys and girls were crowding in to congratulate her. On her desk was a beautiful plant in full bloom, the gift of one of her many friends. She tried to keep the secret away from being known, but our boys had a slight forewarning and were discovering a good work by stocking our inland waters with millions of fish fry every year.

—In less than four weeks, Christmas with all its joys, will be here. This season is looked forward to as the happiest time of the year at the Institution. Many friends remember us and we do not fear that he will forget us this year. He even forwards our boxes and parcels to our homes and the trainmen are only too glad to help us out in any way. We hope that Santa will send them early, so as to assist us in arranging them for distribution on Christmas morning.

Personalities.

—Miss Mason, of Hyde Park, spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Noyes.

—Mrs. Wardrope, of Belleville, accompanied by her daughters and Mrs. Forbes, visited some of the classes on Friday morning, the 18th inst.

—Mr. Sirota, native publisher of Japan, who is at present attending Victoria University, Toronto, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Bishop, visited at the Institution one morning recently.

—Mr. Alex. Lobsinger, formerly of the Northern Star office, Parry Sound, Ont., spent Thanksgiving in the city. He is now employed as a press feeder in Weyburn, Sask., and reports business in his town as being very good.

While in the city, Mr. Lobsinger invested part of his savings in a couple of lots in St. James.—Silent Echo.

—We congratulate our young friend, Harry Grouse, of the Toronto Postal Staff, on his good standing in the shooting competition of the "Postal Service Rifle Association" held lately. He stood third on the list with 82 points out of a possible 105, the leader having only 17 points ahead of him. His scores were:—at 500 yards, 25; 600 yards, 22; 650 yards, 22. Harry is only a little chap but he can hold up his end well.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Miss Stot's Class.

—I got a letter from my father yesterday. He gave me fifty cents to spend.—Catherine Hammond.

—I picked a flower off the window, it fell on the floor and broke. I ran to the green house and got a new flower pot. Miss Evoy put the flower in it.—Romeo Dallaire.

Miss Hunter's Class.

Dorothy Wardrope came to see us on Friday, November 18th. Her uncle and two sisters and Miss Forbes came with Dorothy. Dorothy lives in Belleville. Miss Forbes lives in Toronto.—E. Moore.

—Wednesday, November 16th, we went to the greenhouse. I pulled some weeds in the garden. I washed it. I gave some to Dr. Coughlin and Charlie Dr. Coughlin ate it for his supper. I went to church on Sunday, November 20th. I signed "Now I lay me down to sleep." Mr. Nunan gave me some candy. I said "Thank you."—C. Ford.

—Santa Claus will come Saturday night, Dec. 24th. He has white whiskers. We love him. I think he will give Dorothy a pair of skates.—P. Wiggins.

Miss McArdle's Class.

—I think we will get boxes at Christmas.—Miss Hunter told us a story in chapel Saturday night.—H. St. Amant.

—I think perhaps father and mother will come to see us at Christmas. I will lead mother to see the greenhouse and my pets. We will be glad at Xmas. I think the boys and girls will have fireworks to see us.—M. Smith.

—Today is Muriel Kennedy's birth day. We will give her presents and some girls. I will have a birthday in March.—Muriel. Miss McArdle talked to me through an outside receiving morning. I could hear a little.—Gertie Hoy.

Mr. Ingram's Class.

—Marion L. Powell's mother told her that the girls in Mr. Ingram's class to the Opera House in the city on Saturday afternoon, to see the moving pictures. I am sure we shall enjoy ourselves.—A. Kerr.

—Gladys Noyes got a letter from her mother the other day and she told her that the bank at Clinton was burned a few days ago, and some men lost $2000 in the bank. We are very sorry for the people who lost their money there. Perhaps some carpenters will build a new bank in place of the old one.—M. Elizabeth Lee.

—Last Tuesday I read in the newspaper that four men were drowned in Lake Superior, at Sault Ste Marie last Saturday. They were in a small, white boat, and a great storm came. The boat was upset and the men were drowned. I do not like to be on the water, because it is very deep, because a great storm might come, and I should be afraid.—A. T. Payne.

Mrs. Balls' Class.

—The pupils were glad to see it snowing last Tuesday. The days go fast now, weeks too. The pupils have a holiday Christmas Day. I hope to get a sleigh. Maybe my father will come to see us Christmas Day and visit the institution.—O. Lopez.

—Dr. Coughlin went to the barn and let looked at the clean cows yesterday. I took my white coat and overalls and went there too. We milked the cows and put the pails on the ground the morning. Mr. Lamb talked to Dr. Coughlin, he watched the boys milking.—J. Underwood.

I got letters from aunt, uncle and father. He told me I shall get a box from home. I was glad to hear from them. My father is sending a mull for Eleanor. He sent five cents in my letter. I thank him very much.—B. Whyte.

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

The Christmas season is again at hand. As usual, some of the pupils will be allowed to go home. We will, however, try to make this as happy and enjoyable a time as we possibly can for all at the Institution.

In order that we may succeed in this we must have the co-operation of the parents and friends. We shall have a delightful time on Christmas morning when the boxes, parcels and letters are distributed, but all that we can do will not make your child happy if he does not receive something from the loved ones at home. Please do not let YOUR child be overlooked on this happy occasion. Everyone can afford at least some inexpensive article for his child. Something from home is always highly prized.

All parcels and boxes should arrive here NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 19TH. Do not delay till the last minute, remember that it is often impossible for the express and post-offices to handle all the parcels that are dropped during the last two or three days before Christmas. Every year some presents are received too late for distribution on Christmas morning.

We especially request that all articles of clothing intended for Christmas presents be sent at least a week before. We imagine all clothing before it is given to the children and if such articles be not given a few days in advance they cannot be got ready for distribution on Christmas morning.

We have a few children whose parents are dead or too poor to send them anything. We hope that these will not be forgotten by well-to-do parents and friends. If anything is enclosed for these children in your box please notify the Superintendent, otherwise we will not know it is there. Any money sent direct to the Superintendent for this purpose will be very much appreciated and judiciously expended.

Address all parcels to the child, in care of the Institution for the Deaf, Belleville. All express charges must be prepaid ☞ THIS IS IMPORTANT

Members of the pupils families will be welcome visitors to the Institution at this season of all any other time, but WE CANNOT FURNISH MEALS OR LODGING. Good accommodation at reasonable rates may be obtained at the Hotel Quinte, Kyle House, Anglo-American, Dominion and Crystal hotels, and meals are provided at several good restaurants.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours Faithfully,
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.
Superintendent.

—We are on a fair road to a name in football circles. Our small boys are taking a very active part in kicking the ball about the play ground each afternoon and some of the smaller chaps are becoming quite expert kickers.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

RULE HERESON

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they have worked.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now at the school, and also with deaf mutes who have left at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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Fifty six cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. No subscriptions commenced at any time during the year fluent by money order postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless subscription is renewed. Look at the address on the wrapper at the time when the subscription runs out.

All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO

EDITORIAL STAFF

GEO. F. STEWART EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910.

Parents, Read This!

Christmas is approaching and no doubt most of the parents of our pupils are busy planning what they will give the boys and girls. We may be able to give them some useful hints along this line, as well as some information which, if acted upon, will help considerably in making our arrangements for promoting the children's happiness at this season.

Among presents for girls don't fail to include plenty of hair ribbons. These are always in demand, as are also handkerchiefs. Other useful presents are kimonas, bedroom slippers, rubbers, over-stockings, mittens, scarfs, aprons, toques and collars or ties. Both boys and girls are always anxious to have skates, so don't overlook these if yours have not already got a pair.

Of course most parents, besides these useful and necessary things, will want to include toys and sweetmeats, especially for the younger children. A doll is always a delight to a little girl, as is a mechanical toy to a boy. Don't go to extremes, however, in the way of candies and nuts. Most children eat almost continuously at such things until they are all gone, often to the serious detriment to their health.

Don't send jam, fruit, catsup, &c., in glass bottles. Every year we get one box or more in which such things have been sent, but which got broken on the way, often to the ruin or injury of other things. The children get as much of such things here as is good for them.

Send your present early. Everything should be in our hands not later than the 15th, and as much sooner as is possible. For a week before Christmas the post and express offices are so loaded up with presents that a delay of days sometimes occurs in delivery, so do not put this matter off till the last possible moment. Never a year passes without some pupils being disappointed because their presents arrived too late for distribution on Christmas morning. If you could be here and see how great that disappointment is you would make sure that it would never so happen with your child through any neglect or delay on your part.

A few of our pupils are orphans and the parents of some others are too poor to send them presents. In making up your box it would be a kindly act to include something for one of these, and thus exemplify the true Christmas spirit. Or if you prefer sending money for this purpose we promise you that it will be judiciously expended. If you enclose a present for some other child, don't fail to notify us that it is on be taken out of the box before Christmas morning.

Address all boxes and parcels plainly as per the following example:—John Smith, Institution for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont." This will practically ensure delivery. Then be sure to prepay all express charges. This is important. We never pay such charges at this end—if not prepaid your parcel will be returned to you by the express company

Pupils will not be allowed to go home for Christmas. If any children are taken away at that time they will not be allowed to return till after Easter. There is a good reason for this rule. It is impossible for a majority of the pupils to go home for Christmas—the distances are too great and the cost too much. If some went home, the others would be rendered discontented and unhappy, and, moreover, the work in the class-rooms would be greatly interfered with. Then if all, or a large number, went home some would be almost sure to bring back contagious diseases with them, as frequently did happen in years gone by before this rule was made. This does not lessen the length of time the child has to spend at home, as the commencement is made a month longer than for other schools to make up for the loss of the Christmas and Easter holidays. Of course it is a great deprivation for you not to have your child with you at Christmas, but this is one of the sacrifices we must make. We also fear that your child will be moping around on that day or will fail to have a good time.

We wish you could be with us on Christmas morning and share in the joys of the occasion, for more happiness is confined within the walls of this institution than can, we believe, be found in any other place of similar size in the country. All of the presents are piled up in a huge pyramid on a large platform in the middle of the girls' sitting-room. After the pupils have all assembled and a few words of greeting and good wishes exchanged, the presents are distributed to the boys and girls present, and then comes the delight of carrying the parcels and boxes to the dormitories and inspecting their contents; and a rare pleasure it is to witness the scene that follows, as all of our two hundred and fifty children exhibit to each other their love tokens from home. "All," did we say? Yes, not all, for always there are at least one or two wandering around with tear-stained faces—their disappointment enhanced by the prevailing joy—because their parents were careless and did not send their presents in time to be included in the Christmas morning celebration.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

Among the recent visitors to the MacKay were Mr. Norman Wilson and Mr. Harold Haldane, both of Ottawa. One of the teachers, Miss Booth, spent a few days in Ottawa on Institution business. Her school duties were undertaken pro tem. by Miss Myrtle Snowdon.

Tuesday, the 15th, our ever-welcome President visited the institution.

The pupils are indebted to their generous friend, Mr. D. W. Ross, for the donation of a large number of entertaining entertainables, also for tickets for the blind pupils and their teachers for Ross's Band Concert.

We are all pleased that dear little Glenn McNeish has sufficient recovered to take to the long journey home. At present writing all are in good health.

Service was held Sunday afternoon, the 13th, by Mr. Abner Kingman. He was accompanied by Mrs. Kingman, who sweetly sang two hymns for the blind. We were delighted to greet these kindly benefactors for the first time in many months. The pupils were also the recipients of valuable gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Kingman.

A pleasant and instructive talk was given Wednesday evening, the 16th, by another old friend, Rev. Ed. Bushel. Last Sunday service was conducted by Rev. John Lochhead, Presbyterian.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Allan Nahrgang and Mr. Eddie Forwell, of Berlin, were in the city on Nov. 12th and 13th, the guests of Theodore Law.

The reporter regrets he made a mistake in your last issue through wrong information. Miss A. Woods did not go on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. Boulding in Mount Forest as stated, but was just on the point of going when a telegram came to her from her relatives in Wyevale, where her mother had been visiting, asking her to come up there at once, her mother had taken seriously ill. Alberta at once gave up her intended visit of pleasure and hastened to her mother's bedside and, although their meeting was a loving one, it did not last long, for her mother gradually grew worse and finally passed away on Oct. 31st. She was in the 72nd year of her age. Miss Woods, who is now all alone, has the heartfelt sympathy of all her friends in her sad bereavement.

Mrs. John McGillivray, of Purpleville, has returned home after a fortnight's visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Roberts and other relatives here.

Mrs. Thomas Middleton and daughter, of Conover, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mason for over two weeks recently.

I am glad you have another correspondent in the reporter in the army and I forget or overlook. Although I do my best to spread my net all over the city to catch any items, it is liable to escaping a least at any time, so that is why I do not get them all sometimes.

Mr. James J. Orrinston, of Kalgan, was in the city one day lately.

Mrs. David Hambly, of Nobleton, was in the city for a couple of days visiting the Poultry Exhibition.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, was a guest of Mrs. H. W. Roberts. Mr. Glenning's window.

Mr. J. T. Shilton, manager of the Imperial Press, located at 185 Victoria St., wishes all his friends to address him at above address, for he is at his best of business most of the time. We are pleased to say that he is receiving a large share of public patronage, a happy omen of increasing prosperity in his business, and the work turned out at this place is of most excellent quality, a credit to the skill and thrift of J. T. S., and his assistants, whose motto is "not how long, but how good."

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater are now residing in the city, having moved lately from King City.

Mr. Fred Greene, who stood third in the annual shooting competition of the Post Office Service Rifle Association which is affiliated with the Dominion Rifle Association, on Thanksgiving Day, was a most interesting fellow on New, 22nd, when he was presented with his handsome trophy by Mrs. George Ross, wife of the chief Post Office Superintendent for Canada. The presentation took place at Bloor Viaduct, and Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and a well-known beartily congratulated Harry on his brilliant marksmanship. Harry's showing was as follows, seven shots being taken at each range:—At 200 yards, 35; 500 yards 33; at 600 yards 32. Total, 95 points.

Mr. J. D. Nesmith and Mr. R. C. Slater were in Nobleton on business on the 22nd ult.

Mr. John Dean and Mrs. David Hambly, of Nobleton, were in the city a short time ago.

Quite a few of our young sports went out with the thousands of Torontonians to Hamilton on the 19th to witness the great rugby football match between Varsity of this city and the Tigers of Hamilton for the football supremacy of Canada. The jingle terrors were decked in mufti the stigma of defeat and take to their lairs within the mountains. Let us be there when toronto took the plum to the tune of 17 to 7. The boys said it was a mighty game worth seeing, and Hamilton has no reason to feel ashamed, though beaten.

Mr. F. Brigden treated all those who cared to come to Alton Hall on the 25th to an illustrated talk with the aid of a magic-lantern. The views as depicted on the screen, mainly connected to the nature of Mr. Brigden's address on "The Sea is His." There was a very good crowd present and all seemed to enjoy the lecture immensely.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. F. J. Wheeler is in the General Hospital, suffering from an old ailment, but we hope he will soon be able to visit again.

Thomas Green, of St. Ola, was shaking hands with old friends here a few days ago. He looks like one of the old pioneers of the days of yore. H. W. R.

DETROIT DOINGS

From our occasional Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutherland still reside in Detroit and are in a fine condition of health.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall, of Detroit, had tea and enjoyed the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gottlieb. The former's mother, of Clinton, is in Detroit and is going to remain with them all winter.

Mr. Henry Gottlieb had two weeks vacation, which he said he had family spent in Abbot, Mich. He went to Toronto from there, and enjoyed sights at the Exhibition. His next short stay, he made a brief visit on his brother, Mr. Godfrey Gottlieb, who just moved old friends. Mr. Gottlieb enjoyed the fourth of the July at his brother's home, near Indianapolis, Ind. His eldest son, Edward, spent two weeks in Florida, last summer, and liked it so much that he bought ten acres of the same land for his father. The property is located near Pensacola, Fla. They have no intention of moving for a few years at least.

There are several hundred persons in Detroit, more or less, and among them about 40 mutes, on account of the automobile business being slack at present.—C. A. G.

—Mr. J. D. Switzer, for many years Superintendent of the Wesleyan School for the deaf, was a welcome visitor at the Institution for a few hours one day recently. Mr. Switzer was a very devoted and successful educator of the deaf, and he seemed to derive great pleasure from his visit, which pleasure was certainly mutual. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Balls while in the city, and has also been a warm friend of Mr. Coleman's since the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Australia.

Australia is the largest island in the world. It is one of the colonies of the British Empire. It lies between 12 etre degrees and thirty-eight degrees south latitude, and between 114 degrees and 154 degrees east longitude. It was discovered about 250 years ago. The first settlement was made in 1788 by convicts sent out from England. The settlement was made on the shores of Botany Bay.

The soil round the outside is fertile, but the middle of Australia is a desert. Many explorers have lost their lives in this desert. Australia has a good climate. The summers in the south are rather hot, but the summers in the north are too hot. The winter is mild. The seasons in Australia are the opposite to ours. In Canada it gets colder as you go north; in Australia it gets warmer as you go north. It is a great sheep country and millions of sheep are raised. Much wool is exported to England, where it is manufactured into cloth. Much mutton is also exported to England. The mutton is carried in cold storage.

Australia is also a great gold country. There is a peculiar animal found in Australia. It is the kangaroo. It is not found in any other country. It has short fore legs and long hind legs. Under her belly the mother kangaroo has a kind of pocket which is called a pouch. When there is danger the young kangaroos jump into this pouch and the mother carries them to a safe place.

Rabbits are very plentiful in Australia. They are so plentiful that they are a plague. The people cannot get rid of them. They eat the grass which is needed for the sheep.

Australia is divided into five colonies, named Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia. The island of Tasmania, which lies to the south of Australia, is also a colony. These six colonies joined together on January 1st, 1901, and they now form the "Commonwealth" of Australia. Before 1901 they were separate from each other. They all, together of these colonies was called "Confederation. Each colony has a parliament of its own, and there is also a parliament for the "Commonwealth." Lord Northcote is the Governor-General of Australia.

The natives of Australia are black, but are not like the African negroes. They are not intelligent and it is very hard to teach them. They wander about the country and wear hardly any clothing. They are not much superior to animals. They are fast decreasing. A hundred years ago there were 15,000 natives in Victoria, but in 1901 there were 655. Australia is a good country in which to live, but it has one drawback. This is the long drought in summer. For several months no rain falls. Great cracks appear on the land. Thousands of sheep die every summer for want of moisture.

Tasmania is separated from Australia by Bass Strait.—*School News, Halifax N. S.*

An Intelligent Dog.

The following incident from Syracuse, N. Y., seems to be well attested: "An English mastiff had a cataract growing over one eye, and was taken to an oculist who removed it. Some months later it was noticed that it was growing again and ought to be attended to. Some days after, the dog came home with his head bandaged, and to the astonishment of the family, who inquired of the doctor who treated him before, it was found that the doctor, finding another operation necessary, performed it without the least resistance from the dog."—*Ex.*

How Fred Mixed His Paints.

Fred's mother gave him a box of paints and some toys.

In the box were three kinds of paint, red, blue and yellow.

The toys were little men, cows, trees, birds and dogs all made of wood.

Many a good time had Fred with his paints and his toys.

First he took the red paint, and painted the cows red. Then he took his blue paint, and painted the men blue. And then he took some yellow, and painted the dogs yellow.

How fine they all looked in their nice new paint!

Fred could not tell what to do with the trees. Who ever saw red, blue or yellow trees? So he ran to his mother to find out what to do. She told him to mix some of the yellow paint with the blue paint, and he would have a nice color for his trees.

And so it was, the yellow and blue made green.

So Fred painted the trees green.

He liked the trees best of all.

The next day his mother told him to mix yellow with red and see what color he could make.

So Fred mixed yellow with red and it made orange.

You see Fred had put yellow with blue, and he had put yellow with red

But he had not put blue with red.

One day he found this out. So he put blue with red, and what color do you think it made? Purple! Off he ran and got the top and painted it purple.

Fred had found out three things about his paints. What were they? *Mt. Airy World.*

First Aid to the Injured.

Burns or scalds: Cover with baking soda, dampened, or grated potato.

Lightning: Bathe the face in cold water.

Sunstroke: Loosen the clothing, let patient into shade and apply ice water to the head.

Mad dog or snake bite: Tie cord above the wound. Bathe bite with whiskey.

Bee stings. Apply weak ammonia, salt water or iodine.

Fainting: Place patient on couch, allowing head to be slightly lower than rest of the body. Bathe the face in cold water. Allow plenty of fresh air

Fire in one's clothing: Don't run, especially out of doors. Roll on carpet or wrap up in woolen rug or blanket. Fire in a building: Crawl on the floor. The clearest air is lowest in a room. Cover the head if possible.

Fire from kerosene: Don't use water, it will spread the flames. Dirt, sand or flour is the best extinguisher, or smother with woolen rag or carpet.

Antidotes for poison: Induce vomiting by drinking hot water or strong mustard and water.

The Giraffe.

Giraffes are very curious animals. They live in Africa. They are wild animals, but they are often caught, and they become very gentle and affectionate if treated kindly.

They have small bodies, very long necks, small heads and two short horns. They are covered with hair. The skin is marked with dark brown spots with white around them. They have long legs, but the fore legs are a little shorter than the hind legs.

They eat grass and leaves. Sometimes they are sixteen or seventeen feet tall, and they can eat leaves from the trees.

Giraffes can run very fast. Many of them are killed. Their hide is thick and many things are made of it.—*Canadian Mute.*

Beware of the man who has a good story to tell you in a whisper.

Billy and the Pig.

One day my brother Robert brought the horse up to the house, tied him to the fence in the backyard, and gave him some oats in the pail.

In a pen back of the house we kept three pigs: two of them were white, and the other was spotted—black and white. These pigs had got out of the pen by pushing off a board from one side of it.

Soon after Billy began to eat his dinner, the two white pigs came running through the yard. They saw Billy eating his oats; and, thinking it would be nice for them to have some as well as he, they ran up to his pail, and without as much as saying "By your leave," began to help themselves.

Billy had no idea of sharing his dinner with such company as this; so he stamped at the pigs fiercely with his teeth, raised his hind feet from the ground as if to kick them, and succeeded in frightening them away.

Scarcely had they left the yard, however, before the spotted pig got his eye upon the pail of oats; and he at once ran for it with all his might.

Billy tried to scare him as he had the others but Spotty was not so easily frightened. He took no notice of anything but the oats.

Finding that threats were of no use, Billy seized him by the back of the neck, raised him about two feet from the ground, shook him a little, and then let him drop. Spotty was satisfied, and ran squealing away.—*Mirror.*

What a Book Said.

"Once on a time" a Library Book was overheard talking to a boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Please leave me out in the rain. Books as well as children can catch cold.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your arm when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped, and then close the sad lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other boys in this school after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day and you would be sorry to see me looking old, and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."—*Rev. H. D. Hanson.*

The Best.

There is an old song, one verse of which runs as follows:—

"If I were a cobbler it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside,
Should sound an old kettle like me."

The writer of that song evidently believed in honoring one's occupation, no matter how humble that occupation might be.

He was like a poor, ignorant woman who once came to the writer's house seeking work as a charwoman.

"I do beautiful scrubbing," she said, "beautiful scrubbing. Nobody can scrub a floor cleaner than I can. And I never leave a speck on windows I clean."

She honored her work, humble though it was. She had the spirit that should characterize every worker. There was as much honor in doing her humble work well as there would have been in some far more ambitious task. She made full use of such capacity as God had given her, and this was all He asked of her. It is all, in it, not, He asks of any of us?

Never do anything by halves, my boy. Better leave it undone. Cultivate a spirit of absolute thoroughness and accuracy in the performance of even trifling things. Nothing less than perfection will do if you are true to yourself and to those by whom you are employed. Shrewdly work is worse than no work at all.—*Boys and Girls.*

Names of Occupations.

A cook prepares the meals.

A chambermaid makes the beds and sweeps the floor.

A doctor or physician cures diseases.

A dentist fills teeth, and makes false ones.

A publisher prints books and papers.

An orator speaks eloquently.

A painter or artist makes beautiful pictures.

An author writes books.

An actor performs on the stage.

A coachman drives a coach.

A lawyer drives a team.

A shepherd tends sheep.

A herder or cowboy tends cows.

An astronomer studies the stars.

A botanist studies plants.

A florist cultivates flowers.

A contractor or builder builds houses.

A machinist builds engines.

A gunsmith repairs guns.

A mason builds stone foundations and brick walls.

A plumber puts in steam and water pipes.

An engineer tends to an engine.

An engine-driver runs a locomotive

An architect plans buildings.

A veterinary doctors horses, cows etc.

A cooper makes barrels.

A surveyor measures land.

A commission merchant buys produce from the country and sells it at wholesale to dealers.

A butcher kills cattle and sheep and ships them to market.

A moulder moulds iron castings.

A reporter gathers news for a newspaper.

A gardener cultivates vegetables for market.

A drayman drives a dray and delivers freight.

A nurseryman cultivates trees, bushes and shrubs.

A jockey rides horses at races.

A commercial or commercial traveller around to show samples and sell goods to store-keepers.

A woodturner makes things on a lathe.

A dairyman sells milk.

A poultry farmer raises chickens and geese.

A tailor shapes the shoe or boot on a last.—*Wisconsin Times.*

Religion is not a method, it is life. A higher and supernatural life, realized in its root, and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which mediates, a force which acts, a happiness which nourishes.—*Henri F. Amiel.*

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—littles in themselves, light as air—will do it at least for the 24 hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person only one happier through each day, that is 365 days in the year. In 60 years 14,600 beings made happy, at all events for a time.—Sidney Smith.

Love.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Polly.

Mrs. Brown had a very pretty parrot. It had green, red and yellow feathers. It had a sharp bill and sharp claws. Its name was Polly.

Polly lived in a large cage. She could not sing, but she could talk a little. She liked crackers, apples and large seeds.

One morning, Mrs. Brown put Polly's cage on the porch. Polly saw a small boy pass in front of the house. She screamed very loudly and the boy stopped and looked at her. She said: "Polly wants a cracker."

1. What is this story about?
2. What was Polly?
3. Could Polly talk?
4. Can any other kinds of birds talk?
5. What did Polly say to the boy?
6. What color was Polly?
7. What kind of a bill has a parrot?
8. How do parrots climb?
9. Name some Canadian birds.
10. Name some birds that do not live in Canada.
11. Which is the largest bird in the world?
12. Name some birds that live on fish.
13. What do other birds eat?

Preposition Phrases.

Re-write the following sentences, changing the possessive forms to preposition phrases:—

1. A fox's tail is bushy.
2. The ship's rudder was broken.
3. A policeman's uniform has brass buttons on it.
4. Some hunters found a bear's den in a dark cave.
5. My uncle, Alex., made a dog's kennel.
6. I bought a bird's cage in a hardware store.
7. The children's laughter could be heard at the road.
8. Annie and Alice were amused by the kitten's playful actions.
9. The Arab's camel crawled him out of his tent.
10. He could see the shark's teeth as it turned over.
11. King George's coronation will take place on the 22nd of next June.
12. King Henry IV.'s reign was full of trouble.

Number.

Re-write the following sentences, changing the nouns to the plural number:—

1. A horse was eating grass in the meadow.
2. My cousin has gone to visit his uncle.
3. I think that a rose smells sweeter than any other flower.
4. A little girl was suffering from toothache.
5. That maple tree has no leaves on it now, but it was covered with leaves last summer.
6. The limb of that tree was broken by the strong wind.
7. A window rattled and a pane of glass was broken by the gale.

A Short Story.

Write a short story telling what you would like to do if you were rich.

A Railroad.

Boys and girls often ride on railroads. When they come to school, or go home, or go to visit in another town, they ride on railroads. Do they know what the different parts of a railroad are called?

1. A number of cars joined together are called a——.
2. An engine which moves a train is called a——.
3. A car in which people ride is called a——.
4. A car in which horses, barrels, and other things are carried is called a——.
5. A car in which trunks and valises are carried is called a——.
6. A person who rides on a train is called a——.
7. The money he pays for his ride is called his——.
8. The train stops at a——.
9. The man who has charge of the train is called the——.
10. A——helps the conductor.
11. The man who runs the locomotive is called the——.
12. The man who assists the engineer and shovels coal into the furnace is called the——.
13. A man generally buys a—— before he gets on a train. A ticket costs about——cents a mile.
14. People always—— their trunks before they are put on the train.

The Verb to be.

1. It——very warm last August.
2. ——it cold yesterday?
3. The leaves——green in the summer.
4. A girl——sick last month.
5. Some boys——sick, too.
6. ——you sleepy last evening?
7. ——you sleepy now?
8. A boy had two books. One——red and the other——black.
9. A girl had three dolls. One——old and the others——new.
10. There——a party on Thanksgiving evening.
11. There——a party on Christmas evening.
12. ——you——happy next June?
13. ——Grace hungry now?
14. A boy had five kittens. Two——white, one——black and the others——black and white.
15. William and Henry——disobedient yesterday.
16. I——sick a few days ago but I——quite well now.

And So.

Connect these sentences, using "and so."

1. Mary has curly hair. Annie and Mabel have curly hair.
2. I am tired. You are tired.
3. John works in the shoe-shop. Henry works in the shoe-shop.
4. Harry is eight years old. Tom is eight years old.
5. Ducks can swim. Geese can swim.
6. Ducks have webbed feet. Geese have webbed feet.
7. Alice can ride horse-back. Her sister, Mary, can ride horse-back.
8. Tom old men were laughing at a farmer. The farmer's wife was laughing at him, too.
9. Mary saw Tom going to the barn. I saw Tom going to the barn.
10. Potatoes grow in a garden. Cabbages grow in a garden.
11. Tom stayed at home yesterday. Tom's sister, Annie, stayed at home yesterday.
12. George and Willie would like to go skating. Mary and Lily would like to go skating.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done:
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

A Little Puzzle.

1. A needle has an——but it cannot ——.
2. Corn has——but it cannot hear.
3. A teapot has a ——but it cannot ——.
4. A comb has——but it cannot bite.
5. A pin has a—— but it cannot think.
6. A chair has ——but it cannot walk.
7. The clock has—— but it cannot hold things.
8. The tree has a——but it has no clothes.
9. The hill has a—— but it has no shoes.
10. The table has a—— but it cannot spin.
11. A wagon has a—— but it cannot talk.
12. A river has a—— but it cannot eat.

To Be — To Have

1. Last winter, the ice on the bay——thick.
2. One day, Miss Mc Ardle's class a party.
3. My friend—— a large Maltese cat. It——very lazy.
4. These strawberries——ripe in June.
5. Helen——a bad cold last week. She——better now.
6. Sometimes children——ear ache.
7. Last week I——a vase of flowers on my table. They——pink.
8. Oranges—— larger than lemons.
9. Camels—— humps on their backs.
10. ——you fond of fruit?
11. John——a new checker board.
12. ——you——a good time in Toronto last month?
13. The trees——bare now.
14. It——summer very soon.
15. An elephant——a large animal, I—— a trunk and tusks.

Prepositions.

Fill the blanks in the following with suitable prepositions.

1. I got a letter from sister I wrote——to her last Saturday.
2. Harry said that Roger was sure and could not write lessons——teacher excused.
3. Tom's teacher asked if knew lesson. Tom said that did not know——very well.
4. George wrote several grammar definitions. He wrote some of correctly but had mistakes in the others.
5. Annie's mother was baking pies and Annie asked her to bake for her. She said that she would have——them——little friend came to play with——that evening.

Supply Verbs.

1. Mary——her father yesterday.
2. Annie—— her father for two weeks.
3. John—— a letter from home today.
4. James—— a letter from home for a long time.
5. Tom—— his parents since he came back to school.
6. Annie—— sick since she was a baby.
7. Alice——any money the last time she went to the city.
8. Jos——any candies last Friday but Tom——5 cents worth. He——some of them to Joe.
9. Tom——candies every Friday.
10. Jenny's parents——her any money since she came here last September.

Comparisons.

Show, in as many ways as you can, how a ten-cent piece and a fifty-cent piece,

a. Resemble each other.
b. Differ from each other.

Which Form?

Select the sentence in each group, which you think the better:—

1. I got a lovely letter from my sister.

I got an interesting letter from my sister.

2. I got a letter from my mother, and she said that my sister would move to Belleville.

I got a letter from my mother, in which she said that my sister would move to Belleville.

3. I did not hear from home since last September.

I have not heard from home since last September.

4. One of the teachers told us a story about General Gordon, last Saturday evening.

One of teachers told us a story, last Saturday evening, about General Gordon.

Last Saturday evening, one of the teachers told us a story about General Gordon.

5. Jack says that he is 10 years and 10 months old.

Jack says that he is ten years and ten months old.

Supply Verbs.

1. A snake——into a hole in the ground.
2. Mary——the book which her teacher gave her.
3. Annie——back——to the woods a——while——it there last night and——to take it to her ready.
4. Mr. Chapman's house——on the——a few days ago, but the ferment soon——the fire out.
5. A deer——swiftly and——into the lake. It——across the lake and two hounds——it.
6. A trapper——a special dog to——traps. He——it with a club.
7. It——like rain.
8. A squirrel was——swiftly along a fence and some boys——it.
9. I——a letter to my mother on Monday and——one from her to-day.
10. Tom said that he——with the boys because he——used to his mother.

Some one. Any one. No one. Somebody. Anybody. Nobody.

1. There is——in the office.
2. There can't——in the larger room.
3. I went to the store for some school-room supplies but there was——there.
4. I met——on the sidewalk yesterday.
5. A lady thought she heard a knock. She went to the door but she did not see——.
6. Is there——in the sewing room now?
7. rang the front door bell, a little while ago.
8. A horse ran away in Belleville the other day but——was hurt.
9. A teacher told——to shut the window.
10. A lady lost her purse and found it and gave it to the police.
11. A window was broken, and Mr. Morse asked the boys if——knew who did it.
12. Mr. Morse asked the boys if found his knife.

How Used?

Tell how each of the words in italics is used in the following sentences:—

1. John has a *gold* coin.
2. Tom's money is all in *gold*.
3. A rich man is often *unhappy*.
4. Are your boots new?
5. Harry has a *new* book.
6. Tom said that his hat was *new*.
7. A donkey is *stubborn*.
8. A donkey is a *stubborn* animal.
9. Annie said, "I am never *stubborn*."

You Can Never Tell.

"You can never tell when you do an act
Just what the result may be;
But, with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you may not see;
Each kindly act is no scanty droppod
In God s prodigal soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And ripen the brown that toil.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do
In hindering you here or there;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the Universe—
Each thing must create in kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever weird seed of your actions lack."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Some Sensible Rules.

The Superintendent of the Iowa School for the Deaf has formulated a little list of rules and suggestions for the guidance of all connected with that school. These rules contain so many that are of good sound sense, and that are applicable in so many places similar to the place for which they are made, that we reprint them:

First of all, teach economy to our pupils. It is their protection and safety in after life. Teach it in the classroom, dining-room, work-shop, and on the farm. Teach it by your own actions wherever and wherever the property of the State is used.

Do not be impressed with the idea that the care of the State's property is no concern of yours.

Do not consider our source of supplies inexhaustible and all that is necessary is to ask.

Do not waste at your own homes. Use all supplies as if you paid for them yourself.

Utilize everything serviceable and do not be too ready to dispose of same in shop basket or waste basket.

Do not discard anything slightly damaged as worthless when with little cost it can be repaired, or made into something of use.

When anything is lost or misplaced do not postpone for some one else to find it, but find it yourself.

Report at once, damage or breakage to the office with name of person causing same.

One cent or one dollar wasted is of no benefit to any one.

Remember a penny saved is a penny gained.

Remember a small hole can sink a large ship.

A broom properly handled will keep a house clean a long time.

The question is not how much is desirable to secure results, but how little can be used to accomplish the same end.

Attention is called to:

Tools and other articles that are left where used, when they should be put in their proper places.

Radiators are left open at times when they should be closed.

Doors and windows stand ajar when they should be shut.

Lights are burning when they should be extinguished.

Pupils will wantonly destroy when proper supervision of any one will prevent it.

Plates are bountifully replenished when a smaller quantity is all that is desired.

Dishes are broken when proper care will keep them intact.

Faucets are running when the turn of a hand will stop the flow.

Furniture is permitted to remain near radiators to be roughly handled, while chairs are used as footstools when "just a thought" would prompt better care.

Economy in management without loss or waste and must be recognized in the use of all supplies, in the use of heat, in the use of light, in the use of water, in the use of furniture.

Practice it in the schoolroom.

Practice it in the industrial school.

Practice it in the dining-room, and kitchen.

Practice it in the engineer's department.

Practice it everywhere in the household.

Practice it in the dairy and on the farm.

Finally, when considering, recognizing and practicing economy, let all remember our service is limited and every one is expected to be engaged his full time and further,—that while our salaries must provide food, wholesome, palatable food, we are not keeping a $5 per day hotel.

A Cable-car Comedy.

It was on a Broadway cable-car. She had intercepted the car on the run, as if she were fleeing from some one, and gave the grimmest scare an appearance that she knew of with the force to the brake, and in consequence four old gentlemen were precipitated into the laps of four pretty, blushful maidens. When at last she came into the car, her head bowed and her blonde hair was somewhat touselled, but that she was youthful escaped the scrutiny of no one. Indeed, the old Wall Street banker, who usually rebuffs the overtures of the ruthless of at least four evening papers on his way to his uptown mansion, glanced up, and seeing that she had no seat, bobbed up so suddenly that he made a two base hit with the lavender short-front of a tall young clubman opposite, who got ahead of him in the effort of politeness.

So absorbed, in fact, was the whole force of passengers, that no one noticed a blonde young man who made his way to the front, took a seat by the side of the banker and began the usual persistent and flirtatious entreaties by means of winks, shrugs and killing smiles, which the pretty girl only ignored at first and then tried to frown down. Suddenly a tear shot down the maiden's long lashes, which was the signal for the banker, who got very straight around and gave the youth a stare that would have put out a thousand-candle-power light.

At last the conductor came through, and the girl, securing change, got rid of something to hide her annoyance, made a dive for her purse. But the young man was not to be thwarted that way. He paid a dime and held up the money, indicating for her to be a stranger and himself. The deer creature only responded with a haughty toss, and the company began to move about uneasily while the banker muttered something and folded up his paper as if he were going to take of his coat and throw the impudent youth out of the door. Then the shrugs, beckonings and mysterious symbols were renewed, but the old gentleman could bear it no longer. Turning to the young Lothario he said, with unusual asperity and desperate earnestness:

"Young man, is it your habit to stare at, annoy and attempt to flirt with unescorted and helpless young girls in public conveyances?"

There was no answer, but even a frown of contempt. The outraged victim turned over to the other and then said to the pretty girl:

"Miss, I see that young scoundrel annoys you exceedingly. Shall I eject him from the car?" The fair creature paled and reddened, and the young man opposite drew forth a piece of paper, and, hastily scribbling, passed over to that young lady's reprehensible. She evidently does not know you, for she passed no answer to either of you. The banker scanned to his astonishment. The other's angry face was a sight to behold. What he might have said or done no one knows, for fortunately the young lady arose and left the car, followed by the youth, and he in turn by the gallant rescuer. On her left she turned to the young lady and said,

"Miss, if you wish me to escort you home and protect you from the young fiend, I will do so."

"You had better not," said the young girl, quietly, "for, though my brother may have to send and dumb, he holds the light-weight championship of four counties, and strikes a 300-pound blow from the shoulder. We have had a little quarrel, that's all."

There are some little boys and girls who never care whether they learn their lessons well or not, who never care whether they do their tasks nicely or not, who never care whether they are really good boys and girls or not. They study their lessons just well enough to save them from being punished for not knowing them, and everything they do is only well enough done that they need not be compelled to do it a second time.—Ex.

Some of the simplest things in the world are the most efficacious, says the Scientific American wise man. Now, for instance, if you are afraid of lightning, here is a very simple safeguard to remember—simply put on your rubbers and then stand so that your clothes won't touch anywhere. Whether you're indoors or out-of-doors your rubbers are safe, for rubber is a non-conductor, and you are perfectly insulated. This is worthy remembering. —Ex.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
Going East, 6.16 a. m., 6.30 a. m., 8.30 a. m., 11.15 a. m., 1.45 p. m., 4.30 p. m., 7.35 p. m.
Going West, 1.55 a. m., 1.55 a. m., 7.35 a. m., 11.30 a. m., 11.55 p. m., 1.55 p. m.
MADOC AND TWEED BRANCH—4.30 a. m., 12.10 p. m., 6.00 p. m., 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of another length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech."

Alexander Graham Bell. Bell has made a profound study of the human voice and speech. He actually taught deaf mutes to speak and all its pronouncement as if it were a matter of substance. His discourse are fortunately interesting and highly instructive. Illustrated. Price, 50 cents. Pages, 300 pages. $1.00 net. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44-60 East 23rd Street, New York.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Send by Post Office Order, Post Office Letter, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter. It is not safe to send money in postage stamps. Address,

THE CANADA MOTOR HOME,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS---PACKAGES---BOXES.

If parcels or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

Name of pupil
in care of
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

☞Prepay postage, express or freight charges to all cases.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every Sunday:—

Ephraim Moore Hall, St Alban Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 150 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight, at 150 College St. Telephone Mission Hall.

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday evening at 8 p. m. and 4th p. m.

Miss. J. B. Bynon, Dunsmore, 339 Beverley St.
Mrs. F. Bennett, Superintendent, 86 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,
THE CASHMAN, BELLEVILLE.

LADIES coming to Belleville to visit the Institution will find Mr. W. LAMBERT'S THE CASHMAN a most desirable place to stay. It will be conveniently located, well looked after, and reasonable in charges. Rates, $1.00 per night from G. T. Station or city to Institution. Telephone connection. Only G. T. R. hotel in town. Remember, Cashman, half fare. Mr. Lambert, owner and trustee. 27-tf

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who knows of such children send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of such children, but not otherwise. I want to know, at once, all that I may forward to them information which will be of great benefit to them. Please write me at once, for what cannot be attended to now may be forgotten.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THIS PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

H. P. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9.15 a. m. to 4 p. m., with recess from 12.30 to 1.45, during which lunch is served in the pupils. Preparatory classes dismissed at 3 o'clock.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS' ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms the morning and noon hours will open by prayer. At 3 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Church Formula of Church of England and Book of Common Prayer, and are selected and adapted with a view to instruction suited to the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY HOURS—From 7 to 9 o'clock, reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1 and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m., General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches wherever practicable in the afternoon.

IMMANUEL WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. G. W. Henderson, B.D., Pastor; Mrs. Hanna, (Presbyterian) Pastor; Mrs. Travis, Method ist Pastor; J. Ford, Missionary. Mr. Mather Superintendent. Class leader.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.15; inter national lessons. Mr. Mather, Superintendent. Mr. George F. Stewart, Teacher. Mrs. Mather and Miss Bell; Mrs Burtis, Miss Ford, Miss Kitty and Mr. Travis.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction in the school room from 9.15 to 9.30 and on Tuesday afternoons from 2 to 3.30. Vacations, Christmas and Holy Week excepted.

At Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 2.30 to 4 p. m.

HOME AND SHOP WORK CLASS on Monday after noon, from 2.30 to 4 p. m.

THE TYPEWRITING ROOM ARE OPEN during recess from 12.30 to 1.30 for the pupils and from 2.30 to 4 p. m. for members of the school, for those who do not. From 7.30 p. m. to 10 p. m., and from 2 to 4 p. m. on every working day except Saturday, when the rooms are closed after 12 noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9.15 a. m. to 12 noon and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 7 to 9 p. m. for those who do attending on voluntary afternoons.

THE PUPILS' SEWING ROOM, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department is by left open for the use of pupils at all times and only conditions.

Pupils are not to be removed from the various classes or Industrial Departments, except by written order of the Superintendent, unless in cases of emergency.

All Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow visitors from the public to visit the Institution with the performance of their services.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on Saturday afternoons, when the pupils have no instructions. The Superintendent will appoint time for visitors on ordinary school days to receive after 2 o'clock p. m. no proceeds.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kind ly requested to call upon the Superintendent in talking with their children. A very short interview will be sufficient. Parents will please remember that the child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be happy within a few days, and in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is the desire of all to the pupils for friends to be with them frequently. If parents come every harvest or June holidays, or sometimes in the time course and allowed every opportunity of seeing their children, it will be very satisfactory. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests in the Institution. Lodging or accommodation may be had in the city at the Cashman Hotel, by the Superintendent's permission and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents are requested to provide their children with clean underwear and clothing and management of their children in the Institution. All correspondence will be allowed but every letter received and sent is examined and any circumstances withheld cannot be considered upon such matters. Any complaints addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly attended to.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent to parents, relatives or guardians. In the absence of anything to the contrary, it will be assumed that parents wish their son well.

All letters are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three months, and once every month if they can. Pupils will be written by the teachers for Dominion Day, Christmas and Easter, and on the birthday of every pupil.

No unusual preparations that have been noted at home, or experienced by pupils, illness will be allowed to be taken by pupils, except with the consent and knowledge of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise deaf mutes and deafness and the cure of same. Send no $10 cures and no $5 cures, and send no money to any one who will not refer you to some person. Consult well-known reputable physicians in cases of convulsions deafness and be guided by their advice and treatment.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. XVIII. BELLEVILLE, DECEMBER 15, 1910. NO. 2.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
Hon. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D., MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. McCUAIG, M.D., *Superintendent*
W. J. DEACHMAN, *Bursar*
W. W. BOYCE, M.D., *Physician*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, *Matron*.

Teachers:

H. C. CARSON, B.A., *Head Teacher*; MISS SYLVIA L. BALL.
MISS ADA JAMES.
A. J. CAMPBELL, A. M. H. REID.
MISS C. BAIRD, B. A. MISS LORA HUTTER.
MISS F. STEWART. MISS SARAH MCARDLE.
H. L. INGRAM. MISS MARGARET EWAN
MISS E. CARLTON. MISS I. PAUL.
MISS MAY HULL. MISS I. CAMPBELL.
MISS GEORGINA LEES. MISS I. B. FULLER.
MISS FLORENCE CROSS.

H. L. INGRAM, *Teacher Manual Training*
MISS MARY HULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work*.
MISS K. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science*.

Number of Physical Training—MR. INGRAM.

H. A. MCINTOSH, *Stereotyper & Clerk*; JOHN T. BURNS, *Instructor of Printing*.
A. NICHOL, *Assistant & Associate Superintendent*; ALEX MORRISON, *Shoemaker Shoemaker*.
A. G. MIERS, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*; URIAH J. PEPPER, *Engineer*.
MISS L. DEARNESS, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls*; JOHN DOWNIE, *Master Carpenter*.
MISS MAUD TINDALE, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing*; J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker*.

WILLIAM H. LEES, *Farmer*.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining the Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either totally or partially excluded from instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being defective in mind and free from contagious diseases, who are found fit subjects of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a session of nearly nine months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Those only whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT ASKED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of sewing machines and such ornamental and Fancy Work as may time permit. Gymnastic exercises and military drill for boys, and Domestic science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having deaf mute children will avail themselves of the educational terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Thirty-first Annual Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June. Further information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

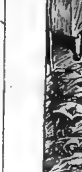
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and despatched at the Institution in the terms in which they are addressed. Mail matter for delivery, if not in box in office door, will be sent by only one collection at 1.15 p. m. and at 5 p. m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The Institution is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at any office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the hands of the

The Christmas Box that Went on a Mission.

BY MYRA GOODWIN PLAYE.



CHRISTMAS box was to be sent to a needy preacher on the frontier, and the Reeville Ladies Aid Society had met at the house of the president. The box was, in fact, an empty sugar barrel, and the pile of old clothes in the floor looked as if it would be full again.

"There is a father and mother, young baby, a family of twelve, and two little girls," said Mrs. White, looking over a letter. "It does seem from all these things we ought to fit them out for the winter."

"But the clothing is so worn," ventured the minister's wife. "It would do for the poor in slums, but these are doubtless educated and refined people, and it is cold up there and the air delicate. Perhaps she may not feel well enough to make over things for the children."

"If they are as badly off as the elder represents, I reckon she can make the things over," said Mrs. White, firmly. "These children's nightgowns are thin, but they can put on more bedclothes. That overcoat is faded and a trifle short, but it is better than none."

"This is a beautiful dress if it is cleaned with gasoline," said Mrs. Meaker, holding up a soiled party dress. "I suppose even up in the woods there are social gaiety to get jellies and preserves and missee-tarel to our girl. I am going to pack the things in this tub in a box with excelsior and put it on the bottom of the butter, and in this tea box I have plum pudding and cake and candy for the children. Well stuff nuts and apples in the crevices and put the rest back in the apple part with the bottles. Frank likes figure books, and Hettie men novels and Rob puzzles, and there are no stamps for the girls."

Mr. White beamed his approbation. Nothing was too good for this beloved daughter and the grandchildren.

"I could not ask even cooked turkey but down with the front I've got canned chicken and turkey and all kinds of things that might tempt the child's appetite."

The barrel was soon half filled with all luxuries for the table a food to their evil desire. Frank's overcoat and cap goes in first and you've got the rest, pa."

"When I start out to do a generous thing I believe in doing it," replied Mr. White. "I'm going to put some change in all the mittens and gloves."

Mrs. White noticed the change that went into Hettie's glove was a two-dollar bill, which made her face glow with pleasure.

"The suit for the boy can go next, and the dresses for the girls. I have their measures and Hettie won't have to sew before she gets her strength. I got good, warm, plain stuff but rich, too. And do look over the things for that precious baby we have never seen. I've been months at her things, but they are warm and plain, too, with only one or two elegant dresses. Pa, pack those two dolls in the clothing carefully, and here are a few toys that will please the children. Now, I have to set my backs best.

(Continued on last page.)

Christmas in Heaven.

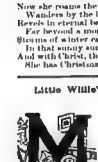
Waiting in your shadow'd chamber,
Weak with weeping, pale with pain,
Longing for the daisy frostage,
Never to cross your floor again.
Let your poor heart take some comfort,
Friend of mine, so sad and sweet,
In the thought that earthly aching
Never can reach those that greet.

How the winter winds are busy,
Piling snow-drifts high, and higher;
Entering through the broken windows,
Howls it where there is no fire?
Little children cold and hungry,
Eating scarce shelter'd by a crust.
But the one you love so dearly,
Evermore is safe from harm.

You fall thought to make her Christmas
Glad, with innocent surprise,
But your gift its charms untended
To the palace of other eyes;
For the Saviour, far more loving
From His white throne descending
Lifted up your restless darling
To her bright immortal crown.

Now she roams the flowery meadow
Wanders by the living stream,
Revels in eternal beauties,
Far beyond a mortal's dream;
Storms of winter cannot chill her
In that sunny summer clime,
And with Christ, the Christmas maker,
She has Christmas all the time

Little Willie's Christmas.



MAMA, will Santa Claus not come to our home?

"My child, who can say? He does not always remember the poor, and we are very poor."

"But mamma, the Sunday school teacher told us that he loved good boys and I have not been very naughty, have I?"

"No, dear, you are all mamma has, and it would break her heart if you were naughty God will not forget us, I am sure."

"It is dreadful to be poor in winter, isn't it? and to be hungry and cold, at Christmas time. But in summer it is not so bad. The birds sing for us, and the leaves whisper their pretty secrets; but now the birds and the leaves are gone, and we are left behind, Mamma, I wish God would take us home."

"Hush, my boy, and run to bed. You will be warmer there." Very tenderly she tucked him in while a tear-drop glistened in her eye. The boy saw this signal of distress and started up.

"You are not crying, mamma? You must not, for if you do then I shall cry too. Teacher told me that God was good to the poor and if they cried he would wipe away their tears. He don't cry mamma for God is so far away I fear He cannot reach us to wipe our tears. When we go to His home, then we can cry and He will comfort us, for teacher said so."

The bright head of the boy fell back, his heavy eyelids fluttered, and he was asleep.

The woman sat thinking. It was too hard to be so miserable, so destitute, not even a crumb of bread or a lump of coal. The cold wind came whistling through the dismal cracks in their cold home. Truly God was far away! She kissed Willie's cold little face, and stood watching his warm breath congeal on the snowy pane into fairy flakes of frost. Her lips were blue, she shivered violently, but uttered no sound. Then she went slowly to the cold stove, wherein there was no cheerful blaze.

"O God! thou art indeed very far away, or thou wouldst long ere this have sent succor to thy stricken children. O Lord, I pray Thee, send comfort for my boy!" she knelt long after she had prayed.

The snow fell fast and thickly, on Christmas Eve. Sleigh bells tinkled in every street and many were the bright faces peering out from the warm robes of affluence as the gay cutters went by.

* * * * *

In a splendid home, surrounded by all that love and wealth could give, sat a small girl in a very large chair. But she had not the happy expression that she should have had at this time. She was displeased and showed it very plainly. Spoiled as she had always been, she was bent on having her way now. Her mother remonstrated.

"But Eva, child, I cannot have you going to such a place. There are such dirty, poor people living there. You might get some dreadful disease."

The small maiden slipped from the chair and stamped her foot with a great deal of passion for so small a mite. "I don't care, me's got to see Ville. He say Santa Claus never come to him's home and me will go and fetch him."

Eva's papa was more kindly disposed than her mamma and he promised that on Christmas he would take the tiny lady on the grounds. A smile then slipped about in high glee, while her mamma frowned at the crookedness of the system that put her daughter in a Sunday school class with poor people's dirty children.

* * * * *

Willie's mamma knelt by the cold stove until she sank down into that unconscious state that comes to a person who is very cold. The boy, awakening in the early morning, found her there, and his little heart was bursting, for he thought she was dead. She was so cold.

When the light began to down the dreariness of the room was revealed and Willie looked about it in deep loneliness and despair. Suddenly on the still frosty air, the music of sleigh bells came, and a few minutes later a little bundle of fur, followed by a small man, entered the room. The boy, huddled against his mamma in the cold, sprang up, but Willie's mamma lay very still, so he joyously ran to Eva and said gladly, "Come, Ville, go home 'th me. It's told here, but warm there."

The unconscious mamma was lifted gently into the sleigh and driven to Eva's splendid home. After vigorous rubbing and working over her, she slowly opened her eyes. Willie's mamma clung close to her and said softly, "God was not far away. And He told Santa Claus to send this little girl to us. God does love the poor, doesn't he mamma?"

The Pullman Stocking.

There came into the Pullman sleeper, just as Christmas Eve was closing in, a woman and one small boy. The woman was dressed in widow's clothes, rather shabby, but of modest and good material, such as—the lady in the opposite section decided, after one glance at her practised eye—would very soon begin to look shabby. She had a look "sleasy." The boy's suit was a trifle outgrown, and not in the latest style.

But no lack in the matter of clothes could explain the look in the bright eyes which gazed about in childish delight on the fineness of the surroundings, and which met with fresh friendliness the gaze of the look-low-travellers as he stood up to pass his hand over's panel above his head.

A man in the next section looked back, over and spoke to him. It took but a few words, joined with a glance at the kindly face, to loosen the floodgates of childish talk.

"Yes, we've come, oh, ever'n' ever so far. We was on a train that something happened to it, on another road, and so we didn't get here to get on the road this morning as we thought we would. So we have to keep on to-night, and that's how it's we came into this nice way. We was just in a mail all last night, but mamma said we'd have to have sleep to-night. Handsome here, ain't it?" patting the velvet cushion. "And they make up counting little beds, just like you has at home, mamma says I only it costs a lot."

The clear treble rang out for the full benefit of the half dozen nearest neighbors, and just here mamma whispered a few words which checked the flow of information. The round face grew sober with grave speculation, and presently a hand touched the shoulder of the man in the seat behind.

"Say, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on train's?"

"Oh, I really don't know," was the reply. "Well, I suppose not."

"That's what mamma said she supposed," with a little sigh. "But course he couldn't," with a half laugh. "Santa Claus has too much to do Christmas Eve to be takin' trips."

"Santa Claus doesn't travel by rail," some one suggested.

"Course he doesn't," with enthusiasm. "He goes right along with his reindeers all over the roofs and down the chimleys—my! But," with another sigh, "I don't know how he'll find me!"

"Where did you expect him?"

"Oh, to grandpa's; we're goin' there. And I 'spected to hang up my stockin' there. And I wonder what Santa Claus'll think when he goes down the chimley and doesn't find my stockin'? Do you s'pose," with a little anxiety, "he'd go back to our old house where we lived 'fore papa died, 'specting to find us there?"

"No, I think not. Santa Claus keeps track of his children, you know."

"Course so," brightening up, "and he knows me. He's brought me things, oh, dozens of Christmases."

"Then I guess he'll be likely to find you somewhere."

A delighted expression grew on the small face as a keen investigation of the faces of the persons offering such comforting opinions seemed to reach results satisfactorily.

"If you're sure he wouldn't forget, though I've got such ragtimes and millions of places to go to. He'll think it strange I ain't there at grandpa's with my stockin'. Well," with another sigh, "I hope he'll get to understand some way! and I hope he'll know I was good, and didn't bother mamma when she said we couldn't get there, for it'd worried us awful to. There was a choke in the high-pitched voice.

The porter now came to make up the berths, and mamma led the boy to another seat. For a while the clear eyes watched with a pleased admiration all the arrangement of the "counting little beds." Then mamma drew him into her arms, and as the quiet of approaching sleep fell on him, talked softly of the Christmas Eve, eighteen hundred years ago, when quiet shepherds watched their flocks, with the clear heavens above and the star leading the cradle and the Child for whose sake we love to make Christmas a time of rejoicing for children. Inside the curtains of the berth the pillows for mother and child were laid at opposite ends, in order to give more room, so that the expression of pleasure in the "pretty words," "nice little pillows," "warm blankets," with a mixture of delighted giggles, was still easily audible.

The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded toward the curtains that concealed outside the boy who had missed a visit from Santa Claus. Up on the button of the drapery hung a small stocking.

Others paused in passing, and others came on hearing of it, so that before long every one in that sleeper had seen the little Christmas stocking. In the subdued light there may have been tears mingled with the smiles with which it was regarded by those who, by force of circumstance, were not gathering by some stocking-decked fireside; from those whose life had lost the music made by little feet; perhaps sadder by those who had wandered far from home joys and home purity.

"A poor place for that sort of thing, I'm afraid," said the one next behind to the lady across.

"Perhaps not as bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and just as the man, after fumbling in his pocket, produced a silver dollar to fill out the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

"Look there!" Four school girls on their way home for the holidays caught sight of what was going on.

"Well, it isn't often you see a Christmas stocking on its travels. We must scrape up something for it."

A doll was hastily made up of two or three silk handkerchiefs and crowded in, accompanied by nuts and candies from lunch baskets. A boy further down made some lemons into pigs, which nearly filled the stocking.

But the gifts did not stop, for the spirit of the season runs fully as high as ever. Small coins were passed along from one hand to another, and shaken well down into the toe by the next man behind. A woman, with a bag of Christmas gifts for a family of expectant small friends, made a selection from them, and brought her offering. "Why, the stocking is full!" said the man next behind. But here—this'll do."

He pulled out a large silk handkerchief, and, when she laid her gifts inside, tied it up, then ran running and pinned it to the stocking. The word was passed along, and travelers in the next car came through to take a peep at the interesting stocking. Bundles of skeins were ridged in beside the doll. Scarfs were tied around the stocking, and handkerchiefs, filled out with nobody knew what, were fastened on. In short, if Santa Claus was not travelling on that train, some of his near relatives must have been. The child herself and mamma were hurried out of the car early in the morning.

"Hush -sh-sh-sh h!" The mother was fairly out of breath with her efforts to keep that boy from arousing the whole car. But the car was ready to arouse, and shouts of laughter mingled with the squeals and giggles and exclamations of delight and amazement.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Heartfelt greetings followed the two, as at length they hurried out

"He shouldn't have done it—I didn't know," said the mother, looking about in shy gratitude. And with the puff of the engine came the last words of the boy:

"But, mamma, if I hadn't done it, how would Santa have known where to find me? —*Harper's Young People*

The Two Little Stockings.

Santa Claus saw two stockings. They hung by a large fireplace. He was surprised. "Only one little girl lives in this house." "He thought to himself as he hung up two stockings. He took down one of the stockings. A little note fell out. Santa Claus put on his spectacles. This is what he read:

"Dear Santa Claus: The other stocking is for Clara Hall. She is a poor little girl but she is good. Will you please fill the stocking; make her feel happy too?

"If you have not enough for both stockings, please put all in Clara's stocking."

Santa Claus was pleased with the note.

He said the little girl was kind and unselfish.

He filled both stockings until they could not hold another thing.—Ex.

LOCALS.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written December 8th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

—We learn from the newspaper that during the hunting season about 115 men have been shot and killed by hunters in mistake for deer. It is said deer hunters should learn how to handle a gun before they go to the woods to shoot.

Hon. Doctor Pyne, Minister of Education for Ontario, Deputy Minister Dr. Colquhoun, and J. W. Johnson, M.P.P., of Belleville, came to the Institution on a visit at noon on December 2nd. In our school room they examined our work, and Dr. Coughlin requested us to answer if even question and also a story which he selected from one of our school readers. We were glad when the Minister and Deputy said they were pleased to see that our answers were correct. On leaving our room, Dr. Colquhoun wished us A Happy Christmas, and we all cheered heartily thanked him. They returned to Toronto later in the day. W. Ellis.

On Dec 5th the Presbyterian pupils attended John Street Church. The Sacrament of Baptism was administered to G. Seaton, and she, E. Squire and G. Hoy, on profession, were admitted as members. Nine pupils partook of the Communion. Rev. Mr. Parsons, the pastor, referred to the good work we are doing in the Institution in addition to giving religious instruction. He said they were using the International Sunday School Lessons, and it was gratifying to know that many pupils voluntarily came forward and offered themselves for membership in the various churches.—A. Brown

Recently there have been great disturbances in Mexico, and in some cities revolutions have broken out. The people were classified as in favor of President Diaz, and they took sides. Several battles were fought, and soldiers were killed and wounded.

Finally the government troops defeated the rebels, and quiet was restored. Mexico is a Republic, south of the United States. With a population of about 12,000,000, mostly of Spanish stock. The chief occupations are agriculture and mining. The mines yield silver and gold, and the chief agricultural products are coffee, sugar, cotton, sugar, and rubber.—E Bowman.

On the 8th inst. Pearl Heyman celebrated her birthday and we wished her many joyful returns of the anniversary of her birth. We received her many nice presents if she were here, but she is at home, therefore we could not have that pleasure. We hope she had the happiest birthday of all her life.—L. Curtis.

Late last Saturday evening all of the seniors went to chapel, and Charlie Ford gave us an interesting story about a sagacious elephant named "Wabah. We were greatly pleased with his lecture. The story was written by E. Stone-Thompson who showed great knowledge in describing and expressing things about animals.—U. McVean.

—Last Friday afternoon I started on my trip to Toronto and Port Perry. I had not seen my sister, Mrs. Stinson, for 2 years. I went to Toronto to see her and her husband before they started for Germany where they live. I missed them very much when they were gone. They expect to arrive in Germany before Christmas.—E. Burk.

—I heard that the rink is reopened in Toronto. Oh! how anxious we will be to skate again. We will be skating on the rink that we went to last week, the ice will be good and smooth. I hope that we will stick skate this year.

—The Bible Conference will be reopened in Toronto on the 31st ult and I hope that the deaf mutes will have a delightful time there.—M. Mason.

—I read in the newspaper this morning about a girl, aged 31, being the richest girl in the world. Her father died and left her $200,000,000. Her home is in Chicago. Her father was an owner of extensive car manufacturing. That is a great sum of money.—U. Hughes.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—Some of us are on the snow off the rink while some other boys were shovelling the snow near the Institution. I think that the ice is three or four inches thick on the bay but we are not allowed to go near it yet. Dr. Coughlin does not allow the boys to skate on the bay because he is afraid the ice would break and we would have an accident. I think that we will be glad when Christmas Day comes. We will have good skating then.—Roy McCallum.

—Last Tuesday some of us saw a new mamma, instead of us. We were surprised to see it there, as we thought it was always south-east of us. We went away. Some boys said to me that it was red, so we again went to see it from another window, but it was gone.—E. Hazlitt

—Some Presbyterian pupils went to church last Sunday forenoon and we saw some speaking by replying hockey on the bay, but they were not skating on it. The ice on the bay is about two or three inches thick. J. C. McLean.

—Last Saturday afternoon Miss Brindle had burnt, and rushed the water under the room. Several names were written on the burnt and there was a number of persons killed. Dorothy S. Heaitt

—I went home from work on another yesterday and we said that it was early Minnie, my brother in law and then I went home last Sunday evening. She said that she thought that my sister Mrs. Pollock would stay there all winter and my brother-in-law would be in Smithers. They are lucky to be at home I would like to be with them —Isabel Barker.

About four inches of snow fell on the night of last Wednesday the evening Some other boys and I shovelled the snow off the rink and so that they would not be too slippery for people to walk on. We were not allowed to skate on the bay because Exercise and work help to make our muscles grow.—H. Pollock.

I read in a paper that a man, Harry Johnson, who was twenty nine years old died. He was a great lover of the theatre Canada, was lying at the theatre when he died badly burned about the face, hands and body were falling on a hot stove. The doctors said that his recovery was doubtful. Muriel Kennedy.

Muriel Kennedy told me that she saw a mouse skipping about there about five o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. She saw a cat chasing it around the kitchen. It jumped on the stove and nearly jumped in the stove and Muriel almost laughed heartily Bessie Pollock.

I read a story in a book about a girl, named Mary Herbert and she had lost her mother is living. She goes to live with her aunt. Her mother thought that she would give her a surprise. She did not know what it was. Her aunt took her for a visit to see an other place. She was very happy to see her mother. She has three sisters and two brothers. She is the youngest of the family. C. Hartley.

I got a letter from my mother in which she said that my aunt Theresa is at Toronto and is learning to play the piano. She is a very good player for five hours, every day? I heard by playing that she was learning to play. She taught me to play a little and she said that she would not send me but I would send me when I was older. My mother and Theresa can play at home. I can't play very well. Mary Gallagher.

I got a letter from my parents and they are living at Toronto at present but not come home yet. He stopped at Toronto in summer and is working in the C. P. R. shops. They said that they do not know his address. It is about every day. He thinks that he will come home then.—W. Harnett.

I heard that my brother, Willie was making a Meccano set at a shop-shop in Toronto. When we go home in June, we will be pleased to see it. I hope he will make another one when after we go home, so that we can see him making these.—Evelyn Hazlitt.

I read in the newspaper that Santa Claus had received $28.32. I think that he will make the nine children happy when he distributes Christmas presents. The children believe that he is a real man.

The conductors on the cars in Toronto instructed the people how to pay the fares when they commenced to use the pay-as-they-enter cars, but they complained about it. The conductors knew that they complained about it, and they want to put the fares to the Bible Society.—Willie Burley.

MR. HALL'S CLASS.

—Thomas Brown got a letter from his sister and mother telling him that his aunt died last week. He was surprised as he did not not know that she was ill.

Mrs. Nurse is very ill and may die Mr. Nurse was ill and absent, and Edgar Noble was superiour of the boys in his place for a few days. Edgar makes a very good substitute.—Earl Kindree.

This morning some senior boys flooded the rink with the long hose, and they did so after supper last evening, also. Many senior boys go to the shops to work promptly every after noon from 2.30 o'clock till 5.30. We could not play football because snow is on the ground. Some little boys had fun sliding on the sleds this week —J. E. Hall.

The bay froze over and the ice is about three or five inches thick. There was no drawing in Mr. Hales room because there was a teachers meeting held at Toronto yesterday afternoon. Mr. Peppin fixed the electric lights on the rink and he was very busy. The electric light will shine and throw a bright light on the rink Saturday skating on the rink soon. I with a tough cutter and as they with the boys. Five about 10 degrees above zero soon. Some pupils will get Christmas post cards from home. Some pupils said soon as school closing on the bay yesterday afternoon. Some pupils stand round, very swiftly C. Ryan.

Some girls and boys will be glad to see the skating on the rink soon It will be good ice. I think that Dr. Coughlin will not allow us to go to the bay. I think that the ice is not thick enough but can be will be afraid of our drowning us. He will not be responsible Rex right T. Brown

We did not hear from Miss Mc Intosh for a long time. She is in Hospital at Toronto. I hope she will get better soon. I about four week since she left home.

In Coughlin soon permit us to go home for Christmas. Some of the pupils wish to go home to see their parents on Christmas but we must patiently wait here until June they might get sick and spread disease on the ice.—Jack Hall.

Last August my niece Jessie came from Barrie to Toronto and she stayed with us for a couple of weeks. One morning her cousin Willie and I decided to go to my niece Jessie's house. We went to the Union Station and got on the train for Parkdale. We got off at Parkdale and we found the house. Jessie and he is four years old. My sister Bessie has four children namely Lawrence Charlie and Arthur They all left me that and me must go. Wilkinson.

Emma Lobdell went home yesterday. Mr. Nurse's wife is dying We are very sorry for him. He is much worried about his wife Myrtle Mc Gann's aim is sure She cut her arm badly with knife. She was in the hospital and Dr. Bowes came and took it to the hospital. Mr. Nurse's wife seemed the cut with the cut with the cut with

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge gained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and create a taste for habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscribers can commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that delinquencies may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's paper is the time when the subscription expires.

All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A few select advertisements will be inserted Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO

EDITORIAL ROOM

GEO F STEWART, EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1910.

We wish all our readers "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Christmas, 1910.

There is no need for anyone in this Institution to study the distance to be made aware of the fact that Christmas is approaching; for during the last two weeks it has been the chief topic of conversation among the pupils, it has formed the burden of every letter sent home, and it has constituted the warp and woof of every slateful of news and of all other language lessons which it is possible to make reference to the inspiring topic. All children eagerly anticipate the joys of this festive season, and a wait the coming of the happy day with eager expectancy; but when there are over two hundred children in the same building, where each one fans the ardor and longing of all the rest, the cumulative effect is something almost overwhelming, and the atmosphere become fairly electric with excitement and desire. And of course in such an Institution as this there is much transpiring during the two or three weeks before Christmas to stimulate this feeling of delightful satisfaction. Every day, as the messenger returns from the city, his conveyance is piled full of boxes and parcels of every imaginable shape and size, and suggestive of the infinite variety of their probable contents. These the larger boys are called upon to convey to the vault, where they are carefully stored away to await the great day of distribution; and our readers may be sure that they do not fail to find out whose each parcel is for, and to give full information as to its dimensions, weight, etc., to the fortunate consignee. Then about the same time the boys working in the store become aware of the arrival of boxes of nuts, candies, raisins, etc intended for the Christmas party; and still later some prying eyes will see loads of turkeys being transferred to the refrigerators ready to grace the tables on Christmas day. So it is no wonder that our children, and especially the smaller ones, are wrought up to the very highest pitch of excitement and expectancy. Nor is their joy entirely a selfish one, for they find quite as much pleasure in sending some little article of remembrance to the loved ones at home. And thus, through this interchange of expressions of love and remembrance, we are all exemplifying the beautiful spirit and motive that prompted the first great Christmas gift, and doing what little we can to produce "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

HON. A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, LL. D.
Deputy Minister.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, from British Columbia, visited the Institution sometime ago and were very much pleased with their son's surroundings, and well satisfied with the instruction that he is receiving here. We were very sorry not to have seen more of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart. Donald Stuart is a handsome, bright boy fifteen years ago.

A letter was received announcing the safe arrival of Glenn McNeish, one of our little misfits, who left on account of illness. He was met by his mother at Calgary and had her care for the rest of the journey. We hope that dear little Glenn will return next year, as his mother predicts.

We were all very happy in welcoming back our former housekeeper, Mrs. Kinross, who returned to take the place of Miss Byers, who has gone to the Hospital to undergo an operation on her ear. The pupils are all very fond of Mrs. Kinross, who is certainly a very capable housekeeper, and we coincidents in looking after everybody's wants.

The children are looking forward to a good season's skating. Our spacious rink is now in readiness.

Sunday services are held regularly. Mr. D. W. Rose officiated last Sunday afternoon and illustrated his lecture with magic lantern views. Among the graduates present were the Misses Knott, Henderson, Baker, and Messrs. King, Spence, Carter, Upton, Barry, Seigler and Mergler.

Miss Ida Sharpe, a former pupil of our Institution, is to be married in January. We wish her much happiness.

Messrs Haldane and Lash, of Ottawa, lately paid their Alma Mater a flying visit and were warmly welcomed.

Bad roads and bad weather combined have prevented our President from paying his usual quarterly visits this month. They have been very much missed.

The first of December was the birthday of our superintendent, Mrs. Ashplant. It was the 25th birthday that she has had at the Institution. Mr. Ashplant requested that the pupils should not give her anything, but she gave them a tea-party, which they enjoyed very much. The members of the Beaver Deaf and Dumb Association, of this city, surprised Mrs. Ashplant with a box of beautiful roses, and the young lady graduates of the city presented her with a handsome fern plant.—P. S.

PETERBORO ECHOES

Miss Gertie Pilling spent a few weeks visiting relatives in Port Hope.

Mr. Norman Kirk, who went west last spring, has returned home and has wonderful stories to tell of that wheat-growing country. He is now engaged in the harness business in Petrolvale, with two other deaf, namely, Mr. Jack McIsaac, and Mr. W. Charlesloh. While west, Mr. Kirk took a trip as far as Moose Jaw, and states that the town is very busy and on the boom. He also visited Regina, Brandon and Souris. He says the west is the place for young men.

Mr. Jas. Speer, formerly a pupil in the Institution, states that his crops turned out well on account of the favorable weather.

Mr. Kirk went out duck hunting on Thanksgiving Day and succeeded in bagging two fine ducks.

Mr. Eugene McCarby visited the deaf in Peterboro lately, and intends to visit them again sometime during the Christmas holidays.

As Christmas is approaching, all the deaf of Peterboro wish the officers and teachers of the Institution, and the readers of THE CANADIAN MUTE, a Merry Christmas and a Bright New Year.—N. W. E.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt were in Cookstown over Sunday, the 27th, where the former conducted Sabbath Services for our friends up that way.

Mr. Willie Smith, late of Brantford, has joined our numbers, having secured a job at the Massey Harris works. He worked for a little while in the Oshawa factory just before Toronto's alluring inducements caught him.

Miss Edna E. Roberts, of Jarvis, is spending a few weeks with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Roberts. She attended the annual convocation of Victoria College, as the guest of her brother. Miss Roberts, B. A., a member of the Victoria College Class of 1910.

Mrs. Joshua Johnson, who was struck and knocked down by a street car, while trying to cross the tracks in front of the lowly at Queen St. and Spadina Avenue some time ago, is steadily getting well again. She had a very close call and, but for the heroism of Motorman Sylvester, who lowered the fender instantly, she would probably have been dragged under the wheels of the car. She escaped with a few bruises and a bad shake up.

Mr. Wm. Quinlan, of Stratford, was spending old friends here a little while ago, while on his way home after being up in Manitoba and the west since last September. Having asked if he had found the "birdie," he declined to answer.

Surprise parties galore, and great are our sweet young maidens who engineer such affairs. One more of the many events is now past, but the pleasure derived therefrom will not be soon forgotten. This time Miss Carrie Best hour comes in for the lion's share of honors. Her home was the scene, one day evening, Dec. 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whaley, of 95 Victor St., were nearly scared to death as a band of their jolly friends scrambled pell-mell into their house just as they were preparing to retire for the night. After the confusion had subsided all comfortably, Mr. Whaley, the merry fiddler and they had it the rest of the evening. All left at a late hour, well nourished, after enjoying a hearty midnight repast. We hear the surprise party bees are already buzzing in the bonnets of our damsels young and fair, and some fine day next winter we later get a scare, so have your winchesters handy, boys.

Mrs. and the Misses McIntosh, mother and sisters of Mrs. Duff of our genial friend, Angus A. McIntosh, of the Institution staff, who were in the country last June, are still in the land of our forefathers, and at present are visiting in Edinburgh, Devonshire, a famous seaport.

Mrs. Duff, whose health is now in the hospital, we are pleased to note, and hope she will soon be all right again.

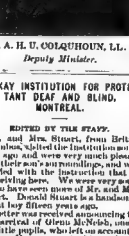
Mrs. Samuel Wright has made the base of one of her brothers-in-law, who resides in Ohio, for away West Virginia on Nov. 27th.

Miss Mabel S. Gardiner resigned her position in the deaf and dumb ward of the Toronto post-office on Dec. 6th for the purpose of taking particular care of failing health. She intends spending the winter up near Gore Bay with relative and friends, and expects to be well, the change will do her good.

Mr. Wm. Crawford, the heartfelt sympathy of us all in the terrible loss he has sustained in the death of the beloved wife. Mrs. Tervell and her Fred went down to attend the funeral on behalf of many particular friends there.

We wish you one and all a very Merry Christmas and a very Prosperous and Happy New Year.—H. W. R.

—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Moynihan received in the large number of friends at their beautiful and cozy home, "Bellevue," on Thursday evening last. The reception was given in honor of Miss Wood, one of the nurses who recently graduated from the Wingham Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Moynihan have the very best wishes of a large number of friends for many years of health and happiness in their newly remodelled home. "Bellevue."—Stephen News.



HON. R. A. PYNE, M.D., LL.D.,
Minister of Education.

Some Distinguished Visitors.

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, we were honored by a visit from Hon. R. A. Pyne, M. D., LL. D., Minister of Education for Ontario, and A. H. U. Colquhoun, B.A., LL. D., Deputy Minister. They were accompanied by J. W. Johnson, Esq., Member of the Legislature for this District. The distinguished visitors arrived about noon and made a thorough inspection of the Institution. A special school session was held in the afternoon to give them an opportunity to see the class-room work, in which they manifested a keen interest, especially in the Oral Department, which is a feature in trade and alone their services visit here. The proficiency in articulation and lip-reading displayed by some of the little pupils afforded them especial pleasure, and strongly impressed them with the future possibilities of this system of education for our deaf children. Both the Minister and the Deputy-Minister are taking a warm interest in the education of the deaf and all that pertains to their welfare, which augurs well for future progress and development in this important work. A visit was made to our new sanitary cow-stable and milk-house and much pleasure was expressed at the means adopted for securing to the pupils an abundant supply of pure milk. The pupils' pleas in the Conservatory were visited and duly admired, and a brief inspection made of the dormitories and living rooms. The visitors returned to Toronto on the five o'clock train.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION NOTES: "The greatest happiness of found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 15, 1910.

I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play.
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
—Longfellow.

Will parents please read carefully our Christmas letter on this page. Send your Christmas parcels in early. If you delay till the last moment they may arrive too late for the Christmas distribution on Monday morning. All clothing sent will be fumigated before it is given to the children, and this cannot be done before Christmas if it does not arrive a few days before. If your child receives nothing on Monday morning it will be due to your neglect or delay

Intending visitors to the Institution will please take notice that the presents will be distributed and our Christmas celebration held on Monday, Dec. 26th, and that for New Year's on Jan. 2nd.

The Late Mrs. Wm. Nurse.

It is with the deepest sorrow and regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Wm. Nurse, wife of our esteemed storekeeper, which sad event occurred on the 11th inst. The deceased was born at Dereupert, England, and came to Canada with her parents when about eight years of age. They settled at Newmarket, Ont., where she lived till 1883, since which time she has been a resident of Belleville. For several years she was on the staff of this Institution, where she remained, rendering faithful and efficient service, till her marriage to Mr. Nurse. Her health began to fail about four years ago, and although everything that was done for her restoration that medical skill and loving care could suggest or devise, she gradually grew worse, till death brought a welcome relief from her intense suffering. For the past twenty-three years she was a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist Church. A sincere Christian, kind mother and a most loving and devoted wife and mother, she enjoyed the respect and esteem of her many acquaintances, to all of whom she left from her untimely ignacies—the memory of an exemplary life. To Mr. Nurse, and to Miss Ethel and Master Stanley, we extend our deepest sympathy, which will be shared, not only by all at the Institution, but by the deaf throughout the whole Province, as well as by a large circle of other friends.

The interment took place on the 13th. At the house an impressive service was conducted by Rev. C. G. Smith, assisted by Rev. R. Wallace and Rev. S. Gwatkin. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, including one from the Institution staff, one from the pupils and one from the deaf in Toronto.

The Teachers' Association

The regular monthly meeting of the Teachers' Association was held on the 9th inst.

A short discussion took place regarding the illustration of items in "The Canadian Mute." It was decided that those in charge of the paper be asked to make an effort to procure suitable cuts. It was also decided that a small news sheet, containing an epitome of the world's news, be published once or twice a week, or daily if possible.

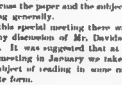
Dr. Coughlin made a few remarks regarding letter-writing. He said that the teachers should assist the pupils in this, but it must be distinctly understood that there must be no restriction whatever on the liberty of the pupil. Every child had a right to make any complaints or say anything to his parents about himself that he wished. He also stated that Miss Powell, instructor of Art in Toronto Public Schools, would be here on Jan. 3 & 4, to lecture to the staff on the subject of Art.

Mr Campbell gave a very instructive paper on Arithmetic, dealing with some of the most important facts to be emphasized in that subject. A short discussion followed regarding the introduction of Manual Training and the amount of time that should be allowed for it in the time-table.

Dr Coughlin spoke very emphatically on the importance of the subject of reading and regretted that there was not time to discuss Mr. Davidson's paper on "Literature in the Grammar Grades." It was decided to hold a special meeting on Monday, Dec. 12th, to discuss the paper and the subject of reading generally.

At this special meeting there was a lengthy discussion of Mr. Davidson's paper. It was suggested that at our next meeting in January we take up the subject of reading in some more definite form.

Miss Evoy was asked to give a paper on her methods of teaching reading.



Mrs. Henderson and her brother came last Thursday from Gilbert.

It has been found necessary to add more shelves to the Pupils Library.

—Skating is the chief amusement now. Our rink is in splendid condition.

Mrs. Leckie, of Sarnia, visited her daughters, Alma, Alice and Elsie last week.

—The home of Mr. Lewis, our neighbor, was completely destroyed by fire last Sunday.

—Jack Frost has been paying us a long, strong visit. He doesn't give the Sunny Side a call.

—Christmas buzzes up already running in. We hope all will be in good time. The train is coming.

The teachers held a special meeting last Monday afternoon, when they discussed the subject of Reading.

Mr. Evans from Detroit, former pupil, renewed acquaintances here one day last week. He was on his way to Chicago.

WANTED.—Mr. Nurse would like to get a good deaf girl to help his daughter in the household. He offers a comfortable home and good wages.

—We are preparing a very interesting entertainment, drills, dialogues and pantomimes for Monday evening, Dec. 26th, when will take the place of the usual Christmas party.

—Santa Claus has very kindly consented to have his photo placed in our black boards. This has been done and the children are delighted with the old chap in his various poses.

—In renewing his subscription Mr. John R. Newell sends his best regards to all here and to his many friends among our readers, and wishes all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. Mr. Newell left the Institution about twenty-four years ago and Mrs. Newell about nineteen years ago.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES R. PURDY.

—The days are fine and cold.

—Christmas is coming and the little pupils are anxious to see what they will get on Christmas Day.

—The relatives of Mr. Gerald Barnett are very anxious about him, as he has not come home from the west. They have not heard from him since he wrote them about his cousing to Outario last month. I suppose he must have a situation some place.

—A number of rockies bearing boys skated on the bay lately. It was not safe to do so then.

—The animals that live under the ground are preparing to take four months' sleep in their burrows.

—It is reported that Mr. Norman Gresham, of Hamilton, has secured a situation in the Post Office there. He says that he likes it better than lumbering.

—Mr. Hinns, our supervisor, was on the sick list last week. During his absence, Messrs. Noble and McLachlan acted as supervisors and the boys were good to them. Mr. Hinns felt grateful to the boys for taking his duties during his absence.

—The large stone house, the residence of Mr. Lewis, near the Institution, was burned to the ground last week. Part of the household goods were saved and quite a number of our boys assisted in carrying the goods to the second floor. The house could not be saved on account of the lack of water. We all feel sorry for Mr. Lewis. It was amusing to see some boys saving the kittens from the burning house.

—Mr. Evan Scott, whose home is in Boston, came here to see us recently before going to Chicago, where he will take a good position. He was a pupil here about thirteen years ago. He said that the school is much changed. I remembered him when I was here during my last year.

We wish all the readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Beaver D. and D. Association, Montreal.

The Association continues to do well and a list of the members assembled, the evenings are much enjoyed.

Mr. Stevenson Bedard, who is one of our members and who has been absent for a long time, turned up again on December 1st. We were all very glad to see him again.

December the first was Mrs. Ashcroft's birthday. Mrs. Ashcroft is the superintendent of the Mackay Institution, and she has our hearty wishes for many happy returns.

An interesting debate on the question of the Canadian Navy was fought out between Mr. Charles C. Hart and Mr. William Spiers on November 30th. The challenge was made by Mr. Hart, that Canada was capable of having such a navy, and Mr. Spiers said we were not. The debate, which was a lively one and lasted for nearly an hour, was won by Mr. Spiers. Mr. A. S. Walker acted as chairman.

Montreal has donned its winter coat of paint, and Mr. Walker, Secretary of the Association, thinks so, for, on stepping outside the hall after the debate, he received a snowball in his right eye which didn't feel very good.

A hockey club for our Association was formed during the month of October, of whom the following were elected as officers: President, Mr. William Spiers; Secretary, Mr. R. Hall; Treasurer, Mr. William Paterson; Committee, Messrs. C. C. Hart, George King and James McPhee. We expect to have a strong force on our team.

As quite a lot of the members have snow-shoes, we expect to organize a snow-shoe club before long.

A number of weeks ago a debate was held between Mr. Frank A. Conant and Mr. Rudolf Bedard on "Is Marriage a failure?" Mr. Conant, who is a married man, had lots to say, and he really won the debate. Mr. Bedard is a confirmed bachelor.

Our club called "Thyra Varick" was recited to the members last week by our Secretary, Mr. Walker.

Mr. Lambert, who came here from the old country, and who has been a regular visitor to our Association during his stay in Montreal, left to visit other places in Canada last week.

It is with much pleasure I announce the good news through the columns of your valuable paper that Mrs. D. Reston, the wife of our worthy Treasurer, Mr. David Reston, of Glasgow, Scotland, has been blessed with a son. I am sure all her friends will join with me in congratulations.—A. S. W.

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

The Christmas season is again at hand. As usual, none of the pupils will be allowed to go home. We will, however, try to make this as happy and enjoyable a time as we possibly can for all at the Institution.

In order that we may succeed in this we must have the co-operation of the parents and friends. We shall have a delightful time on Christmas morning when the boxes, parcels and letters are distributed, but all that we can do will not make your child happy if he does not receive something from the loved ones at home. Please do not let YOUR child be overlooked on this happy occasion. Everyone can afford at least some inexpensive article for his child SOMETHING FROM HOME, is always highly prized.

All parcels and boxes should arrive here NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 20TH. Do not delay till the last minute, remember that it is often impossible for the express and post-offices to hand-le all the parcels that are shipped during the last two or three days before Christmas. Every year some presents are received too late for distribution on Christmas morning.

We especially request that all articles of clothing intended for Christmas presents be sent at least a week before We fumigate all clothing before it is given to the children, and if such articles do not arrive a few days in advance they cannot be got ready for distribution on Christmas morning.

We have a few children whose parents are dead or too poor to send them anything. We hope that these will not be forgotten by well-to-do parents and friends. If anything is purchased for these children it can be done easily the Superintendent, otherwise we will not know it is there. Any money sent direct to the Superintendent for this purpose will be very much appreciated, and gratefully expended.

Address all parcels to the child, in care of the Institution for the Deaf, Belleville. All express charges must be prepaid on this is IMPORTANT

Members of the pupils families will be welcome visitors to the Institution at this season or at any other time, but WE CANNOT PURNISH MEALS OR LODGING. Good accommodation at reasonable rates may be obtained at the Hotel Quinte, Kyle House, Anglo-American, Dominion and Crystal hotels, and meals are provided at several good restaurants

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours Faithfully,
C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.
Superintendent.

A man's true wealth is the good he has done in the world to his fellow-men; when he dies people will ask, what property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him? *The Rowan.*

A Christmas Carol.

Under the stars, one holy night,
A little babe was born;
Over his head a star shone bright,
And glistened till the morn.
And wise men came from far away,
And shepherds wondered where he lay
Upon his lowly bed of hay,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars one blessed night,
The Christ-child came to earth,
And through the darkness broke the light
Of morning at his birth.
And sweet hosannas filled the air,
And guardian angels watched him there
The Virgin Mother knelt in prayer,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, this happy night,
We wait for Him once more,
And seem to see the wondrous sight,
The shepherds saw of yore.
O, baby born in Bethlehem,
Come to us as you came to them,
And crown us with love's diadem,
Under the stars to-night.

Annie R. Driscol

The Christ-Child.

A long, long time ago, on the night before Christmas, a little child wandered alone up and down the streets of a large city.

The pavements were snowy and icy. The child had on neither shoes nor stockings, but it was glad in its heart because it was Christmas Eve, and the whole world seemed glad.

Everywhere the light was streaming out from the windows; and inside the houses there were bright candles and beautiful Christmas-trees, loaded with presents for the children.

The boys and girls in those houses were playing games; and their merry laughter rang out into the street.

The little child was glad with them, and clapped its hands and said, "O, they are very happy things! Surely they will share their Christmas with me, and will let me come into their bright, warm home!"

So the little child ran up the broad stone steps and tapped softly at the door. But the servant said, "Go away, little child; there is no room for you in here."

And the child turned away sorrowful. The streets seemed colder and darker than before, and the bright windows he could hardly see because of his tears.

Farther and farther down the street where the less beautiful the child wandered. There is still Christmas-tree in every house; and upon them were beautiful dolls and toys and pictures also.

The child stopped before one of the windows and tapped upon the pane. A little girl came and looked out at the child; but she only shook her head and said "Go away, for we cannot take care of you now."

Then the child turned away. "Will no one share their Christmas with me," he sobbed, "the light is so bright and I love it so."

The street now grew darker and narrower. The houses were small and poor. It was very late, and the night grew very cold and still.

Suddenly there appeared a bright ray of light. "It shone through the darkness into the child's face.

"I will go and see if these people will share their Christmas with me," he whispered.

Then the little child went straight up to the window from which the light was shining; it was a poor, little, mean house, but the child thought only of the light in the window.

Inside there was only a little tallow candle; but it seemed to the wanderer as bright as the sun. The candle stood in an old cup, and beside it, in the same cup, stood a little twig of the evergreen tree. This was all the Christmas these people had.

But there was a beautiful mother there with a baby on her knee, and another little child standing beside her. There were a few bright coals in the fireplace which made the poor little room light and warm.

The child crept close to the window and tapped upon the pane. The little girl within came and threw open the door. And when she saw the little stranger, she put out her hand and drew him in. "Poor little child," said the mother, "you are cold. Come in and let us love and warm you; and you shall share our Christmas."

Then she gathered the little stranger close to her, and the children helped to warm its cold hands and feet.

And when this was done, she drew the three children close to her, and told them of the little Christ-Child that was born so long ago on Christmas morning.

But when the sweet voice had finished, behold the light in the room had grown brighter. It shone like the sun; and from the floor to the ceiling it was as light as the day. But the little stranger had slipped from sight; it had gone, but the strange light and the music.

"Children," said the mother softly, "I believe we have had the real Christ-Child with us to-night." Then she kissed her little ones close to her and kissed them. And there was great joy in the little house that Christmas Eve. *Primary Education.*

Mary's Christmas.

Christmas morning Mary woke up very early. No one else was awake. She slipped out of bed without saying a word to anyone and crept quickly to the fire place. There she found her pretty red and white stocking which she hung up the night before. How queer it looked. She pulled it down from its place and felt it all over. Such a round, bulgy bundle were in it. Mary clapped her hands with delight for had not old Santa Claus come in the night and filled her stocking from tip to toe.

What was it peeping out from the top of the stocking with round black eyes? Was it a doll? No, it could not be, for it gave it a wee bit of a squeak in a brown teddy bear. Then next came a small box, and in it she found a tiny gold ring, then came other nice things, and below and nuts and down in the toe of the stocking was a big yellow orange.

Mary could not keep quiet any longer and called her mother to come and see what Santa Claus had brought her. She said "Dear old Santa Claus has been good to me. I love him. I will write a letter to him and thank him for so many beautiful things."

Did you write a letter to Santa Claus and thank him for the nice things he gave you?—Ex.

The Wonderful Child.

"Once upon a time, many, many years ago, in a land far away across the sea there lived a poor man and his wife. They were poor working people. The man was a carpenter. After a while a little baby boy came into their house. He was a bright little baby and his parents loved him very, very much. This little baby grew to be a boy. He used to help his father with his work. While he was yet a baby the king, who was a cruel wicked man, sent men about to kill him. But the father and mother quickly ran away with him and carried him off to a far country where the wicked king could not find him.

They loved their baby so much that they would do anything to save his life. Years went by and the little baby boy became a man. He went about everywhere doing good. He healed the sick and gave sight to the blind and even raised the dead. He taught the people how to live rightly and he preached against the evil that is in the world. This made the wicked people so angry that they took him and killed him.

But the beautiful things he did and the beautiful things he said made him so dear to all good people that they celebrate his birthday every year by giving presents to their children. The baby, who grew up and lived such a blessed life, was the Christ-Child and his name was Jesus. Sel.

The Man Without a Christmas.

"The man without a country" was in a pretty bad fix. But it isn't a circumstance to the man without a Christmas.

And who is the man without a Christmas? He is the person who knew not of the blessed Christ child, the poor children in city and country who have no Christmas presents and Christmas cheer, the "forgotten men and women" in dreary lives? Yes, these are surely and sadly without a Christmas.

But there is another without a Christmas. He knows of the Christ child, but it brings him no peace; he has ample money for gifts, but it brings him no joy.

The man without a Christmas is the man with no joy in his heart, no love in his life, no generous impulses in his soul.

For him the Christmas bells ring out no peal of joy, the Christmas carols bring no message of peace and love, selfishness sits on the throne of his soul. Greed has become both conduct and creed.

The poorest of earth, with the love of God in his heart and a trifling gift for child or friend in his hand, is richer and favored and blessed immeasurably above the man without a Christmas.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Step by Step.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it word by word. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact and principle after principle.

Happiness of life is made up of little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, loving smiles and good deeds.

One to a million come in his lifetime may do a heroic action, but the little things which make up our life come every day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. BALL'S CLASS.

—Charles Fred told me a story about Wallash and his legs, in the chapel. It was good. We clapped our hands. —Ilen Ball.

—Some girls went to see some boys flood the rink. I ran in a hurry to go to the rink to skate. I saw some boys skating on the bay last Sunday.—Bella Whyte.

JUNIOR PUPILS' LOCALS.

MR. INGRAM'S CLASS.

—We went to the city last Saturday and saw the stores. In one store window there are automobiles, toys, trains, rocks, skates and a big Santa Claus. I liked to see them very much, and hope Santa Claus will bring me some nice things at Christmas.—Arthur Hilker.

—I received a letter from Bessie last Thursday, and also to-day, that my mother made the Red Christmas cake last Tuesday, and may be she will send me a piece for Christmas. Day My mother can make good cakes and pies.—A. Ward.

—I saw some boys skating on the bay last Saturday, and they looked to be skating very fast. The ice is not hard enough on the bay yet. I think the ice is too thin, and it is dangerous to skate on thin ice.—Arthur Hilker.

MR. STEWART'S CLASS.

—I received a letter from my mother last week. She said my sister Beulah was sang at a concert in the Opera House on the Monday before. She is a nice girl and sings sweetly. I would like to see her.—Clara Ball.

—I read from a newspaper about a giant English apple and I saw a picture of it It was sixteen inches around and over two inches in diameter. It weighed 2 ounces. It grew in London, England and I think it was the biggest apple in the world. A man sold the apple for $50 I was surprised when I read about it and I would like to have it to eat.—Asa Forrester.

—The children that live in Burns Settlement will see Santa Claus a coal When I was a little girl I thought he was real. I used to get things in my stockings then and I thought Santa Claus brought them to me, but now I know it was my parents. My little brothers and sisters think Santa Claus comes on Christmas. I hope the children will get things in their stockings on the evening of Dec. 25th. A. Peacock

MISS LOUISE'S CLASS.

—Nov. 30 was St. Andrew's Day Miss Lum and I were wearing some heather. Some of the Scotch people Scotch people are fond of heather. Some of the person is Scotch. I Hisbrother.—Joseph McMillan.

—We have a new home now and we had a nice neighbour party. I think the house is done. There are a new minister and his wife from Ireland here. I have seen some nice things. Lena Doubledee.

—My father gave a gun to Arthur Hilker and to Bardsley and Arthur and I went to the woods. We went through the bush and found a hole in the ground-hog. Then he shot it and I ran to it. I lifted it but it was very heavy It squealed and it died. I carried it home. I showed it to my mother. Charlie Wilson.

MISS MCAMBLY'S CLASS.

—I got a letter from Ellen Fleetwood yesterday. She will not come back to school. She is busy at home. She is learning to make tea in a store in Toronto.

—Today is Myrtle Headley's birthday The girls gave her many pretty pens and pencils presents. Many Freeman

—Some boys flooded the rink this morning. Jack Hamilton is sick to-day. Poor woman, I am sorry. I made a rocking chair in the sloyd also last month. Yesterday was my birth day. I got a parcel from my father was glad.—Margaret Lawson.

—The sun is shining on the window It is very bright and pretty the moon and the stars are pretty red moon last night. Joe is on the bay now.

—Last night I dreamed that I was dead. I saw a soldier and beside me Poor me. I was fooled when I awoke this morning I laughed.—W. Denham

MISS BURKE'S CLASS.

—I am happy, because I shall get a toy at Christmas. Perhaps mother will make me a dress.—Ethel Dezeeuw We shall all have a party at Christmas in the evening.—John Marshall.

—It will be Christmas soon. The children want to see Santa Claus. I got a long letter from my father yesterday at dinner. I was glad. Perhaps I shall get 2 boxes from home at Xmas. It was W. Barnett's birthday yesterday.—H. Humphrey.

—I got a letter from my sister Vera on Thursday. Santa Claus will come here soon. I shall be happy at Christmas. We shall shall have a party We shall have a good time. Perhaps Papa, Alma, Vera will come to see me. —L. Strong.

Children, Can you Truly Tell.

Children, can you truly tell,
Do you know the story well.
Every little girl and boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen, now, and hear us tell,
Every little girl and boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Plenty flocks were scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

Angels sang a lond, sweet song,
For a holy babe was born;
Down on earth to live with men.
Jesus, our dear Saviour, came.
On the Christmas morning.

Jack and the Kittens.

Jack lived in the country. One day he went to the barn to look for some eggs. He looked in the manger and found three little kittens. He ran to the house and got a basket. He put the kittens into the basket. He carried them to the house and showed them to his mother. His mother was pleased to see them and said that Jack could keep them. He played with them for a while and then she told him to take them back to the stable. The mother cat was glad to see them again and she purred loudly and licked the kittens with her tongue.

Write the questions:

1. ——————— ?
   In the country.
2. ——————— ?
   To the barn.
3. ——————— ?
   To look for some eggs.
4. ——————— ?
   He found three kittens.
5. ——————— ?
   In the manger.
6. ——————— ?
   He put them into a basket.
7. ——————— ?
   To his mother.
8. ——————— ?
   He played with them for a little while.
9. ——————— ?
   He took them back to the barn.
10. ——————— ?
    The cat was glad to see them.
11. ——————— ?
    She purred loudly.

Fill the Blanks.

1. Harry —— many pennies from home for a month.
2. George said, "I——sick since I came back to school."
3. James and Arthur ——in school for two weeks because they were sick.
4. James and Arthur——in school for two weeks because they have been sick.
5. We——rain yesterday and the children could not go out to play.
6. We——rain last Saturday and the children could not go out to play.
7. Annie——a letter from her father since he went to Alberta.

Both Tenses.

Tell what you think of Santa Claus as follows:—

1. Is he tall or short?
2. Is he stout or thin?
3. Is he young or old?
4. Describe his clothing.
5. Where does he live?
6. How does he go from one place to another?
7. How does he get into the house?
8. What does he do when he is in the house?
9. When does he come?

Sentence Work.

Combine each of these sentences in two ways, using *too, also, and so, either or neither.*

1. John went to the city on Saturday. Henry went to the city on Saturday.
2. My father is well. My mother is well.
3. Mary has no watch. Annie has no watch.
4. Ada got several letters last week. Eleanor got several letters last week.
5. Alfred did not get a letter. Ann did not get a letter.
6. Ruth hasn't any money. Nora hasn't any money.
7. Thomas never had measles. He never had scarlet fever.
8. Mona is fond of reading stories. Isabel is fond of reading stories.
9. Clara does not like oysters. Alma does like oysters.
10. The Methodist pupils did not go to church last Sunday. The Presbyterian pupils did not go to church last Sunday.
11. William likes to play checkers. Charlie likes to play checkers.
12. Jane has brown hair. Mabel has brown hair.

One. Some. Another. The Other. The Rest.

1. Margaret bought three Easter eggs. She gave ——to Mary, —— to Hattie and —— to Alice.
2. A boy had two tea. was red and—— was blue.
3. Grace has a box of crayons. are white and - — are colored.
4. There were some fish in the pond. —— were gold fish and - were silver fish.
5. There were four birds on a tree. ——was a robin, ——was a sparrow and——were blue-jays.
6. A girl had five dresses. was new and - ——were old.
7. I had four pieces of candy. I gave —— to George, —— to Harry, —— to Bessie and kept ——.
8. A boy bought two oranges. was sour and ——was sweet.
9. Frank had thirty cents. He spent fifteen cents and gave——to his mother.
10. Mary saw three kittens. was white, —— was black and —— was gray.
11. There were two umbrellas in a rack. ——belonged to Howard and —— belonged to Paul.

Geography.

What name is given to:

1. A small river?
2. The land at the sides of a river?
3. The land under a river?
4. A very small hill?
5. A low place between hills?
6. A burning mountain?
7. The mouth of a burning mountain?
8. That which comes out of a burning mountain?
9. A row of mountains joined together?
10. A fertile place in a desert?
11. A low, wet tract of land?
12. The beginning of a river?
13. The end of a river?
14. A large collection of houses where people live?
15. A small collection of houses where people live?

And Because When.

Connect the sentences in each of the following groups, 1st by using *and;* 2nd by using *because;* 3rd by using *when.*

1. My old boots were worn out. I bought a new pair.
2. John went home. His father was very ill.
3. It began to rain. Little Alice could not go out to play.
4. I wanted a new book to read. I asked my teacher for one.

Combining Sentences.

Make one statement and use WITH.

1. I saw a rat. It had a long tail.
2. A little boy had a dog. It had curly hair.
3. A little boy swam in a pond. He had black hair.
4. I saw a man. He carried a bag.
5. I saw a fish in a pond. It had bright eyes.
6. I put my shears into my bag. Their handle was broken.
7. A girl ran down the road. She had yellow hair and blue eyes.
8. A boy sits beside Harold. The boy has curly hair.
9. Harriet's doll has white shoes. They have white buttons.
10. I saw a dog eating a bone. It had a short tail.
11. There is a pitcher in my room. There is some water in it.
12. A cat caught a bird. It had brown feathers.
13. A cat caught a bird. The cat had sharp claws.
14. I saw a tree. It had pretty leaves.
15. Two horses drew a wagon. They had white feet.

Elliptical Sentences.

1. Two boys went fishing caught seven large bass.
2. The boys saw ——crawling among the leaves, but did not know what it was.
3. Toronto is in Ontario is On tario.
4. Tom said that his lesson was—— hard. He could not learn it.
5. Annie hunted for her lead-pencil —— could not find it.
6. Where did you get ——pretty flowers? Show ——to me.
7. The men could not work —— it was raining.
8. I wrote a letter ——my friend Tom wrote one to him ——.
9. A boy had some ——, with which he was going to buy a hat.
10. Jack went to the city but he did not buy
11. The pupils had nice, juicy dinner.
12. The boys did not get home before the rain, ——did the girls.

During While.

1. The children played games recess.
2. They enjoyed themselves they were playing.
3. The electric-lights were not burning —— we were sleeping.
4. Do the electric-lights burn the night?
5. The windows rattled ——a fierce storm.
6. We often have deep snow and hard frost ——the winter.
7. Some visitors came here —— we were at supper.
8. Tom enjoyed himself his uncle was visiting at his house.
9. Tom enjoyed himself his uncle's visit.

Who.

Join the sentences in each of the following groups, using "who."

1. The boy is in bed. He is sick.
2. Several people were on the platform when it broke. Some of them were severely injured.
3. Two boys were in the reading room. They were quietly reading their library books.
4. Many people were on the train. They saw a farmer's house on fire, but could not do anything to help him.
5. Some boys were going to Preston. They got a ride in a farmer's wagon part of the way.
6. Some men are working on the road-bed of the G. N. R. They find the weather very chilly.

Give the Meaning.

1. I saw Miss Evoy's pupils in the green-house. They were watching the plants there.
   there——
2. A boy lost his knife in the cow stable. He found it there.
   there——
3. Many pupils are in the study rooms in the evening. They study their lessons there.
   there ·
4. A teacher asked Mr. Narrow for some colored crayons but he said that there were none
   none
5. A cow has horns but a horse has none
   none
6. A boy went to the cellar for some apples but there were none there
   none
   there

A An The

1. I saw another goat him apple, orange and pear She told him to give apple to Annie, orange to Mary and to keep pear for himself
2. Little Annie brought knife and head pencils her teacher. She said that knife was dull and she could not sharpen pencil with it
3. moon gets its light from sun.
4. Tom said that he saw engine of moon not long ago.
5. A teacher asked one of her pupils if steam-pipes were hot
6. Harry found knife in the hall
7. Harry found red knife in the hall

Fill the Blanks.

1. A man, was born in Ireland, is called an Irishman
2. I saw a large load, was carrying a young chicken in its claws
3. The railroad, is being built along the bay shore is the C. N. R.
4. The book, I am reading, is very interesting.
5. He is, play either football or hockey should be strong and active

An Elliptical Story.

Little Tom was a boy. He did not like —— early in the morning. Before he went —— on Friday night his —— told —— would take him to the city the —— if he was ready at eight. Tom was —— His mother called —— at six o'clock, but he went —— again. He —— at six o'clock and the window. He saw —— and his sister Annie, down through the gateway. He called to —— but they would —— wait for him. He was —— for his clothes.

If When.

1. Write three sentences beginning with If.
2. Write three sentences beginning with When.
   Re-write the sentences changing the position of If and When

Supply Subject

1. —— are covered with bark
2. —— grows on the bark of trees sometimes.
3. —— are grown in the green-house.

Parts of Things.

Name as many parts, as you can, of
a. a door.
b. a jack-knife.
c. a rocking-chair.
d. an axe.
e. a bridge.

The Christmas Box that Went on a Mission.

(Continued from first page.)

I'll make a cross on our barrel so you won't get the barrels mixed when you direct them. Here's the minister's address; now keep your wits about you."

"You needn't take me for a child, Jane. We have put over a hundred dollars in the children's barrel, and I guess I have some sense to direct it straight. But I hope you folks did well by that poor preacher, for it is a cold winter."

"Now, very," replied Mrs. White, soberly. "We had all spent so much we felt we could not send money or new things, and the new bedding and garments went to the rummage sale, because clothes sell well."

"The Lord provides in one way and another for the preacher," said Mr. White. "There's the dollar-bill. Don't mark the barrels the first thing in the morning."

There had been a blizzard up north, but the preacher had been out such Christmas morning to see a sick child and take some food to a poor widow, and as he stopped for the meal he found that the long-expected missionary barrel had come. He parted with the last quarter to get some men to haul it up to his poor home, because it was a very quiet day for the little folks. They had expected to have some fun out of doors, but now they could only creep nuts by the log bed stove and eat their potatoes and pork with sad grimaces as they were able. For the first time in their lives these children had not been remembered by Santa Claus, as mamma was too weak to even make candy, and papa had to tell them where he had carried in the range to get flour and bacon. Anyway, we have lots of wood," said Fred, "and I have made a checker-board and we will have games, and papa said he would tell us stories.

Mamma says I may make molasses candy," said ten year-old Grace.

"I will tell you about Christmas when I was a little girl," said the sweet-faced lady who was holding a tiny baby by the fire. "I think we will have to call our new baby Christmas gift."

Maggie Lovely one she is," said Maggie, stroking the handle in the shawl as it it were a kitten, "but papa is evening. I hear some one coming to a horse."

Sure enough it was papa, and when the door was opened a big barrel rolled in with the wind and snow, and how the children shouted for joy. They could hardly wait till the minister found the hatchet.

"Just so you have a warm overcoat and cap, I will be thankful," said the wife.

"It is getting cold for my rubber coat, and my furs are slightly faded-but-ten; but, dear, I want some nourishing food for you until you get strong enough to relish our plain fare," said the husband.

"You are doing such splendid work with the men in the camps and keeping drinking down so well I can't see how you need a little longer" replied the wife, a smile making her thin face very beautiful.

"We need dollies awful bad," said Maggie. "Do hurry, papa."

"You need warm winter dresses more," replied papa, "but I hope this dear old mission a lot of men will be insane, for she shall not touch the machine if you children have to go ragged in Sunday school. I confess I want to see a new look. Just the smell of fresh type would do my hungry mind good. The lid was lifted and the bundle of baby clothes came out.

"Some woman who has a baby put this in," remarked the minister. "All soft and warm and pure. What are you crying for, Mary dear?"

"Because here are baby things but needed so badly. Vaseline and powder and pins and flannels. Some mother made these beautiful things." And very happy tears fell on the garments over which a fond grandmother had spent many happy hours. The books came in the children's clothes. The minister stopped to examine the treat in store, and the children dropped the warm dresses that would not be the perfect fit, to hug and kiss their new dollies.

"Never mind 'The Sky Pilot,' dear, see if there is an overcoat," cried the wife, as excited as the children.

"Here is a new dress for you, and it looks as if it would about fit," said the minister, "and a suit of clothes for the boy, and, bless my heart, an overcoat fit for a king. I think this barrel rolled down from heaven—not from a missionary society. Let us pray."

And they knelt around that blessed barrel, the happy mother clasping her little baby and the beautiful clothes, the children their dresses and dolls, and the preacher tried to pray. He said, in trembling voice: "Forgive us, Lord, if we sometimes thought we were forgotten; we will never doubt our heavenly Father again. Make us worthy of these needed blessings, and, oh, Father, bless the people who have blessed our distressed."

After that they gathered around the barrel again, and there were new surprises. "I am thankful for these good things for you just now," said the host, turned against bacon and corn-meal, Mary," and the minister and children passed apples and cake, and the hungry family had a feast then and there.

"I wish some more could see it, can't we share it with the children in the village?" asked the minister's wife.

"If the storm goes down, and I can get a tree and you feel strong enough, we might have in some children who have had little Christmas!" was the answer.

"Do, papa!" said Helen. "We know Christmas songs and pieces."

"We need not give them much—just candy and cakes and apples, but we can dress the tree, and the presents are there, and we are trying to win them for God," replied the minister, much pleased at the suggestion.

So in the evening, when the blizzard had gone down, leaving the air crisp and bitterly cold, a dozen or more happy children were brought to the little parsonage, and how they did enjoy the unexpected treat! The good things from the missionary barrel.

"We had a beautiful evening, and I don't think mamma is too tired. She will get right up on her feet good, and there was so much money tucked around the things we can all have new shoes and all of us some luxuries for the table the rest of the winter. Surely the King's royal bounty has been more than a gift." said the grateful minister, as the family settled for the night.

"I wrote a long letter and directed it to our dear friend, Mrs. Ford, and sent it off this afternoon. I thought that would be more taken up by the social interest in us should know at once how needed it was and how grateful we are."

So the letter to the White family went to Bowville very promptly, and Mrs. White family had thought to put the dollar-bill in the letter, but found that was to go to the beloved daughter. The letter happened to fall into her mother's hands, and she was the one who where the missionary barrel had been sent, she naturally did not wait for her husband's permission to open it and enjoy its contents. But if the mother had expected to have the joyful epistle would bring joy, he was much disturbed. When Mr. White came from the store he found his wife sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is wrong, dear Hettie, I" asked the father anxiously.

"Everything has happened to Hettie" cried the wife. "Read, read, my advice, and yet they do the awfullest things. If I had only known it, I could have directed that barrel myself, but no, you think your hand-writing is so plain, and now you have spoiled it all.

The dreadful truth was the husband had put the barrel as was look at the address.

"Me, did I get those barrels mixed? Goodness, what will Hettie think of these old clothes?"

"Old clothes, indeed, which she can't abide, because the grief-stricken mother. "How anything you forget your spees when you directed the barrels."

"I did, Jane," the husband confessed, very humbly. "I saw that written on the barrel and I mistook it for the mark you were to make. But this is a misfortune, better. How sorry we are there should be a young baby, and Hettie will be so disappointed. Well, just the same family. I don't care, they ought not to have had your expensive and dried apples and cake. It is my own support after the manner of his house.

"I suppose I deserve the blow, for I ought not, as president, to send old stuff go to a preacher's family. I see we ought to let the very poor folks, who have no additions to their income, old rags, and get together and get up something good for a minister's family or pass on the name to those who will do it. It wouldn't have hurt us now to have sent new baby clothes, and have bought an overcoat and cap for the preacher and each given a little from our company things to make them have a relish with their plain living. It's been on my conscience, knowing they would be disappointed when they opened the big barrel, but how need Hettie will be over these yellow, old-fashioned baby clothes and spotted dress?"

"Never mind, honey, we don't do much missionary work, and I will telegraph at once to Hettie there was a mistake and send a hundred dollars for her to fit the family out with New Year's gifts."

"To think of the hours I spent knitting stockings and mittens and bending and hemstitching those baby clothes," sighed the mother, wiping her eyes. "But I think I've learned a lesson; I did not lay my best on the altar."

"And I did it for you" laughed the husband, recovering from the shock like a man. "I am glad this good brother had one spoiled Christmas for our expense.

"But next time I hope you will take my" — but her good husband lost Mrs. White's remark for he was already out of the front door on the way to the telegraph office to make his peace with his daughter.—North-western Christian Advocate.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

WEST—4.11 a. m.; 4.25 a. m., 1.30 a. m.; 12.15 a. m.; 6.30 p. m.; 8.45 p. m.; 11.30 p. m.

EAST—12.30 a. m.; 1.35 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 2.30 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.

MAIL AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 12.30 a. m.; 3.30 p. m.; 8.35 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of annual last. Correspondence, in future publication, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription expires. Should this be the case, in ordering the paper the terms are in advance. The price is 50 cents per annum. Which price is the best for subscribers as well as ourselves. Should you wish to discontinue the paper at the expiration of one, as we hardly think you will, please notify us before the end of the year. Subscribers are good enough to pay promptly if we send them out as doing.

Please renew promptly.

Please write your name plainly and give your post office address, and you will help us and insure the regular receipt of your paper and the prompt receipt of your money.

Address all letters and money to THE CANADIAN MUTE, *Belleville, Ontario.*

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address to letter-

[name of pupil]

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Do not pay postage, express or freight charges on them.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follow every Sunday:—

Methodist Mission Hall, 81 Allen Avenue at 3 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Baptist Tabernacle Mission, 120 College, at 3 p. m.

Social every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at 81 Methodist Mission Hall.

Meeting for Deaf Mutes every second Friday at 322 Berkeley St., at 3 p.m.

Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Treasurer, 322 Berkeley St. Mrs. F. Sansom, Superintendent, 322 Bond Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CARMAN,

BELLEVILLE.

PARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Deaf and Dumb Institution, or to attend the Deaf Mutes' Church, or Trunk Matters, will be conveniently conveyed to and from the Institution at moderate rates, on application by mail from G. T. Station or city to Institution, or Bridge St. Church, or C. C. Tandy, Bond street, Methodist Church. Office, half East. Mr. Lambert Residence, 207 Pinnacle Street.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY parent who receives this paper send me the name and address of every deaf child of school age of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them. And I may have some further information concerning the institution and its work than where read by what means such children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind persons, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For full particulars apply to

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SUNDAY SCHOOL—From 9.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which time is served to the pupils. Programme of lessons issued at 11 o'clock.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by reading a chapter from the Bible with memories in the absent and after prayer will be dismissed to a regular study exercise.

The pupils are then prescribed for two hours' study, during which time the teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and department five minutes before the hour for study and five minutes after.

EVENING STUDY FROM 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for secondary pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m., General Institute at 3.15 p. m. Pupils of all denominations at. tend the Sunday morning service, which is conducted by the pastor in charge.

ENGLISH SERVICE—Conducted every other Sunday at 3 p. m. in the Institute Chapel (Presbyterian), Rev. H. Brookes, Methodist, Rev. C. E. Cassidy, Anglican the Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

SUNDAY CLASS, taught by the Principal, Educational Service at Sunday School Lessons, superintendent, Mr. George F. Weaver. Teachers—Mrs. Dales, Miss Lees, Miss Bell, Miss Ellis, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Weaver and Mr. Dales.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 9.15 to 10.30 from the Rev. Father Spratt and Rev. Father Teachers, Mr. Ingram and Miss McArdle.

Parties living out of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons from 2 to 4.

LIBRARY FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon from 2 to 4 and from 7.15 to 8 p. m.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 8.30 to 1.30 for journeymen and from 2.30 to 4.30 for senior pupils who attend school in the morning, and from 7.30 to 8.30 to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. each afternoon for any second class pupils whose duties and tastes will be classed at noon.

SEWING CLASSES—Conducted by the matrons from time to time.

THE SEWING ROOM, for use from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school from 1 to 4 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoon.

Note—The printing office, Sewing Room, Carpenter Shop and Boot and Shoe Shop, are to be used each day that work comes in a steady and tidy condition.

Employment to be found for female pupils on leaving Classes or Industrial Departments, through the matron, and for male pupils through the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Parents are not interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be cordially welcomed at any time, but the best time for visitors is on Saturday afternoon or Wednesday, Thursday or Holidays. The best time for visitors to ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents accompany them, they will please bring with them all bed and bedding, and all personal wearing apparel, including with their children. Clothing is furnished by the Institution, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if the parent is not in a hurry delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

Is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It is not prohibited, however, they will be made welcome in the Home Circle on Saturday and Wednesday only, of coming the general work of the school. Visitors will be received in the parlors, on certain grants at the Institution. Grant or permission to visit pupils must be had at the Quebec Street, Sign House, Agents Assistance Superintendent, or Principal's office.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances, except through the superintendent. Every letter addressed to officers of the Institution will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of sickness, letters, telegrams or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. In case of dangerous illness of pupils, parents or guardians will be quite sure to be notified.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every week, and may write others if they wish; letters to be written on Saturday afternoon, and to be carefully corrected before mailing, as near as possible, their writing.

No pupil may receive letters from any but parent at home, or prescribed by family physician will be allowed to be taken by pupil except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against the practice of sending deaf children unaccompanied by adults to the Institution. In no case are children under 10 years of age to be received unless they are friends and only when money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of nervousness before you send the patient to their consent and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.P.
MINISTER OF EDUCATION TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:
J. B. CLOUGHER, M.D., ... *Superintendent*
W. COCHRANE, ... *Bursar.*
W. BRUCE, M.D. ..... *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY ..... *Matron*

Teachers:
D. H. CAMERON, M.A., *Head Teacher*; MISS SYLVIA L. MARSH.
MISS ADA J. LEITCH.
A. J. CAMPBELL, MISS A. M. ROSS.
FARRAR L. HALE, B.A. MISS LENA H. PETER.
GEO. F. STEWART. MISS NAOMI MARSHALL.
H. L. DENHAM. MISS MARGARET KNOX.
MISS S. TEMPLETON. MISS C. FORD.
MISS MARY BELL. MISS J. E. MITCHELL.
MISS GEORGINA LOVE. MISS I. E. PALEN.
MISS FLORENCE GOSS.

H. L. DENHAM, *Teacher Manual Training.*
MISS MARY BULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
MISS K. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr. Inman.

MISS B. A. MCINTOSH, *Stenographer & Clerk.*
MISS G. ROSS, *Stenographer & Clerk.*
MRS. NURSE, *Housekeeper of Boys' Residence.*
W. H. MINER, *Supervising Engineer.*
MISS L. DELAFIELD, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*
MISS A. MORRISON, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*
ALEX. MORRISON, *Master Shoemaker.*
CHAS. J. PEPPER, *Engineer.*
JOHN DOWNES, *Master Carpenter.*
J. N. REID, *Master Baker.*
WILLIAM H. LAMB, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the Common Schools.

All pupils under fourteen years of age, of sound mind, free from contagious disease, and not deficient in intellect, are entitled to the privileges of the Institution, while the blind or feeble minded, the incurably lame, and those over fourteen years, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE ABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or guardians.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Cabinet-making, Shoemaking and Tailoring are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and Needlework generally. Pupils over ten may be desirable. Manual Training is considered for boys, and Kindergarten methods have been introduced.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the manner of application for pupils, etc., will be given upon application as to the Principal or Bursar.

C. B. CODDERLIN, M.D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and mailed at the Institution will be delivered to or taken from the mail bag by the janitor in charge, if prepaid. Letters for the Institution should be addressed as follows: Name of pupil, Class, Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, Ont. Letters for officers should be addressed to their names, and not to their position as some letters for officers, for any one reason the name is in the lowest line.

POETRY

The Coming of the New Year.

All God's years are stainless;
All His days are white;
All His numberless sons
Spotless as is the light.
Fair are His works as they wheel and run,
Bathed in the light of their central sun.

Only man to delusion,
Hatred and wrong and pain,
Sees with an evil vision,
Being divided in twain.
Looks on a life misunderstood,
Makes it evil that evil was good.

Center the thought on the noble,
Whiteness of mind and soul;
See the world as God made it,
Virgin and clean and whole:
Look on Him with a single eye,
So let evil and error die.

Then shall the year be beauteous
As when it came to earth:
Then shall the era be stainless
As was the day at birth:
Then shall life on its brighter side
Unite the end seem glorified.

SIDE HAPPENINGS

A White New Year

Lucetta Edgerton smiled at the emphasized her employers offering her the good wishes of the season, as she parted with them for the holidays. She knew what it meant the hope of her return. She had worked for fourteen years with the firm of Mayo, Daye & Company, and now had been offered a new and strange departure for the old house—a partnership in the concern, with full control of one department. They had been her bankers during the years of her careful, conscientious service, and now offered her this safe investment for her money, as well as a position well fitted to her cultured taste and exceptional ability. That she should hesitate an hour on the question was a surprise to Mr. Maurice Mayo, the senior partner. Indeed, her delay somewhat whetted his ever-alert business instinct and he thought he scented another proposition somewhere competing with theirs. But Miss Edgerton vouchsafed him no information more what is revealed in the foregoing conversation. On the old Edgerton farm all was quiescent. "Lovely" was coming home for two weeks. She did not visit home as often these long years as the love of father and mother craved, but, of course, how could it be expected? Years of business life in the city had brought around her many friends, interests and demands that did not touch the farm circle at all. The dear old people were mighty proud of "Lovely," and well might they be. When she was only fifteen she had begun to have ambitions. With a keen young brain she invented ways to earn money for herself, saved up enough for business college, took a thorough course, and in twenty-five years since her ambition awoke she had made a clean, bright business record for herself, culminating in the honor paid her by Mayo & Daye.

"Wife! You haven't forgotten how Lovely likes those nutting turnovers, have you? And the raspberry jam-tarts?"

"No, Joel, I have forgotten nothing mothers never forget."

"Don't they? What's the matter Lora? Not crying like girls coming home?" The farmer stretched out his leathery-red hand and tenderly touched his wife's cheek.

She shook her head, the tears falling faster at the loving movement.

"I'm just thinking, Joel mate, I'm getting selfish. They say old people do. But there won't be many more homecomings for the boys we're getting well on in years. And you'd like to see more of her. She's our only one."

"There, there, Lora! You're a bit blue. Tired, eh? Tell you what when Lovely comes, I'll take you away for a day our wedding day comes then and we'll go off to the city ourselves. It's all right, Lora only we must not get in the girl's way. She has her life to live you know, when we are gone."

He was just a plain old farm house well cared for, but devoid of luxury. Joel and Lora were plain folks, and in the busy care of field and meadow, cattle and dairy, and all the other work of a farm that is "never done," they found no time for "fixing up." The square little parlor had the same horsehair set that Lovely used to ride off in with attempts to keep awake on the quiet Sundays when only the pair of us used. The walls were dingy and everything about the house bore marks of age and wear.

The last of the "good things" were set in order to stay in the pantry. Mother and father were stiff and serene in their best clothes, always dressed for the first hours of the city girl's visit. She came, and they blessed her for her earnest, lively ways, her thoughtful, generous gifts, her loving reverence of their years and their parenthood. Ah! yes, they were "mighty proud" of Lovely!" But and the trembling hands severely brushed away the tears that would fall, for she was their "only one," and their hearts yearned to "see more of her." Ah, the silent hunger of love that feeds on the tears and smiles!

They had some long, quiet evenings by the big hearth-fire, and the deep old people listened with wide eyes and flush

(Concluded on last page.)

Did Mark Twain Ever Touch the Deaf?

Mark Twain once wrote to Andrew Carnegie as follows:

"My dear Mr. Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are very prosperous. I want to get a hymn book. It needs fifty dollars. I will bless you. God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good.

Yours truly,
Mark Twain.

"P. S.—Don't send me the hymnbook; send me the two dollars."—*Ex.*

God's purpose with you has only begun when he has forgiven you.

When you get into trouble you will generally find the author of it by consulting the mirror.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

The Fairy's New Year's Gift.

Two little boys were at play one day when a fairy suddenly appeared to them and said: "I have sent you a New Year present."

She handed to each child a package, and, at the same instant was gone.

Carl and Philip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages as pure, white and beautiful as the snow when it first falls.

After a long time the fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a new book," she said, "and will take back the other to Father Time, who sent them to you."

"May I not keep mine a little longer?" said Philip; "I have hardly thought about it lately. I'd like to paint something on this last page that I've open."

"No," said the fairy, "I must take it just as it is."

"I wish I could look through mine just once!" said Carl. "I have only seen one page at a time; for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I never can open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your book," said the fairy, "and Philip his." And she lit for each of them a little silver lamp, by the light of which they saw the pages as she turned them.

The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same fair book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure bright pages, as pure, white, and beautiful as the snow when it first falls? Here is a page with ugly blots and scratches upon it, while the very next page has a lovely little picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colors, others with beautiful flowers, and others still with a rainbow of softest, most delicate brightness. Yet on the most beautiful pages were these ugly blots and scratches.

"Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened to it, yet now there is not a single clean page in the whole book!"

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the fairy, smiling at the two boys. "See, Philip, the spray of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird that looks so cunning and as if it were singing with all its might, would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day instead of quarreling."

"But what makes this blot?asked Philip.

"That," said the fairy sadly, "that came when you told an untruth the other day, and this when you did not mind mamma. All these blotches and scratches, that look so ugly both on your book and on Carl's, were made when you were naughty in any way and did not obey your mamma or papa or your teacher. Each pretty thing on your book came on the page when you were good, and each blot when you were naughty."

"Oh! if we could only have the books again," said Carl and Philip.

"But I cannot be," said the fairy. "See! they are marked '1910, and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase; but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

So saying, she vanished, and the boys were left alone; but each the first page found a new book, open at the first page. And on the back of this book was "1911." It was the book of the New Year. - EMILIE POULSSON.

A Newsboy's New Year's Day.

Poor Jimmy Hafter was a little newsboy. He lived in New York City. His father was dead and his mother had a hard time to make a living. Jimmy sold newspapers on the street and got some money to his mother. Sometimes he sold a great many and then he was very happy. People liked to buy papers of him because his face was always bright and pleasant.

Jimmy did not have many Christmas presents last year because his mother was too poor to buy them, but he was happy because Santa Claus brought a new pair of shoes to him.

But on New Year's Day he was happier than on Christmas, for a rich man had called at the newspaper to find Jimmy. Jimmy had no nice clothes to wear to the dinner, but his mother mended his old ones and he looked very clean and nice. There he went to a large dining-room in a tall building. There were hundreds of other newsboys there, and they were laughing and talking and having a good time. The dining-room was trimmed with Christmas trees and red paper, and Jimmy thought that it was beautiful. They had turkey, potatoes, gravy, cranberries and plum pudding. Then each boy had a box of candy and an orange. After the boys had finished eating, they stood up and waved their caps and gave three cheers for the kind man who gave the dinner to them. They shouted "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Mr.——!" until the people could hear them a far away. Then all the boys went home and Jimmy ran as fast as he could to tell his mother about it.

Selish Mary.

Mary was a little country girl. One Christmas morning she got a lot of homemade candy. Her brother George asked her to give him a little of it. "No, I want it all myself," said Mary.

She ate her candy all day. She did not give her brothers any. At dinner-time she was not hungry, and could not eat any turkey or pie.

In the evening her uncle John came from the city. He brought some nice candy for the children.

Mary's mother would not let her have any more candy. So Uncle John gave all the candy to her brothers.

The next day Mary's brothers offered her some of their candy. She felt very much ashamed.—Sel.

Kitty at the Grocery.

"Will you go to the grocery for me, and get some groceries?" my mamma asked Kitty one morning.

"O yes, yes, mamma!" cried Kitty, for she loved to run on errands. It made her important.

"All right," said mamma. "Now I will tell you what to get. Be sure and remember. Ask the grocer to send up a sack of flour, two boxes of bluing, a broom, and a dozen eggs."

"I will remember," said Kitty. She ran for her hat and then trotted off.

Kitty had no sisters. She had three brothers, and they loved her dearly; but they liked to tease her sometime. They were playing on the side-walk with their hoop, and followed her to the grocery. She told them what she was going to order.

"Good morning," said the clerk, Mr. Stevens. "What can I do for you."

"Good morning, sir," replied Kitty, "I want to order some groceries for my mamma. She wants you to send up a sack of flour, two boxes of bluing, and—and—" Kitty stopped and looked red. She felt embarrassed in the big store, and forgot what she wanted to order.

"A dozen bananas," whispered naughty Tom.

"O yes," said Kitty. "And a dozen brooms," she said to the clerk.

He looked surprised, but wrote down all the orders. In the afternoon the groceries were brought home. Mamma laughed when she saw the dozen brooms. Tom told her about it. She shook her finger at him, but her eyes twinkled.

"I will not send the brooms back, because we shall need them all by and by," she said. "But you must go to the store now, Tom, and bring the dozen eggs which Kitty forgot."—*Companion.*

"Take the Other Hand."

It was a pleasant day in summer when a lady, who had been watching the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. She hoped she might hear a bird sing, or see some little wild flower, which would speak to her of future hope.

After walking some distance she came to a rope works. She was familiar with the place, and being fond of the smell of tar, entered the works. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a very large wheel; she thought it was too laborious work for such a child, and as she came near him she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she said.

"Nobody; I came by myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labor?"

"Yes, I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with your money?"

"I give it to my mother."

"Do you like this work?"

"Well enough; but if I did not, I should do it, for I want to get money for my mother."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money. "Is this for my mother?" said he, looking pleased.

"If you would like to give it to her."

"Yes. Thank you, ma'am," the boy said.

She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in practical Christian philosophy by the words of a little child; and she said, "The next time my duty seems hard to me, I will, like this little boy, not complain, but take the other hand."—Selected.

Do That, If You Can.

A British merchantman once lay in a Dutch port, and a number of Dutch sailors went aboard to have a chat with the crew. Grog and lively talk were in order among the sailors tried to outdo one another in athletic tricks. The honors for a long while lay with the Britons, but finally a Dutchman stumbled to the very top of the mainmast and there stood on his head. The others' spirits fell at once. It was plain that the Dutch had outdone them. They looked at one another sheepishly. They were silent and ashamed. Suddenly a young Irishman leaped to his feet. "Shure," he said, "I won't let a Dutchman beat me." And the reckless fellow ran like a monkey up the mast, and got ready to stand on his head on the top. He put his head down, and gave a push with his leg. The first push wasn't hard enough, and he dropped back. Up went his leg again, but the second push was too hard, and he fell heels over head. His back struck the first rope, his legs the second, his neck the next, and so on, somewhat after somersault, till eventually he landed on his feet on the deck. "Do that if" he shouted immediately, and he looked triumphantly at the astounded Dutchmen. All the sailors crowded round him, and warmly praised his pluck and agility. "Och," he said, "they couldn't shout it. It's an odd trick wid me. Shure, the little children can do that in my country."

A Faithful Dog.

Once a farmer had two dogs. Three days they were great friends. They went into the fields and the woods together every day.

One evening the two dogs went into the fields together. Soon afterwards one of the dogs came home alone. The farmer wondered where the other dog was, but thought that it would come home the next day or during the night.

The next day the dog did not come back, nor the following day.

The weeks passed by and the dog did not come. The farmer thought that it was dead.

One day the farmer saw his dog running through the fields with a bone in his mouth. He thought that was strange. The next day he gave the dog a bone. The dog picked it up and ran across the fields. The farmer wondered what the dog was going to do with it. He followed it and at last the dog came to an old well. It dropped the bone into the well.

The farmer looked into the well and there he saw the other dog. He was surprised. He got a ladder and went down and brought up the dog. It seemed to be very well and strong. It wagged it's tail to show that it was pleased.

The farmer saw a lot of bones in the well. There was a little water in the well. The other dog had carried the bones every day to his unlucky friend. It had been a faithful friend.

We should take a lesson from that dog and help our unfortunate friends. —*Adeline McLean, in the School News.*

Your Ten Little Servants.

You have ten little servants always ready to wait on you. They are very clever little servants. They will brush your hair, tip your nostils, fasten your shoes, write your letters, carry things for mother and help every one—if you teach them how to do it. And the queer thing is that nobody can teach them how except you.

Can you guess what they are?—Ex.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written December 23rd.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

Some girls told me that Santa Claus died from falling off an airship about two weeks ago. I think that Mr. Burns will be Santa Claus instead of him after he leaves here, if the story of Santa's death is true.—Muriel Kennedy.

—Christmas Day is approaching. We wish you all "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year." I know that the children will be very anxious for Santa Claus to bring many toys and other presents to them. We will get many boxes from home or from other friends on Monday forenoon. We will have a nice pantomime that evening and we expect to have a splendid time all that day.—W. Kennaley.

The snow is about eleven inches deep. It settled on the limbs and twigs of the trees and they looked lovely. The boys shovelled the snow off the sidewalk leading to the front gate and along the front of our grounds.

Drusilla Buchan and Muriel Kennedy gave a Christmas card to Mr. Campbell on Dec. 23rd. He thanked them very much. He said that it was lovely.—W. Barnett.

Mr. Coleman came here last Monday morning but he felt sick and went home again. I do not know when he will be better. We have sympathy for him because he is the oldest teacher in the Institution. J. C. McLaren.

We are glad that Christmas is coming soon. We will get boxes, parcels, letters, etc., from home on Monday. We will be anxious to see what the things are. I hope we will have a good time. I wish everybody A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Dr. Coughlin allowed the little children to go to the city. The messenger took us in the sleigh. We were real glad to see Santa Claus in a store. Some little girls told me that they wished Santa Claus would come here and bring some nice things for their stockings on Saturday night. He is very kind to give things to the little children.—L. Carpenter.

December 22nd was Mr. Burns' birthday. The boys in the printing-office shook hands with him and said that we wished him many happy returns of his birthday. He gave some candies to them. I pretended that I was his baby boy. I said to him, "Oh my father" and he laughed at me. The next morning he got a gold-headed cane from one of his friends, because it was his birthday. He told me that he would use it when he went to the city as a gentleman.—Ed. Fishbein.

On December 21st, I went out of the carpenter-shop at 5.30 o'clock and when I was walking on the sidewalk near Wood Hall two boys called me to look at something perching on a wire. It was a small owl which flew into the south-west corner of Wood Hall.—Ed. Scott Smith.

—Hurrah! Hurrah! We will be glad to see Santa Claus when he comes here. We think that he will give some good things to us on Christmas if we are good pupils. I would like the children to run around Santa Claus. He will smile at them and will want them to sit on his lap or on the floor, and he will tell them good stories. I love Santa Claus very much. Do you love Santa Claus?—Bessie Pollock.

—On the fourteenth of December, our matron, Miss Willoughby went away for a nice trip to her niece's wedding. She stayed there for a week, and we hope she had an enjoyable time. We think that she may be coming back here to-night.—E. Hazlitt.

One day at recess, Louise Holbrook played with me for a while. She fell in the snow. I laughed at her and at last fell myself, on top of her. Her hands were in the snow. We both laughed. I was punished for laughing at her. I will try not to laugh at anybody when they fall.—Marie Gerdamy.

—Last Wednesday was Elsie McDougall's birthday and we wished her many happy returns of the anniversary of her birth.—S. I. Barker.

MR. BALIS' CLASS.

—Dr. Coughlin told some milkmen and me to go to the barn at 2 o'clock last week, on December tenth. Miss McArdle took a photo of us in the barn. I think Dr. Coughlin will send it to Toronto to show to Dr. Pyne. I think so, I am not sure.

—Some pupils and I saw an automobile running over the bay one afternoon and we were surprised.—W. McAdam.

—Miss Tindale left here on December sixteenth. She was our nurse. She lives in Arthur. Our new nurse is Miss Morrison. She came from Scotland about four years ago. She is tall and appears to be a nice lady. She lives in Toronto. She stays here now. —T. Brown.

—The ice on the rink is improving but the snow troubles us sometimes. The boys and girls skate almost every day and they enjoy themselves. Earl Kindree.

—We are wishing everybody a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. We will be glad to get our boxes and parcels from our relatives, and we shall enjoy ourselves on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. I think that perhaps some of the pupils will skate on the rink on that day. D. Berthiaume.

We shall have a delightful time on Christmas morning. We are preparing an interesting entertainment of drills, dialogues and pantomimes for Monday evening instead of a party. I expect we shall have lots of fun with the pantomimes. I think many visitors and relatives will come down to visit this Institution and to see the girls and boys playing in pantomimes. P. Whitworth.

Mr. Peppin will string two electric wires from the shoeshop through the window frame to the poles on the rink. He will hang lamps on the wire to light the rink at night, when the boys and girls skate there. I hope they will enjoy themselves. I think one of the lamps will be a large one. E. Hall

Edmund Meloche and I went for a walk last Sunday to get fresh air. We walked past two yellow houses and saw a white and black dog drawing a baby on a sled and it walked slowly and stopped a few times. When it stopped a boy told it to walk quickly and the dog obeyed him. It looked like hard work to draw it, because the baby was stout, and it had walked past the Institution from the city of Belleville. The boy pitied it and drew the baby for a long time himself. He took the harness off the dog and it was glad and wagged its tail. He drew the sled home himself.—A. McVean.

I was walking on the sidewalk and the bay was frozen, and I saw a horse drawing a sleigh on the ice. I went to the Catholic church and came back to the Institution last Sunday morning. Mr. Ingram went to the church and he played the organ. He is a clever player. He interpreted the sermon for us. The boys came back to the Institution, and they get tired walking to town every Sunday, but they can rest all day. Ed. Meloche.

—This week the girls have not skated on the rink but some boys did so. I wondered why the girls did not do so, for they required to skate and to have an enjoyable time, as they are lonely here. I think they will have plenty of skating next week, as it will be holiday-week.—R. Windrim.

—I saw a few big boys carrying the boxes and parcels to the vault last Monday evening, and Miss Deannard is fumigating our new clothes now. I think that she is very busy and gets very tired.—Viola Coursey.

—The girls went shopping on December thirteenth and bought some presents for their families or friends. They [sent] them away. Some of the girls and I went to visit the stores with a teacher, and saw the Christmas goods. Caroline Dieckel.

—Miss Alma Chapin, of the New York School, is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Balis. She has not had a sleigh ride in seven years, because she has lived in Colorado where it is warmer.—Charles Ryan.

—Christmas has come and gone. It was a perfect winter's day. We all assembled in the girls' sitting room at 10.15 and Dr. Coughlin addressed us. There were quite a number of pupils' parents and friends present. There were three hundred boxes and parcels distributed by the teachers and taken to the dormitories and opened by the children. Instead of a party in the evening we had a pantomime in the girls' sitting-room and afterwards a social in the dining-room with refreshments.—Lionel Berthiaume.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

We will decorate the Institution before Christmas. We will have a holiday on Christmas day. We will go to the chapel and the teacher on duty will tell us a story. Some boys will carry the boxes into the sitting-room and we will go there. Dr. Coughlin and some of the teachers will sign about Christmas. Then the teachers will give us our boxes. We will carry them to the dormitories, open them and take the things out of them. We will go to dinner at 12 o'clock and we will have a nice dinner. Then we will skate on the rink from 2 to 4.30 o'clock. Then we will return and at 6 o'clock we will go to supper and we will have a fine supper. Then we will get the benches ready for the pantomime. People will see some of the pupils playing in it. Then we will go to bed and have a good sleep. Beulah Wilson.

Many girls went to the city to buy things last Tuesday. They bought many presents and sent them home this week. The boys went to the city, went to see Mrs. Nurse's funeral, skated on the rink, etc. We had a very good time. We all sympathized with Mr. Nurse because he lost his wife. God knows best and He took her to heaven.

Some other girls and I went to the city this afternoon. I bought some presents for my relatives. I love them. The little girls and boys rode in a sleigh and talked, laughed and pointed to the stores and asked me what they were. I told them what they were. They were funny. They rode around the city and returned to the Institution. They did not buy anything but they visited the stores. G. V. Sours.

It was a very cold, beautiful day. The snow is about four or five inches deep and the sleighing is good.

Many people are decorating their homes with evergreens, mottoes, bells, etc. for Christmas. K. McDougall.

It was a bright day. Some boys skated on the rink this afternoon and some girls will skate on it tomorrow.

Christmas is approaching. We will be glad to get our boxes on Christmas. Some senior boys carried the boxes to the vault and they will be there until Christmas.

I got a post card from my friend Annie Smith and she said that Willie Grey was married to-day.—Annie E. Langhead.

Gladys Sours sat on my sleigh and I pulled the rope yesterday afternoon. She pulled the rope and I sat on my sleigh. I fell on the snow and I laughed. We met some girls and they played with each other. They pulled the rope and they had a lot of fun yesterday afternoon. L. Lawson.

Some of the girls played with me last Saturday and we laughed and enjoyed ourselves. I said I wanted to go to bed about eight o'clock because I was very tired. I dreamed about my father. My brother Frank told me that my father was very ill because he fell and he lay in his bed. I heard an awful noise and I was very much frightened. He was dead. I felt troubled about him. I was asleep. I got up this morning and I was fooled. I laughed. A. L. Holbrook.

Miss Templeton said that there was a crowd of people on the market yesterday. Fowls were very dear. Many people will not have turkeys for their Christmas dinner because they are dear. A few people can buy turkeys on the market. Dr. Coughlin bought many turkeys in Belleville a few days ago. We will have turkey for our Christmas dinner and we are lucky. Charlie Dorschner.

—The boys and girls skated on the rink last Saturday. Many people are buying presents before Christmas. I think the pupils want to see Santa Claus and they think he will come to the Institution. Dr. Coughlin and some teachers will give our boxes and parcels to us on Christmas. I think Dr. Coughlin will let the pupils skate on the rink in the afternoon. P. Smith.

—Mr. Lewis's house was burned lately. The boys who are farmers saw the smoke first and ran to the house and told Mrs. Lewis that there was a fire on the roof of the kitchen. Immediately she took her children out safely. The boys ran to the house and carried out much of the furniture and piano. Nobody was burned. Many girls went upstairs and looked out of the windows to see the fire. The ice-house and coal-house were burned. Mr. Lewis will have a new house near the front road. We saw the sparks flying and falling on the roof of the chapel. We were afraid that it would catch fire but it did not.—M. C. Golds.

MISS EVOY'S CLASS.

We went to the city on Wednesday afternoon. We saw very pretty things in the store windows. We did not see Santa Claus. He was sick. D. Cheriette.

—Miss Evoy drew Santa Claus and nine stockings on the board. We want her to draw a Christmas tree and fire place.—Alma Brown.

Catherine went home last Saturday. I am sorry. I miss her very much. S. Hodgins.

MISS LINN'S CLASS.

I looked into Mr. Minns' office and I saw our card board boxes in the [illegible] board. I told my little brother Harold that Dr. Coughlin got card board boxes for us. He was very glad and told me that he wanted to send many kisses to his mother and father. Some boys laughed at him. H. Gwalter.

I got a letter from cousin Lala. She told me that Jack and Mel have nine pigeons. They are very pretty and tame. One of their friends has a fox. It caught a chicken and ate it. S. Beckett.

Some girls told me that Santa Claus is dead. I did not believe them. I asked Miss Linn and she told me Santa Claus is not dead. She laughed at me. The girls were fooling me. I laughed.

I got a letter from my [illegible] saying we have our house painted. My father and Albert are painting our house for a few days. When I go home I will see our house next summer. Maybe I will like to see it. E. Squire.

MISS HUNTER'S CLASS.

Dec. 15th was Gladys Atkinson's birthday. I said I wish you many happy returns of your birthday. She kissed me. She is thirteen years old. H. Isles.

L. Strong [illegible] yesterday. She had a pretty green box. She made [illegible]. She is a [illegible] girl. Miss Hunter kissed [illegible]. P. Wiggins.

Mr. Peppin put a telephone [illegible] our classroom door. If it is cold Miss Hunter will telephone to Mr. Peppin. Mr. Peppin will turn on the heat. L. Henderson.

MR. STEWART'S CLASS.

I saw Mr. Peppin stringing the electric wire for lighting the rink yesterday afternoon. He put a ladder against the poles and fastened the wires on them. I hope they will give good light so that we can see to skate in the evening. A. Forrester.

I read in a story book about a lion and a mouse. One day when the lion was sleeping on the ground a little mouse ran on its face. The lion woke up and saw the little mouse and he was very angry. He put his great paw on it to kill it. The mouse cried and said to the lion, "Don't kill me and I will help you." The lion laughed and let the mouse run away. He thought that a little mouse could not help a great, strong lion. One day the lion was walking through the woods and some hunters caught him in a strong net. They tied him to stakes in the ground with strong ropes. The lion struggled and roared but he could not break the ropes. The little mouse heard the lion roar. It came running to him and cut the strong ropes with its sharp teeth. The lion got out of the net and was free. The mouse said "You thought I could not help you, but now you know a little mouse can sometimes help a great lion." Nova Toll.

Edward Smith told me about seeing a large owl standing on a limb of a tree one evening. Some boys tried to catch it but it flew away. I saw the owl flying around several evenings. Owls are useful for catching rats and mice. They sleep during the day and hunt for prey at night. They have large eyes and can see in the dark. Absalom Martin.

King George V. will be crowned next May. There will be three thrones, one for the King, one for Queen Mary and one for Queen Alexandra, the King's mother. Seven hundred soldiers will go from Canada to the coronation. A. Penprase.

I received a letter from my father. He says that he has nearly fifty chickens and hens and three geese. He told me that he had fifty rabbits when he lived in England. I do not know why he did not bring them to Canada with him. My family will move on a farm near Toronto but I do not know when. —Ada Peacock.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge so gained be able to earn a livelihood after they have retired.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils, and to benefit ex-pupils generally.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the brotherhood who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the welfare and instruction of the deaf and dumb.

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BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

INSTITUTION NOTES.—"The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1911.

We wish all our readers "A Happy New Year."

1911

As a dream when night is done,
As a shadow flees the sun,
As a ship whose white sails skim
Over the horizon dim,
As a life complete of days—
Vanished is from mortal ways.

So we hear that pales in fear,
In the dying of the year.

It seems such a short time since we were welcoming the young New Year, 1910, with pleasant greetings and almost dear good wishes, and now we have scarcely had time to become acquainted with it ere we are called upon to witness its departure and to greet its successor, which, in its turn, will pass away with like celerity. That man must surely be of a strange and exclusive cast of mind who can see the old year glide away without solemn thoughts and searching interrogations. What bright hopes we had twelve months ago, how many laudable resolutions we formed, how earnestly we determined that 1910 should be the best year of our lives, full of the fruit of earnest endeavor, bright with the fruition of high resolves. But what about the final hope? How many of these hopes have been realized, how many of these resolutions broken? Had we the power, as we have the volition, to erase from the record of the twelve months the past all that we have to be unworthy, all that falls short of the best that is in us, how many sad, and amazing blanks there would be! Are we better or worse than we were twelve months ago? Have we now higher ideals, purer conceptions of duty and privilege, a keener sense of responsibility, less of selfishness and wrong desire? Or is the reverse the case with us? Of one thing we may rest assured, we have not been marking time. There is no such thing as standing still in the formation of our character and the working out of our destiny. Advancement there must ever be, or retrogression there surely is. If any of us realize that we have not gone forward, then most surely have we receded.

Whatever the record for 1910 may be, it must stand. No word spoken can be recalled, no act can be undone, whether evil or good. But though the wrong thing can not be made right, we can learn from past mistakes to avoid similar errors in the future,

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If sing on its wrecks, we last."

To something nobler we attain."

And the time is short! Time hastes not at the call, neither does it stay at the bidding, for any one of us. It goes swiftly and resistlessly it is carrying every one of us somewhither. Every year, as one grows older, the whirling forces and rush of time seem quicker. A year now it is here, now it has gone! In youth the years seem sometimes to move along with laggard steps, but as we grow older they appear to speed by with even accelerating rapidity, till at last it seems as if we can scarcely keep count of them as they rush along. At these times we feel stopping, resistless years! What thoughts should come over us, what holy resolutions, what high resolves, what noble aspirations should arise in us as we stand here, with the memory of the past upon us, on this threshold of the new year. That it may be a happy and prosperous year to every one of our readers is our earnest hope and sincere desire.

Changing conditions and confirmed habits of life are producing new forms of weakness and disease. A call for volunteers for the new Canadian navy was made not long ago and resulted in a large number of applications being made. The standard of requirements was high and the men who presented themselves at the recruiting office were a fine looking lot of men. Yet about seventy-five per cent. were rejected, nearly all of them for one of two reasons—"cigarette heart" or "moving-picture eyes." With the first of these we have long been familiar, untold multitudes of boys having been ruined for life by this deplorable habit. "Moving-picture eyes," however, is a new disease, more likely to become very common. It is said that the eyes of people who frequent these places develop very noticeable defects of vision—sufficient, in many cases, to unfit them for positions where visual quickness and accuracy are essential.

Occasionally we receive complaints from subscribers that copies of THE CANADIAN MUTE have not been received. This may be occasioned by a different ways. In some cases it may be due to there not having reviewed their subscriptions. If this is the cause the remedy is in their own hands. The label on the last copy of the paper received will show whether the subscription has expired or not. Then it sometimes happens that a subscriber changes his address and neglects to notify us. In that case it is an even chance if he gets his paper. If any failure to receive papers are not due to either of the above causes, then the fault must lie with the post office clerks. Every subscriber's paper leaves the office properly directed and if it is not received the blame does not fie on our shoulders.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND. MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

"Merry Christmas now is here."
The happiest time of all the year."

Not only for the children but "grown ups" as well. Every one of our boys and girls is eagerly looking forward to Santa Claus' visit, and one glance at their expectant faces is sufficient to give any one the true Christmas spirit.

The weather, which has been most favorable so far early in the season, treat will be ideal for Christmas. The chatters, needless to say, prefer the cold weather to anything approaching thaw and jump at every opportunity of getting out on the ice.

School closes December 22nd and reopens January 6th. When such teacher will have nine days' leave of absence.

Miss Daly, one of the teachers, will spend her holiday at the home of her sister in Kingston, and Miss Sanderson, another of our staff, is going to her home at Ottawa. The other teachers, who are fortunate enough to have their home in the city, will be saved the inconvenience of travelling this cold weather by remaining in town.

Numerous and valuable donations have been received through the kindness of our friends, who are remembering all the pupils at the festive season.

The Christmas tree will be conducted by Mr. Alister Kingman, was held here on December 11th. Two hymns were rendered by Mrs. Kingman, assisted by our Superintendent, Mr. Morrice. A recitation was given by Mr. Kingman presented each pupil with a bright new ten-cent piece, with the advice that each should do with it a "shining deed" for another.

We have still to deplore the absence of our beloved President, but hope ere the old year passes away, he will have found time to come out; but we know Mr. Morrice does not forget us, for his letters are the gift to Mr. and Mrs. Morrice have sent to make the children's Christmas a happy one.

Last Saturday we were favoured with a visit from Mrs. Mackay and her daughter, Mrs. Le Lacheur, from Moss, England.

George Ladd, one of our senior and brightest boys, left for his home in Ireland Pond, Vermont, last Sunday evening. We are sorry to state that home circumstances may prevent Geo. from returning to school before January. Only teachers of the deaf know the irreparable mistake parents make by keeping a pupil out of school for such a length of time; but in this case, circumstances seem to warrant the action of the parents.

At present, all are well at school. At a recent teachers' meeting held in the Reception Room, the Supt. allotted the boys whom the pupils will meet they were to see off on the train and the same teachers will meet them on their return on Jan. 7th so that school may reopen on time on Monday the 9th.

The Editor begs to tender Greetings to our friends at the Belleville Institution.

Cordially,
L. A. BOOTH.
December 22nd, 1910.

[Everyone at this Institution heartily reciprocates the greetings of our Montreal friends, and wishes for every officer, teacher and pupil at Mackay a happy and prosperous year.—Ed. C. M.]

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Marion Waite's father left on Dec. 16th for New York, where he took passage on board the big ocean liner "Mauretania" for the old land. Just how long he will be away we cannot definitely tell.

Latest reports from Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, where our friend, Wm. Lightfoot is at present taking the cure, state that he is gaining in health and weight. Here's hoping our friend may bear the desired fruit.

When the melancholy tidings of the death of Mrs. Wm. Nurse reached us it caused universal sorrow and made many hearts bleed for the bereaved friend, Mr. Nurse, being heart of a loving disposition. We know the deceased had been poorly of late, but the sudden termination of her life came like a shock to us. Though it is true of the adage that "the best of friends must sooner or later part," this final leave-taking must have been heartrending to the loved ones she left behind. That wreath of white lilies placed on the casket was but a slight token of the sunshine grief we all feel for the bereaved relatives. Besides Mr. Terrell and son, Freddie, Mrs. J. L. Smith and Mrs. W. Bodine also went down to attend the funeral of their sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patterson, of Galveston, Texas, have now a young sister to care for and a darling to love. Mr. Stork paid their home a visit on the 19th inst. and left a ten-pound baby boy. Mrs. Patterson was formerly Miss Margaret J. P. Rennie, of Dundas, Ont. Our congratulations now drift westward.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wall spent the Christmas holidays at the former's parental home in Guelph.

Mr. Wm. A. Thomas, genial Oshawa friend, was in the city on business on the 19th ult.

Down from the rolling prairies of Alberta came our old friend, Alexander David Swanson, B.A., after an absence of several years. He is the same jovial fellow as of yore, though it is many winters since we saw him last. He arrived here on the 23rd and proceeded straight down this way for several weeks before striking off for Montreal again, and he may visit his former home at Belleville in the meantime.

We understand Harry E. Gunnis at his Christmas dinner at his parents' home in Dundas.

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray and his sister, Mrs. H. W. Roberts, spent Christmas at their home in Port Hope.

If there are any people glad that it Christmas time, they are they, those the boys who work in the Post-office during this festive week they have neither time to eat, but almost continually on the go handling the tremendous mail matter. In fact, the one another that Santa Claus brought about. By far this season Christmas mail was the largest of its age. Although nearly driven to distraction by delivering our many gigantic lists, they cheerfully stood to their guns and performed their duties to the very best of their merit that they were bringing homeless joy to many homes and illness in fine to the happiest day of the year.

Some of our friends received very beautiful souvenirs from Mr. R. Hall son and family, which is proof that the memory of the old days are fresh as ever. Our love for them is just the same and always shall be.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arthur Simcoe, spent the Christmas with the latter's daughter, Mrs. and Mrs. F. Harris.

Latest is that Miss Madeline Brownlee that met a tragic death at Cobourg lately? We ask of one another: Who is she? Where? Whereabouts? maybe we know as well. Is it?—W. H.

LONDON NOTES

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. W. H. Gould hopes to be able to resume the business end of the work on New Year. Early in October he was sent to the Victoria Hospital and operated on for appendicitis. At first the case of condition was regarded as extremely critical, but under the care of the best doctors he has been gradually improving, and will be able to leave the hospital on the 7th inst.

Mr. Herb. Wilson spent his Christmas holidays with the parents at Otter Creek.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Carl Morris is seriously ill but hope soon to hear of his return to health.

The class of one of the ladies have been ing regularly every Wednesday night at 7:30 sharp steady. They gather at the house of their instructor to practice.

We were all much shocked to hear of the death of Mrs. Jas. Woodley. We know so well, and extend our sympathy to Mr. Morse and his family.

Mr. R. Wright spent Christmas holidays with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robson, Bay of Santon, spent the holidays in our city with Mr. Wood's parents.

It will surprise many of his friends to hear that Willie R. Gray, of Stratford, is now a resident of Toronto. He was wedded to Miss Victoria Hallett, of Toronto, on the evening of December 21st, by Rev. Dr. Purdy officiating. After the ceremony they came to London and spent the honeymoon with Mrs. Gould. They will make their home with Mrs. Thomas, with Mr. Gray has had steady employment for a number of years. The many dear friends of Mr. Gray will wish him and his bride every happiness.

We are glad to hear that Miss Dolly Garner, of Ingersoll, is improving towards health again after a severe attack of typhoid fever. She has been ill for about three months.

A happy New Year to all the readers of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness of found in making others happy."

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1911.

Christmas at the Institution.

The day set apart to commemorate our Saviour's birth, which event is the christian world's most hope, was be fittingly spent at the Institution with appropriate religious services, and on the following day, Monday, the festivities of the season were held. There happily possessed of all their faculties and accustomed to draw their pleasures from the deep wells of social contact, and to have their care gladdened with sweet music, while their pulses throb with joy and happiness—such may think how these home longings are found and ears closed enjoy a real Christmas. Those who think thus are strangers to institutions, for our 300 boys and girls fully enjoy it and hailed the anniversary with delight. Old and young set out to enjoy and make the most of it. Hearty handshakes and cordial greetings were around. All seemed to be imbued with one idea, to be happy themselves and to make others happy, and to look at the fat, rosy faces of our blushing boys and girls it seemed to be an easy thing for them to do. Early in the morning, long before the usual hour of rising, the dormitory floors resounded with the pattering of many feet and the officers needed no Christmas chimes to remind them of the day. In the beautifully decorated dining room breakfast was hurried over and the necessary cleaning up done, then all prepared for the grand distribution by Santa Claus of the gifts he had brought for our boys and girls. While the large boys were carrying the boxes, etc. into the girls' sitting-room and piling them on the table, the rest of the pupils were sent to the school-room to out of the way, and were entertained there by Mrs. Sells and other teachers. About ten o'clock the signal was looked for signal was given and the excited boys and girls did not need any urging to induce them to go to Santa's head quarters in the sitting room. When all were seated, Dr. Coughlin mounted the platform and made a few appropriate remarks. He wished everyone a very Merry Christmas and extended a cordial welcome to the parents and other friends present. He was glad to have them come and see for themselves what a good time the pupils had at the festive season. Many of the parents would have liked to take their children home for Christmas, but it was to the best interests of the pupils and of the Institution generally that they remain here. The visitors could see that everything possible was done to make the children enjoy themselves, and could also see what an immense amount of labor this involved. Many of the teachers, officers and attendants had been working almost day and night the past few days in the arrangements for Christmas, but all the extra labor was gladly done for the pupils' sake. It is pleasing to know that every child in the Institution was well enough to be present and there was something on the platform for each one. Among these was one who is which every pupil would share. This consisted of two large boxes of oranges, presented by Mr. T. G. Lewis, as an expression of gratitude for the services rendered him by our boys during his recent fire. They all warmly appreciated his kind and thoughtful act.

At this point Santa Claus entered, accompanied by a bear, and both received a hearty welcome. Santa made a few remarks expressive of his pleasure at being present and of his good wishes for all. Then three hundred or more boxes and parcels were distributed among the eager and excited children, who lost no time in carrying them to the dormitories and examining their contents. Then came the Christmas dinner, with its abundance of turkey, plum-pudding and other good things which monopolized the undivided attention of the pupils until they had satisfied the very plethora of repletion, and the tables were strewn with the sumptuous wrecks of thirty or forty erstwhile plump and succulent turkeys.

The ice was fine on the rink in the afternoon and many of the pupils had a good skate, while the others played with their sleds or with the toys, dolls and other things which Santa had presented to them.

In the evening there was an enjoyable Christmas Entertainment in the girls' sitting-room, where a platform had been erected for the purpose. The programme consisted of merged tableau, interesting and amusing tableaux and drills, to which a large number of invited guests took part. The various items were:—

1. The Little Christmas Tree, Two little girls.
2. The Little Christmas. Several little girls.
3. The Zu-Zam. Several little boys.
4. Miss Muffet.—Several girls.
5. School Boy Days.—Several little boys and a number of boys and girls.
6. Good Night Drill.—Several little girls.
7. God save the King, sung and recited in concert by all present.

The pupils then proceeded to the dining-room where half an hour was devoted to partaking of which bags of sweetmeats and fruit were distributed and then our two hundred and fifty happy but tired boys and girls went to their beds, and the curtain rang down of the most enjoyable and in every way pleasant Christmas celebrations ever held at the Institution.

NOTES.

Did anybody see ghosts after the concert?

The thread supply in the little work room is always plentiful—to needed one.

The pleasure grind of the holiday season is now over and all are rushing business hard to the old stands.

Christmas weather pleased every one, just cold enough to make the ice fine and all enjoyed fine skating.

Judging from the number of toy pistols which Santa left we will have a set of very accurate marksmen soon.

There was enough among the boys to fit out a whole police force. We also have the feathers for a chief.

Many a one breathed a sigh of relief when it was all over, but all the same prayed for their extra labor in seeing the happy the affliction were.

Mrs. J. L. Smith and Mrs. F. Holder, of Toronto, were visitors here after attending the funeral of their friend, Mrs. Nurse. Mrs. Holder was a pupil here in the early history of our school.

Santa Claus slipped some candies and nuts and an orange into the stockings of the wee folks on Christmas eve, very all were pleasantly surprised and appreciated the change from the usual fare.

The blackboards in most of our junior class-rooms were decorated with a profusion of Christmas pictures, done in colored crayons, which reflected much credit on the artists.

Our hall, dining-rooms and sitting-rooms were most tastefully decorated. Willing hands worked hard at make all look neat. It was nearly midnight on Saturday before all was complete.

The nice freezing weather we have had in particular must have reminded all parents that a pair of skates would be a most acceptable present. Quite a lot of skates and gave very welcome.

The new electric lighting on the rink is a great help and the ice is used in the evenings more than ever now. The older boys often get a good skate between close of night study and bedtime.

We have almost enough dolls for a kindergarten but unless a doll doctor be employed and become a resident with officers in the Institution our dolls hospital will be small and somewhat "in parts."

One of the most pathetic sights was the long rows of little stockings hanging around the dormitories where the pupils slept at her young girls sleep. Parents may be assured that Santa Claus did not overlook them.

Miss Bessie Blake, our little love at tendant, was called home a few days before Christmas through serious illness in her family. We were glad that she was able to return and help us with the X-Mas Entertainment preparations.

The thanks of the pupils are due to their parents and friends for their thoughtfulness in remembering them so liberally, and the officers and staff were much appreciative the aid given them in making the children happy.

The new sweaters and sweater coats were all out skating on Monday afternoon. Ladies' Skates! And more skates! Surely old Santa has heard much of our rink, for he has made provision for as many of us to enjoy it.

Several fine fat geese from the home farm came in the boxes with the request to please have them cooked and shared around. Several others sent a couple of fine fowls in the same way. Request, to share it up, which we carried out with pleasure.

Of course all our little folks had big expectations and so our messenger unloaded boxes and parcels from the express offices day by day, every chance was added to get a peep at the names on them, but the officers in charge kept all as secret as possible.

Mr. Lewis' oranges were distributed among the pupils on Thursday and were much appreciated and enjoyed. We hope Mr. Lewis will never have another fire, but should that unfortunate again befall him he can count on our boys to stand by him to the last.

The Christmas Entertainment represented a lot of hard labor in drilling the pupils, making costumes, etc., and the work was certainly well done, and all who took part richly deserved the hearty congratulations showered upon them. "Do it some more" expresses the sentiment of one and all.

Big preparations were, of course, made for the Christmas dinner and we need not say how it was enjoyed. All know how hearty boys and girls dispose of such things and as they marched in and out of the dining-room we were reminded of a certain fly-by-night who had arrived, "Came to stay," before and after a Christmas dinner.

Mr. Nurse, as Santa Claus, and Willie MacLachlan, in the guise of a bear, enacted their parts to perfection, to the great delight of the children—and big children, too. The little folks were somewhat disappointed because Santa did not bring the reindeer with him, but we understand that he made this trip on an airship, which was too large to land in the yard.

It was very noticeable that Santa Claus distributed his gifts somewhat unequally. Some had boxes as large as themselves and so heavy they had to get help to carry them up stairs, others could put their gifts in a very small packet but our officers were on the alert and prepared for just such cases. The whole object of every one was not to have a single disappointed or unhappy child in our school.

"The hunk" "From Far and Near" is still in demand, and for the younger children in our schools for the deaf it is popular as "The Reindeer" in the higher grades. Copies can be procured from the following publishers. The Geo. E. Morang Co., Bay St., Toronto, Ontario.

Contributions to the Christmas Fund.

Mr. Heidi, Dynasty, Eldorado	$1 00
Mr. S. Silverstone, Hamilton	50
Miss Nell, Dodd, Red	1 00
Mr. Hall, Baskerville, Toronto	1 00
Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Andrews, Toronto	2 00
Mr. Albert Gardner, Thornhill	1 00
Miss Maud Livermore, Clinton	1 00
Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Hamilton, Toronto	2 00
Mr. Alex. Dick, Hamilton	1 00
Mr. Wm. Orr, Allandale	1 00
Mrs. F. Ward, Sterling	1 00
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence,	1 00
Mrs. R. Hughes, Carleton Place	1 00
Mrs. J. D. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. J. Hamilton, Toronto	1 00
Miss Sophia Fiddler,	1 00
Mrs. J. Farley, Toronto	1 00
Mrs. J. Forrester, Dunsville	50
Mrs. H. Dymond, Mrs. Sarah	1 00
Mrs. G. Moore, Weston	1 00
Mr. T. Connery, Lisgar	1 00
Mrs. Mathusen, Arthur	Clothing
Mrs. J. Hall, Toronto	
Miss McKillop,	1 00
Mr. S. Carter, Hamilton	1 00
The Second Tea Company	15 00
	Books.

Mr. T. G. Lewis two cases of oranges

Besides the above, there were contained in the children's boxes many small gifts for the poor children.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Willoughby attended the wedding of her cousin, Smith's Falls on Wednesday, Dec 21st

WANTED.—Mr. Nurse would like to hear from any deaf girl who has daughters in the home. He will give her a comfortable home and good wages.

Miss Jessie Logue, of the Fraternal (N. Y.) School for the Deaf, is spending the Christmas vacation with her sister, Mrs. Bells. She is experiencing her first real winter weather for many years, and enjoying it, too.

Mr Nelson Wood is the happy possessor of a fine new eighteen foot gasoline launch, and he expects to get great deal of pleasure out of it next summer, and no doubt will of it next year. Many friends also congratulate Mr Wood, with his wife and child on their first Christmas in London with his parents.

Mr. J. T. Hattie is spending these days a beautiful gold headed cane which, naturally, he values as a very complimentary position. The cane was presented to him by the Rev. Mr. Mc-Dial Church, last on Dec 22nd which was his birthday anniversary, and was accompanied by many highly complimentary remarks by the members of the choir with which Mr. Hattie has been connected for the last nineteen years.

A Few Items from Far and Near

BY CHARLES F. ROSS.

The Cobourg rink was reinstalled in the skating-rink last week. The boys and girls skated one night for the first time this year and the lights were turned on. It was very brilliant.

Before Christmas some of the large boys as well as some small ones decorated the dining-room and girls sitting room with bunting, christmas lanterns, flags, etc. The display was fine and the rooms looked beautiful.

The snow in town the few inches was much disappointed that they were not able to use their sleighs on the good snow which fell heavily for several days last week. The snow helps the farmers immensely and it is a great chance to market their produce, which they can convey to town on the sleighs over the smooth roads.

A Several boys got good books from Santa Claus. Christmas, Santa, I am so glad to hear them to some of us who are "book worms."

Mr. Nurse, who visited here on Christmas Day, went to our new barn on the Belleville road, made some calls and some other buildings. They likely enjoyed their visit.

The pupils of Mr. Coleman's class were glad to see their teacher able to attend to his duty again. He had been sick for about a week with a bad cold

One of the most successful men of America, when asked to what he attributed his success, replied: "I built my fortune on the dial of my watch, improving every opportunities. I took all time as it came, improving it as it came dimes, hours become dollars. I gave a money value to every tick, and took advantage of it, improving that economized time. I never procrastinate; I never wait for other people to get ahead of me. I keep my eyes and ears open for opportunities; I look well into whatever seems good to me, when my judgment approves I act promptly and with decision. I also believe that there is any particular rule or law of success, but I do testify sure that one of the foundation principles is "Don't lose time."

Another Year.

FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Why Everybody Wanted Grace.

"Girls, will one of you bring in the evening paper?" asked grandfather. There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it smooth upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing-room," says mother.

"O Grace, you do it. I've all nicely seated mine," and Grace leaves her piano practice and goes for the scissors, always willing to help every one.

"Father wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls, which will go?"

"O, I don't want to, mother" said Mattie.

"O, I wanted to read my new book," says Grace, "but I will go for father."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"O, Mattie, by all means. Grace is our home comfort and sunshine," said the mother. "But which would you rather take? Both of them will be anxious to go."

"I hoped you might choose to let me have Grace. I really want her; and I think, sister, she always seems to enjoy everything we do for her."

So Mattie stayed at home, and petted and said it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school—everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself. Child's Paper.

Steering by Mother's Light.

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp, and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "I won't do any good, mother," the son said, shortly after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it, and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold upon the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly, but steadily, they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with the lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by mother's light."—*Best and Wast.*

The Black Marks.

Little Ethel had been told that she must not make pencil marks in her father's books, and was so obedient that her father often lent his pencil to her. One day, however she grew tired of scribbling on pieces of paper, and thought she would make just a little mark in one edge of the books on the table, and the little mark made her want to make a big mark, until pretty soon she was scribbling all over the reading. Suddenly she thought of her father, and tried to rub out the marks with the eraser on the end of the pencil; but that only made long black streaks and mussed up the paper.

"O, dear I can't unwrite these marks!" cried little Ethel. And she rubbed with the eraser until she rubbed a little hole in the paper.

Just then her father came into the room, and he told her that the black marks on the white paper were like the marks of naughty words and actions in little girls' hearts. The right way is to be obedient and not make the black marks; for after they are made it is very hard to rub them out again. -Shepherd's Arms.

Mary and Her Dog.

Once there was a little girl.

She was very poor. Her name was Mary.

She went to a large public school every day.

She had a large dog. One day it followed her to school. Mary's teacher was angry at her for bringing the dog to school. She put the dog out on the play ground. Towards noon the school let out on fire.

No one knew it, but Mary heard her dog barking.

She asked the teacher to let her go and see what was the matter.

The teacher said she could go. Mary went out and saw the fire. She ran and told the janitor. He rang the fire alarm.

The teachers and pupils just got out doors in time.

If they had not been warned they might have been burned up.

Everybody thanked Mary for saving the school children's lives. Now the dog was a gold collar. It was given to the dog by the pupils of the school.

The people of the city collected a big sum of money.

They gave it to Mary. Her dog is made a great pet of and goes to school every day with her.- Arkansas Optic.

New Year Resolutions.

Resolved:—

1. That I be kind to everybody.
2. That I will do my very best every day in work or play.
3. That I will keep the rules and obey my superiors.
4. That I will love, honour, and obey my parents.
5. That I will always tell the truth.
6. That I will not swear.
7. That I will not steal.
8. That I will not gamble.
9. That I will not cheat.
10. That I will not bet.
11. That I will not use tobacco or whiskey.
12. That I will pray every day.
13. That I will read my Bible every day.

14. That I will always remember that "The Lord looketh on the heart," and that in trying to keep these resolutions I am trying to please God.

How many of these resolutions do you resolve to keep? Are they not all worth keeping?

Punishing a Lion.

If a story that the magazines tell is true, one lion received a punishment which was so unexpected as to take away all his wits.

In a circus-train assault at night, near Defiance, Ohio, a good part of the menagerie escaped. Next morning this created in the knowledge of the townspeople, and the soul of one big-hearted woman, Mrs. Gallegher by name, filled at once with a benign, lactating liberality. In her shed, open at the back, she kept a young Jersey heifer, of which she was very fond. What if anything had happened to her! The lady grasped her broom and instantly fled down to see. Alas, the heifer was already all but eaten, and a lion that had been a terror to old showmen was standing growling over the "remainders." "Oh-h!" cried Mrs. Gallegher, "Oh-h-h- you-great - big-brute—you!" And she gave him the flat of the broom first on one side of the head and then on the other. The smash-up had not worried that lion at all, but when the circus people found him, some hours after his encounter with Mrs. Gallegher, they said he looked as if he'd been running over mixed Mrs. Gallegher should have been a lion queen on high salary!

The Robin's Nest.

One day, early in the spring, Mrs. North was sitting by the window. She was sewing. After a while she saw a robin flying about outside. She thought he was hunting for something. She wondered what it was. Then she guessed that he was looking for things to build a nest with. She picked up a ball of threads from the floor, went out-doors and hung them on a rose bush near a window. Then she went into the house and sat down by the window again. Soon the robin flew to the bush, snatched up a thread and flew away to the grape arbor. He went back and forth, again and again. The next morning Mrs. North went out to look for the nest, and there it was. It was made of grass, hair, thread and straw. It was lined with feathers. In a few weeks there were some eggs in the nest, and soon there were some baby robins.

The same robin came again, and built another nest in the grape arbor the next spring, and Mrs. North put out some more threads for him.

A Little Hero.

A large orphans' home in Battle Creek, Michigan, caught fire. There were many little children in it.

A boy named James Armstrong and his two sisters lived there. He climbed up on top of a shed roof and called his sisters. One heard him. She came to the window and he told her to jump. Her room was on the second floor. She got her little sister and dropped her down to her brother. He caught her and also other little girls. Then his older sister jumped. She hurt her face when she fell. Three little girls were afraid to jump out of the windows and were burned to death. James is a hero.

The Noblest of the Talents.

One of the rarest of native gifts is the talent of making others happy! but, rare as it is, it is undervalued. It is a great thing to be gifted musically, to charm the ears of our listeners by sweet melodies, but to be able to set their hearts to singing is even greater. We admire the artist who can reproduce on canvas the glow of the sunset or the shimmer of a breaking wave, but to paint a smile on the face of a child or to put real light in and eyes is a nobler act! The power to make others happy is not a humble talent, but the divinest gift of human nature. —*Young People's Weekly.*

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear."

Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having the umbrella was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mammas. He had paid the seventy five cents in his savingbank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home.

"You're the first old lady," he said, with childhood's candor, "that I've taken across -and I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you for seeing her safe." "Indeed!" his questioner, "but I know from his way that his mother is a lady and a good woman."—*Selected.*

Birds Set Free.

A man was walking one day through a large city. At the corner of a street he met a boy. The boy had a number of birds for sale in a cage. The man looked with sadness at the little birds. They were flying around in the cage peeping through the wires. They were beating their wings against the wires and trying to get out. After a while the man said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Fifty cents apiece," said the boy. Then the man said that he wanted all of his birds. The boy asked five dollars for all of the birds. Then the man paid the boy five dollars, opened the door of the cage and let all the birds fly away. The boy was greatly surprised to see the man turn all the birds out of the cage after he had paid for them. The boy said, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds now."

The man said, "I will tell you why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison and I have decided never to see anything in prison which I can make free." -Ex.

As Other See Us.

A man was complaining of his neighbors. "I never saw such a wretched set of people," he said, "as are in this village. They are mean, selfish, greedy of gain, and careless of the needs of others. Worst of all they are forever speaking evil of one another."

"Is it really so?" asked an angel who happened to be walking with him.

"It is indeed!" said the man. "Why, only look at this fellow coming toward us! I know his face, though I cannot call to mind his name. See his little sharp cruel eyes, darting here and there like a ferret's and the lines of covetousness about his mouth! The very droop of his shoulders is mean and stinging and he slinks along instead of walking."

"It is very clever of you to see all this," said the angel; "but there is something which you do not perceive."

"What is that?" asked the man.

Why, that is a looking-glass we are approaching," said the angel.

His Secret.

"What is your secret of success?" a lady one day asked of Turner, the great English artist. His reply was simple. "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." We must not make the mistake of thinking that hard work will entirely take the place of talent, though it often does so in part. But certainly hard, persevering work is a key that unlocks many of the doors leading to success.

A New Leat.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done.
Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he said.
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf he skinned and blotted.
I gave him a new one all unspotted.
And in his sad eyes smiled:
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the Throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done.
Dear Father, hear Thou a new leaf for me.
I have spoiled this one!"
He took the old year, cleaned and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted.
And into my soul heard smiled:
"Do better now, my child!"

Tiptoo.

Tramp was a little black dog, and
I ping was a parrot. They were very
nd of each other. Every afternoon
ramp's mistress gave a five-cent piece
him. Then he ran across the street
a street, and bought a newspaper
h his money. He brought back the
paper in his mouth, and gave it to his
mistress.

Tiptoo liked to sit near the window,
d watch him. One day Tramp went
away with the lady's husband, and
stayed all day. So said by Tiptoo flew
to the lady's shoulder, and said,
Paper." The lady said to her, "You
may buy a paper." Then she gave her
five-cent piece. Tiptoo was much
leased, and flew out of the window to
the store. She put the money on the
counter, and said, "Paper." The mer-
hant laughed, and gave a newspaper
her. She seized it in her beak, and
flew home, and gave it to the lady.

1 What was Tiptoo? Describe a
parrot?

2. What can a parrot do that other
birds cannot?

3. What clever thing did Tiptoo do
one day?

4 Who generally got the paper?

5 Why did Tramp not get it this
day?

6 How much did the paper cost?

7 Where was the store?

8 What kind of a store was it?

9 How did Tiptoo know where to
go for the paper?

10 What does a newspaper contain?

11 Can birds and animals think?

Past	Present
Could	Can
Could not	Can not

1. Last Saturday some of the small
boys wanted to go to the circus. They
——because they——walk so far.

2. A squirrel——crack a nut. A
——crack a nut.

3. James wanted to play ball. He
——because he had no ball.

4. He wanted to spin a top. He
——because he had a top.

5. A horse——run. A snail——
run.

6. Last Saturday a boy wanted to
buy a watermelon. He——because
he had no money.

7. A boy's cap was too small. He
——wear it.

8. A monkey——throw a ball. It
——talk.

9. You——jump.

10. You——write now. You——
write before you came to school.

11. Birds——fly. You——fly.

12. Little new boys and girls——
write letters to their parents. You
——write letters to your parents.

13. A cow——hook. A dog——.

14. Some girls wanted to play out of
doors. They——because it rained.

15. Mary wants to make a new dress.
She——because she——sew.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Each Other.

John talked to Henry.
Henry talked to John.

1. What did John and Henry do?
James played with his little sister.
His little sister played with him.

2. What did James and his little sister do?
Tom bit William.
William bit Tom.

3. What did Tom and William do?
Marie wrote letters to her mother.
Her mother wrote letters to Marie.

4. What did Marie and her mother do.
Mary pushed Janet down.
Janet pushed Mary down.

5. What did Mary and Janet do?
Isabel sheeps near Dorothy.
Dorothy sleeps near Isabel.

6. Tell about Isabel and Dorothy.
Peter and Charlie chased each other.

7. What did Peter do?

8. What did Charlie do?
Mona and Evelyn threw snow-balls at each other.

9. What did Mona do?

10. What did Evelyn do?

Combining Sentences.

Join the sentences in each of the following groups:

1. Do you see that man?
He is a lame man.
He is an old man.

2. A bird flies silently
It flies swiftly.
It flies through the air.

3. James went to Toronto last Saturday.
John went to Toronto last Saturday.
Alice went to Toronto last Saturday.

4. May got up at 6 o'clock.
She had her breakfast at 7 o'clock.

5. I went for a walk on Saturday afternoon.
My aunt went for a walk on Saturday afternoon.

6. The Intelligencer is published in Belleville.
The Ontario is published in Belleville.
7. Alice did not come to school today.
She is sick.
She is in bed.

Conjunctive Pronouns.

Join these sentences, using Conjunctive Pronouns:

1. Some snow fell last Friday morning. It melted before night as the weather was mild.

2. The leaves covered the trees all summer. They fell off when the frost came.

3. Many of the stars are planets. We see them in the sky at night.

4. Count Tolstoi died on the 31st of November of this year. He was a noted Russian author.

5. King George V succeeded King Edward VII on the throne of Great Britain. He is our king.

6 Portugal is a Republic now. It was a Monarchy until a few months ago.

Is.

1. A horse——an animal.
2. A tree——an animal.
3. A lady——as tall as a tree.
4. Tom——stronger than James.
5. James——as strong as Tom.
6. That apple——sour, but this one——.
7. An egg——an animal, but a chicken——.
8. An apple——square. It——round.
9. The earth——flat. It——round.

Months and Seasons.

1. How many months are there in a year?
2. Name them.
3. How many seasons are there in a year?
4. Name them.
5. How many months are there in a season?
6. What are the summer months?
7. Name the months of autumn.
8. Name the spring months.
9. How many months are there in winter?
10. Name them.
11. What season is it now?
12. What was last season?
13. What will next season be?
14. What will next month be?
15. What month is this?
16. What was last month?
17. How many days are there in this month?
18. When is your birthday?
19. In which month does your birthday come?
20. In what season is it?
21. What year is this?
22. In which season do we have snow?
23. Which season is very warm?
24. In which season do the maple leaves turn red and yellow?
25. Which season do you like the best?
26. Why?

This and That; These and Those.

This means something near me.
That means something not near me.
These means things near me.
Those means things not near me.

1. ——crayons in my hand have never been used.
2. ——crayons in that box are all in small pieces.
3. A friend gave me ——watch which I am wearing.
4. Where did you get ——hat you are wearing?
5. ——men across the street seem to be quarrelling.
6. ——shoes I have on need to be mended.
7 Let me have ——book you have in your pocket.
8. Harry Hadding a letter in his hand) "When did you get——?"
9. ——slates in this room are smoother than ——in the other room.
10. ——book on your desk is not so heavy as ——one in my hand.

Supply Name of Trees.

The boys picked many apples from the——trees.

Some birds built a nest in a——tree.

There are no leaves on the——trees now.

I found some acorns under an——tree.

The frost shook nuts off a——tree. The boys found them.

Ella picked some flowers off a——tree.

Some men cut down a beautiful old——tree.

Last summer Jonathan sat under a——.

Josephine climbed up a——and fell out of it.

Two boys tied a rope to the limb of a——tree and made a swing.

There are many——trees here and some——trees.

The——trees are green all winter.

The birds like the berries that grow on the——trees.

Summer Winter.

Write as many differences between summer and winter, as you can.

Tell some things that you can do in winter, but cannot do in summer, and why.

Elliptical Sentences.

1. I wrote a letter——my mother last Monday, and received——from her to-day.

2. An old newspaper, —— was on the side of the road, scared a horse, ——a lady was driving, and it ran away.

3. An automobile ran into a delivery wagon on Pinnacle Street —— did not injure it very much.

4. Jack said, "I —— saw my uncle, Tom. He moved to Australia before I was born."

5. Mary told me that she —— her aunt to come here and that she was greatly surprised to see her.

6. Annie——to go home for Christmas. If she cannot go, she—— her mother to come to see her.

7. A pen is of no——without paper and ink.

8. When Charlie went down town——saw a policeman arresting a man ——had been abusing his horse ——.

Fill the Blanks.

1. Mary says, "When I —— home next summer, my mother —— me a new new hat."

2. I ——a new tie when I —— down town.

3. I ——a ticket before I get in the train when I —— home.

4. I ——to the city next Saturday if it—— a fine day.

5. I —— going to skate this evening if the ice —— good.

6. Annie's mother said that she was coming to see her. Annie told Alice that she will be happy when her mother —— .

Plural Forms.

Write the following in the plural form.

1. Annie sews in the sewing room every afternoon.

2. One of the little girls was very cold when she was out playing.

3. I saw a boy standing beside the rink. He had no skates on.

4 That boy is laughing at something he has just read in his story book.

5. There is an orange on my desk. Do you want it?

6. That boy often skates but he is not skating now.

7 This boy's skates are dull. He would like to get them sharpened.

Asking Questions

Ask each of these questions in an other way:

1. What is the width of this room?
2. What is the length of my desk
3. What is the depth of the bay?
4. What is the thickness of the no on the rink?
5. What is your height?
6. What is your weight?
7. Can you guess my weight?
8. Can you tell me the height of the tower of this institution?

Geography.

1. How do rivers show where the land is the highest?

2. Is Lake Ontario as high as Lake Erie?

3. State a difference between rivers that flow down the side of a mountain, and those that flow through lower land.

4. Which of the Great Lakes between Canada and the United States is the highest?

5. What are rivers useful for?

Comparisons.

Write two sentences comparing

1. a 25-cent piece and a 1-cent piece.
2. a maple tree in winter with the same tree in summer.

A White New Year.

(Continued from first page.)

ed cheeks to their girl's stories of the city. She was always careful to make a note of things that she knew would please them, and thus they shared, in some measure, the wide and varied outlook of her life. Then, leaving her in charge for a couple of days, these hours of almost half a century went as—taunting to the town where they had been the sunny days of "sweet sixteen." Mother was resplendent in a long, soft, warm cloak and fine new bonnet that was stylish and yet kept the searching wind from aching ears and father laughed at the nonsense, declaring the wind in his fur cap and overcoat with great fur collar. Who wouldn't be "mighty proud" of a girl like "Lowly"? So they celebrated their wedding day with tears and smiles, and then each with a hidden burden went back to the farm, for Loretta could only be with them a few days more, and how could toil what might happen before another year had rolled around?

In their absence Loretta had gone all over the old house. It was a time of reminiscence. "Upstairs" where mother's cradle, and remembered how she used to rock in it "the little brother that died." In the parlor were the old albums with the queer, faded, old pictures. But, more memorable even than all else were the unchanged, scenes from the low window-seat, with their shining, time-scratched little panes. The distant hills, the rolling pasture, the dark woods, the winding creek what was there in it all that moved her so and moved her to tears? She looked around on the age-stained walls, the old, well-preserved furniture, the fire basket her own girlish hands years ago—what it must be to spend one's life in such surroundings! What a contrast to the city suite of rooms, the artistic wall paper, the Persian rug, the books, the pictures. And in this house, the dear house where her character had been moulded, her mother and father and brother had lived out the record of a united godly life!

Thus the night was busy until "the wedding party" returned. Then there were tellings and hearings and laughter again.

Will you be quite busy this next week? You couldn't come in afternoon, could you?" said Joel, looking wistfully at his "girl." She made an interesting picture in her tailor-suit of blue, her saucy collar and cuffs, her pretty, well-dressed hair, her general air of refinement and ease and kindness.

"I expect I shall be busier than ever father. But I will write just as often —oftener if you are lonely."

"Lonely! Oh, daughter—!"

"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter?" for now sobs were shaking the mother's slight form.

She shook her head. "Don't mind —me," she said, brokenly, "but—I have been—lonely—and my old heart—gets hungry like. That's all. You've been dutiful and—beautiful, child is—but we're old and—you mustn't mind."

A veil dropped from Loretta's eyes. Had her father always been as white-haired, so tired, so ready to be alone—tonight? Had mother aged thus in ten minutes? Why, they have ages she was plump and rosy and brown-haired. How was it her eyes had been "hidden" thus?

Mother got up and moved about the room stirring to get herself under control.

Loretta noticed that the dear frost—one light as a fairy's—dragged a little.

Silence sat with the group before the dying fire. Then the good-night came quietly said. But in that quiet house there hardly was sleep. In Loretta's room the lamp burned all night; and under its glow lay a page with the underscored words: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

When the day came—New Year's came, it seemed to the daughter as her parents were grayer and feebler than they had been three days before.

"Can you stay and watch out the Old Year with us, child?" They asked at breakfast.

"Yes, indeed. I do not need to be in the city till the 2nd. We will have an old-time watch-night. We will have nuts and apples and stories before the fire. Then father will pray, and then, while the little New Year is pressing his rosy face against the pane, we will sing the old hymn, "Come, let us chase our journey parsons." We have done it ever since I can remember—ever since I" Loretta spoke gaily, but her heart sank as she noted the look of sadness and the eyes more deeply on the mantel of her beloved ones.

It was a beautiful winter night, that last night of the Old Year. They drew back the curtains, and sat by the hearth alternately enjoying the starlit scenes of snow-crowned hills and the wonders that a picture-loving eye always finds "in the hollow down by the farm." But they did not talk much. Heart-reared Joel and Loretta.

When the "grandfather" clock in the corner pointed five minutes before midnight, they were on their knees and Joel poured out his heart to God —thanks and praise for the past, trust and praise for the present, trust and praise for the future; and, then, all—Keep the steps of our child, crown her life with thy loving-kindness! Bless and take her into thy care as hast been the crown of our old age. Now, O Father, as she goes back to her work, bless her and make her a blessing! We are old—our days declino—we may not meet again—keep us, O Lord, according to thy tender mercy, for Christ's sake!"

In the distant city gongs were striking, guns were sounding, horns and whistles were announcing the glad advent of the New Year. In the country, the starlit stretches of snowfield fields lay still under the calm blessing. All was still. God's peace and love freed wicked joyfully at the jolly red twinkle from the farm windows.

They stood, embracing, by the leaping fire. Would another year bring them together again?

"I have a New Year's present, dear ones," said Loretta, standing between them and drawing them close to her. "Would you like a New Year's present?"

"You are not best gift, darling," murmured the mother, brokenly.

Loretta's laugh was gay, with happy tears. "Well, that is just it. There is one more gift than mine, dear home, and—I'm going to stay in it! Mother! Daddy! Oh, father, I'm going to stay! I'm going to be your girl again—till death parts us!"

The next moment Joel's head had gone out to give a New Year's "extra" to his faithful grey. Love's brother was the first to see the new light and run in. Then she called her daughter in a voice strangely voice, full of queer little joy-quivers.

"Lowly! Do tell me! Am I crazy —mad—or? The old home looks all new. The walls look fresh, the rooms look bigger and less old-fashioned, I believe and I do not feel tired the evening like I have generally been lately."

"It is all true. I am going to stay here for all time to come. I have left work in better than mere business session and begun with it a far greater pleasure and satisfaction.

A Prayer for 1911.

Today is New Year's Day. A year of my life lies untouched before me—mine to make what I will. A year from today I shall be standing and asking myself what I have done with that year—what I have achieved. Help me on that day to be able to answer, "I dare not say what I have achieved, but this I know, that with all my heart I have tried—to care more for being than appearing, to think more of being lovable than being loved; to be as well fortified as I could against evil and yet to meet each happy day with all my heart even though I knew that evil was near, to feel a personal responsibility for any wrong in the world that I could help to correct; to be as tolerant of other people's sins and weaknesses as I was conscious of my own; to be entrusted with my lot but healthfully discontentwith myself; to cultivate that fine pride that forever keeps one's shoulder to the grindstone rather than vanity; to compare my achievements not with those achievements of other people but rather with my own high and possible best; to so live that I may pass along to those who come after me as high a standard of living and ideals as I received; and, above all, to cultivate every day and every hour that peace which passeth understanding—the fine art of being good to live."—Ruth Cameron, in *Manhattan Advocate*.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if he smile, it smiles upon you to return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into my company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinking; if you love the world and earnestly care for the good that is therein you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of earth. Diseases, evildoing and hate, and you will be cursed, entertained and fated by your fellowmen.—W. Simmons.

The only influence that can save a child, a boy, or a grown person, for that matter, is the loving contact of one soul with another—individual rather than institutional treatment—getting the person to be benefited to feel and believe that his or her welfare is the supreme matter with you, and to disappoint your expectations would be to cause you genuine grief.

Glad the day when you can where you are and when that is accomplished, God will open a door to a higher sphere.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

Went—4.14 a. m.; 5.36 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.; 11.12 a. m.; 1.20 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.

East—1.45 a. m.; 7.50 a. m.; 1.00 a. m., 11.50 a. m.; 3.30 p. m.; 7.45 p. m.

MAIDO AND PETERBORO BRANCH—4.30 a. m.; 12.40 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

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Occident Hall, Richmond Hall, 3 Allen Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's residence.

Maple Leaf Club meets in Occident Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Stewards.

Miss J. E. Pyper, Deaconess, 350 Beverley St.

Mrs. F. Bramble, Superintendent, 39 Rose Ave.

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UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY parent who reads this paper send me the names and addresses of deaf children of school age that are not attending school, who are known to them, and I will write to the parents and tell them about the Institution and induce them where I can to send their children to the Institution.

T. H. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind, is situated at Brantford in the Province of Ontario. For further information address

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which time is served to the pupils a lunch. Dismissed from school at 12 o'clock.

ASSEMBLY.—The Public Assembly in the class-rooms in the forenoon each week-day will open for the pupils at 9 o'clock. The pupils will be dismissed from the school and after prayer will be dismissed from the assembly-room.

Visitors are always welcomed to the rooms of the Public Schools of Ontario. The Belleville Institution has for its visitors the teachers and departments from the normal school and other institutions of learning.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hour for interior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. Intermediate at 10.30 a. m. Adult pupils at 2.30 p. m. Every Tuesday evening pupils attend their respective services conducted by the pastor in charge.

ISRAELITE YOUNG CHRISTMAS.—Rev. D. W. Hamilton (Anglican), Rev. A. H. Dyer (Presbyterian), Rev. H. Gwozdz (Methodist), Rev. J. H. Ellis (Methodist), Rev. Father Spratt, Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

SUNDAY CLASSES.—Sunday morning at 9.15; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. James H. Ellis. Teachers—Mrs. Hicks, Miss Lees, Miss Neil, Miss Ellis, Miss Ford, Miss Hall and Mr. Ellis.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 8.45 to 9.30 and in the afternoon from 2.30 to 3.30 from Rev. Father Spratt, Rev. Father Hand and Rev. Father Minehan.

Let Christmas be a time of all good remembrance and cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING HOME—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 4.30.

GIRLS' PANEY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon each week from 2.15 to 4 o'clock.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PRINTING, BOOK AND LABORATORY CLASS from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. and from 7.30 to 9.30 for senior pupils who subscribed for the paper. Monday, from 2.30 to 4.30, is for boys, and from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m. are for girls. Wednesday afternoon is for boys and evening for girls. Saturday afternoon is for boys.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES on Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 4.30.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 noon and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school. Those who attend school have from 4 to 5 p. m. Saturday afternoon.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK AND LABORATORY and Industrial Science Department is for boys who have completed the course in the Industrial Department.

ALL pupils must be so engaged from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, supervised by the teachers, as to be in accordance with the performances of the Government.

ALL Teachers, Officers and others are not to interfere unless in the work in hand to inform with the performances of the supervision.

Visitors:

Parents who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visiting is during the school days as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When parents or friends desire to send their child to the Institution, they are kindly requested not to inquire about it or have it talking with their children. It only makes unnecessary talk and excitement, and retards the progress of the Institution. Send or bring the child to the Institution. Any child between the ages of 7 and 18 years, of Ontario, is entitled to admission.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all clothing necessary for the proper management of their children to the Superintendent. No clothing is supplied by the Institution. Parents and others or employers sending any children to the Institution will please see that they are properly clothed. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent must be prepaid or it will not be received.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily by parents or friends to the Superintendent, and the parents or friends of pupils may be quite certain that

ALL possible attention and care will be exercised in which letters or telegrams will be sent daily by parents or friends to the Superintendent, and the parents or friends of pupils may be quite certain that all

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. XVIII. BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 16, 1911. NO 4.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. COUGHLIN, M. D., *Superintendent.*
A. MACHANE, *Bursar.*
W. BRYCE, M. D. *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WHILLOUGHBY *Matron.*

Teachers:

H. L. JONES, M.A., MISS SYLVIA I. HALES,
Head Teacher. MISS ADA JONES,
A. J. MITCHELL, MISS A. M. BURK,
MISS ADELAIDE, B. A MISS LORA HUTCHISON,
J. L. DONALD, MISS MARGARET MCNEILL,
MISS S. TEMPLETON, MISS MARGARET KYLE
MISS MARY DEAN, MISS CAMPBELL,
MISS GUENDOLEN LEE, MISS I. R. FALKE,
MISS FLORENCE CLOSE.

H. L. JONES, *Teacher Manual Training.*
MISS MARY SCOTT, *Teacher of Physical Culture.*
MISS E. TAUMAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr Imrie.

M. A. MCINTOSH, JOHN T. BURNS,
Cabinetmaker & Work. Instructor of Printing
W. G. MCNEIL, LIZZIE MCNEILL,
Matron Boys' Shoemaker. *Matron Girls' Shoemaker.*
W. S. MINER,
Engineer of Boys, etc. URIAH J. PEPPER,
Engineer.
MISS L. DEANE ARD, JOHN DOWLING,
Assistant Night Watchman.
Supervisor of Girls.
MISS A. MORRISSEY, J. N. BOYD,
Assistant Matron and Nurse of Sewing in Boys' Shoemaker.
Nursery.

WILLIAM H. LAMB, *Farmer.*

The object of the Institution in founding and maintaining the Institution is to afford an education, adapted to all the needs of the pupils, to the deaf and dumb, so as to prepare *all of them, either mental or labor,* and to make them self-supporting.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being defective in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be enrolled as pupils. The regular terms of instruction are two years, with a vacation of about three months during the summer of each year.

The Institution invites friends to visit and make it their duty to attend the exercises of the pupils, as they will be interested and benefited by the knowledge of its facilities.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades are Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Making are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Housework, Cooking, Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, Knitting, Fancy Work, Physical Culture, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Vocal and Aural Culture. Work on many of the articles made by the pupils can be seen here, and those interested in the trades have been interested.

It is the special duty of the charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal provisions made by the Government for their education and improvement.

For The Regular Annual Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the last Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission will be cheerfully given by the Superintendent, or any letter or other communication addressed to

C. R. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PARCELS MUS. REVIRI and all communications relative to the pupils should be addressed to the Superintendent. Mail matter to be sent by, if not in hand to office door, will be sent by every post office at 5.15 p. m. and at 2 p. m. of Saturday, unless otherwise specially directed. Letters are not allowed to be sent before or after the regular hours of delivery at the office. The Superintendent may open letters addressed to the pupils.

The Inquiry.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary men may find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sigh'd, to answer, "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in Heaven."

Only a Rose.

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH.

The Lansing Avenue car was full to the doors. The aisles were packed, everybody hanging to a strap or the back of a seat, and still the voice of the conductor from the rear called out in stern, cheerful tones: "Move up toward the front, please!"

The disagreeable man, midway in the laughing, jostling crowd, glanced fiercely at the mild-faced conductor, and frowned out maledictions and threatenings against the car company that furnished such insufficient accommodations to the public.

"Move up, buy? he sputtered, in a loud, ungracious tone. "I won't move up! Other folks may be paid to move and puppets if they choose, but I shall not. I'm the first person I shall exercise complaint at once against the company. We pay for a seat in this car, not for the privilege of being packed in here like sardines in a box. Pah! Stuff! Nuff!"

The disagreeable man blew out the superfluous breath of his excited anger in a series of whistling sounds, while the crowd laughed and "moved up," like the jolly, good-natured crowd it was; but the disagreeable man. He would not move up, but remained an emblematic statue of blighting, withering scorn.

Suddenly, he felt something clutching his leg, and looking down, he beheld a little girl in a short white frock, squeezed fast in the crowd, one small hand holding aloft a large bouquet of exquisite roses, the other grasping his trousers and some of his leg in a firm grip. He golden hair fell in a cloud about her shoulders, and her sweet blue eyes were raised to his with a confident smile.

"Say, Mr. Man," she said, tendering him her precious flowers, "won't you please take care of my roses for me? They're going to get all smashed down here, and I'm taking 'em to my cousin Roberts. My Cousin Roberts's going to have a party this afternoon to her house. It's going to be a nice party, and after we've had the party and the presents, my Cousin Roberts's going to take all the roses we've bringed her to the Children's Hospital, and we're going along and we're going to sing a flower song for 'em all about children and roses and sweet pea, and such things, you know, to cheer 'em up, 'cause Roberts says. The next car now is where I get off to go to my Cousin Roberts's house. You can tell the conductor for me. And you can keep one of the roses for taking care of 'em for me. Maybe it'll kind o' cheer you up, 'cause you don't look as if you're happy. I don't think. You like that great big purple one best? Well, you can have that. It's just sastly like one my Cousin Roberts sent me when I was sick one time. And it had a lovely lace tied to it; Wash me and make me whiter than snow. I thought so mostly of that tie. Yes, I got off here. Give me my roses. Thank you for holding 'em for me; good-bye!" And, almost before the disagreeable man could catch his breath, the skin morning golden head and the short white skirts had fluttered out of the car door, the car had moved on, and he held in his hand only a single rose.

Only one, but that one how gloriously it spread. White as the driven snow, fragrant, waxen petals folded over a golden heart, and its fresh breath had taken sweet sips from the fountain of the sun and set it in its flower cup. The disagreeable man forgot to be disagreeable. He looked at the beautiful thing in his hand. His mother had called it like that, once, in her garden in the long ago. He remembered well how she used to gather them for weddings and funerals, and to carry to the old church on the hill. Why, his white-souled mother was like that rose pure and spotless, with the sunlight of God's great love hidden deep in her heart. And the text that was familiar, too! Wash me and make me whiter than snow. Why, yes, he knew that. He used to sing it in Sunday School years ago.

He was a tiny boy. He wished he could be as pure as he sung it then.

It was a kind of a prayer, too; what if a prayer like that should rise from the old church at the foot of the hill to reach Heaven and the ear of a forgiving God?

He stepped the car and got off, walking aimlessly up one street and down another, until he entered, unaware, a jewelry, into the meaner quarter of the city, where life, stripped of its beauty, struggled to maintain a bare existence. A little crippled girl cast hungry eyes upon the sweet white rose he carried in his hand. With a sudden kindly impulse he held it down to the grasp straggly soft- he placed it in the hand with a "God bless you, child!" and passed on. He never knew what he had done; but he had illumined a darkened home; but I wish he could have seen the passionate love with which that rose was cherished. How it brightened the poor, dingy room; how the people living in the other rooms were brought in to partake of it; how the sunshine, and the little cripple's mother clasped up their very best to be filled to entertain the floral guest well, it takes the pen of an artist to write those things.

And then—well, the next morning, the little crippled girl's mother came hurrying in, saying tearfully—for her kind are the hearts of the poor: "Maggie, Mrs. O'Conner's baby died this morning. She—there ain't no flowers for it. Do you think, the dartlin, you could spare the rose?"

It was the little cripple herself whose hand laid the precious rose on the breast of the dead baby, and it was the little cripple that said comforting things to the sorrowing mother. Sure an the baby's a bet of fid flower herself, Mrs. O'Connor."

"Yes, said the little angel mother, "an she's blooming in heaven the day."

"Like this same white rose, said the little cripple with a ray and wondrous smile.

"There just the difference and her mother. "flowers don't never fade in heaven—you know—but they grow in the Garden of God.

Only a rose with petals of snow
Down among the autumn ever pull
Know
How far its heavenly fragrance went?
To whom the breath of its sweetness sent?
Only a rose, a white rose!
But who knows? Who can say?
Charlotte Gomery.

The Little Things That Count.

It was our pleasure of the recent several times to be associated in high esteem in his chosen work.

He had served long in the State legislature and was also Register of Deeds and had made a record of usefulness in both offices. He was a deacon and trustee and for this whose support attended to his church and had always been influential in its church and philanthropic work. But the thing that made me want to write what I remembered was his promptness of heart and the genius he had for doing little things to brighten the lives of others. As illustrative of this spirit and habit, as incidents occurred at the church one Sunday morning. A woman came to the service evidently a stranger. Mr. M—observed her and divined her feelings of loneliness, and then he passed down the aisle with a collection basket he quietly supplied a pew which he saw open for her and dropped it in the basket as he passed up. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the church seemed to that woman's soul the sense of strangeness vanished, she felt herself among friends and her heart entered warmly into all the service that followed. It takes a great soul to do little things like that. J. T. M. Fortland

Don't Wait Until To-morrow.

Oh, my friends, you who are living in the midst of misunderstandings, rise from your to rest, meaning to make them up some day, you who are having wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind to take the first step for a brother, a pride and kill them; you who are passing your neighbor silently upon the street, not speaking to them, out of some silly pride, and yet knowing that it would fill your with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men was dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation, or letting your friend die before he has a word of appreciation or sympathy, don't wait to-day, don't wait to-night, if you only know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that the time is now, now how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have an other chance to do. *Phillips Brooks.*

"Teaching young pupils to think means leading them to give the attention first to the subject in hand and to observe things and their relations. With older and advanced pupils, teaching to think means, in addition, calling into exercise the memory and reasoning, says Supt. Chas. W. Eliot of the Maryland School.

The actions of the past have brought you where you are now. Where are your present actions going to take you in the future?

The Little Deaf Boy's Prayer.

He was such a little tot,
The youngest in school that year,
And as he knelt beside his cot
I drew nigh that I might hear
What his baby lips were saying.
For I saw that he was praying

Only three words, the names of his kin.
He'd be born tonight to-day.
But he had watched the older boys
As they knelt each night to pray.
And his little soul in darkness bound,
Was seeking the light the others had found.

Surely, on the breath of angels borne,
The prayer he uttered ascended above
And the Christ who pitied the lambs surely shares,
Looked down on the child with wonderous love,
Those words I heard all day to-day
"A fish. a ten. a shoe."

—*Pauline B. Camp.*

Alfred the Great.

The second Saxon king was named Ethelwulf. He had four sons named Ethelbald, Ethelred and Alfred. They all had tutors and instructors, but the three older sons could not read and Alfred was twelve years old before he could do so. The reason for this was that the king was of a weak and easy disposition and when he accused him he considered able instructors for his sons he paid no more attention to the matter So they grew up in ignorance, so, in fact, most people did in those days, caring only for games and pastimes of the king married for his second wife a daughter of the Emperor of the Franks. Her name was Judith and she had been carefully educated by some of the most learned educators of Europe She was not much older than her daughters, and she was greatly grieved to find them so ignorant and so devoid of all finer qualities that had always been supposed to belong to one of royal birth. She soon undertook their natures, and tried hard to win their love, for she knew she could do nothing with them in any other way. So one days, when they could not help but be out in their boisterous play, she began to tell them stories she had learned, and they soon grew to like the stories so much they were not displeased to remain in the palace.

There were no printed books in those days, but history, poetry and devotional works were written on vellum with a pen. Sometimes these were illustrated with pictures in colored inks and handsomely bound in velvet, ornamented with gold and precious stones.

One day Queen Judith had a beautiful book which she offered to the first one of the four princes who would learn to read it. The three older princes wanted the book, but they were too indolent to undertake the work of learning to read, so they left the room and went out hunting with some companions. But young Alfred decided he would learn to read and secure the prize. So diligently did he work that he surprised his royal mother and his tutors with the speed he made in his studies, and he soon secured the prize and also the commendation of his good mother.

Alfred was much pleased at being able to read and he divided the days and nights into periods, each for some particular study. There were no watches and blocks, so he had candles made of different sizes so they would burn one, two or three hours, and then he measured time by them. He continued his studies until he became proficient in all the known languages, the useful arts and sciences, history, and the laws of the most civilized nations.

And while he was thus improving his naturally fine talents his brothers grew up in ignorance and vice.

The eldest brother, Ethelbald, was prevailed upon by counsellors to rebel against his father, and a war between them was begun. Hearing of this war between father and son, the Danes invaded the country and began destroying towns and villages. King Ethelwulf died in 857, but before he passed away he forgave his rebellious son and appointed him his successor. To his son Ethelbert he gave the kingdom of Kent, and to Ethelred and Alfred he gave the household treasures. But, as soon as Ethelbald became king he took the treasure from his younger brothers and they were treated more like servants than brothers. Then he gave himself up to dissipation and in two years he died.

Ethelbert then became king. The two brothers petitioned him for their share of their father's estate, but he treated them with contempt and sent them away from the palace. At this Ethelred was very angry, but Alfred continued his studies in peace. He did much for Ethelred during the six years that Ethelbert reigned.

When Ethelbert died and the third brother was crowned, Alfred again asked for his share of the estate, but it was denied him. But Alfred was loyal to his king and helped him very much in his wars against the Danes, who had almost destroyed the country. In a hard-fought battle at Anon Ethelred was mortally wounded and Alfred was crowned king.

The country was in a wretched condition. The continued wars and extravagance of his brothers had almost ruined the land. But Alfred was courageous and his people had faith in him. So they continued to fight for their homes though outnumbered ten to one. But finally they were conquered and Alfred and a few followers had to fly for their lives. Alfred saw that if he and the men with him kept together they would soon be caught, so he ordered that they separate and each go his own way.

Alfred had no one to guide him and he was soon lost in the desolate marshes.

When he was very tired and cold he met a herdsman and begged that he might rest with the cattle during the night.

The man at first thought he might be a robber, but was finally induced to give the wanderer some supper and lodging.

The next day he told the herdsman who he was and was allowed to remain in the humble hut for the rest of the winter. One day a messenger arrived and told Alfred that his people again decided to fight the Danes. A great battle took place and Alfred won.

The victorious king was very generous and give the Danes the choice of going back to their native land or remaining in Britain. A great many of them stayed and became Christians.

He then began promoting the happiness of his kingdom by enacting wise laws and encouraging the learning of arts and sciences. He wrote many books and began the translation of the Bible from the Latin to the Saxon tongue, but he died before it was completed. He is today considered the wisest and best of the ancient British kings.

St. George and the Dragon.

Many, many years ago a fairy stole a beautiful baby boy from the castle of an English King. This fairy was very wicked. She took the little baby and left it in an old field.

By and by a man who was playing in the field found the baby. He took it home with him. He called it George. George lived with this man for many years. He did not wish to be with the man himself. He wished to become a brave knight and fight for people who were not so strong as he was.

He went to the court of the "Faerie Queene" and became one of her knights.

One day a lady whose name was Una came to the Queen. She was very sad and in much trouble. She told the Queen that her parents were in prison in a castle far away. A great ugly dragon guarded the castle and killed everybody who came near it.

George said that he would go with Una and kill the wicked dragon. Then Una's parents would be free. Una was very happy.

George put on bright shining armor. He buckled on his sword and went with Una to seek the dragon.

When George came near to the castle he heard a terrible roar. He saw the dragon. It was so large it looked like a mountain. It had scales like brass over its body. Its wings were like the sails of a ship. Its voice sounded like cannon and guns. Its tail was spotted with red and black.

It had three rows of iron teeth. The teeth had much flesh and blood between them because the dragon had eaten many people. Its eyes were like fire, and its breath was fire and smoke.

George was not afraid of the terrible dragon. It rushed at George. They had a hard, fierce combat. The combat lasted for three days. George grew very weak and Una felt afraid he would lose. He still fought bravely, and after a while the great dragon was killed. Una's parents were freed and Una was full of joy. George was afterwards called St. George.

Tom Days.

Christine Lennox had been ill a fortnight.

"I can't see that there's much the matter," she told the doctor. "I believe you are keeping me sited just to make me rest," and she laughed up at him.

The physician was the cheerfest of men, but now he had no smile of response. He had been the girl's friend since her babyhood, and he looked at her tenderly.

"Christine," he said, "I have never lied to you, and I am going to tell you the truth. You are not as well as you think."

Her startled eyes searched his own.

"Do you mean— —" she began.

"I mean, my dear child, that all I can do is to make you comfortable for a little while." His eyes were wet.

"How long?" she asked, softly.

"Probably about ten days."

She drew a quick breath. "Do the rest know?"

The physician nodded.

"Poor mother!" she murmured. Then she looked up with a smile. "thank you for telling me."

Her father sat with her at the noon hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

"Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?" she said. This evening will be a good time."

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years.

"You'd better send a note."

"I'd rather you'd take the message —please."

"All right. I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stopped to kiss her.

"If only I could see them friends before I go!" she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down, and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in college. He was now making the best of himself, and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

"Remember, dear, if you know the meaning of your name?" she asked.

"No, something I'm not, I presume."

"Something you can be," the gentle voice replied. "It is 'powerful among the people,' and I think it is beautiful. Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself, and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away.

The boy did think, and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were united, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides, there were many unsounded deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the dree of them had passed from sight.

Two days! They are wafting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall these days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten days, and every ten that follow them?

—*Youth's Companion.*

Tit for Tat.

Long ago a poor man lived in Turkey He was very poor. He had no money He could not buy meat. He had only bread to eat and water to drink. He worked in a field all day.

One night he walked along the street He passed a cook-shop. He smelled the meat cooking. It smelled nice He liked it. He stood near the door He stayed there a long time. Then he went away. Every night he came to the same place. He stood a long time and stayed to smell of the meat.

One night the cook saw him. He went to him. He said.—

"Why do you stand here?"

Because I like to smell the meat, answed the poor man.

"It is my meat," said the cook.

"I know it."

"You must pay me for smelling it. said the cook.

"I will not pay you," said the poor man.

Then the cook was angry. He called a policeman. He told the policeman that the poor man was stealing from him. The policeman arrested the poor man. He took him to the judge The cook told the judge that the poor man stole from him. The judge listened to the cook till he finished. Then the judge asked the poor man to tell his story. He told the judge that he only smelled the meat.

"Have you any money?" asked the judge.

"I have a few cents," said the poor man.

"Give them to me" said the judge. The poor man put his in all his pockets. He found a few cents. He gave them to the judge. The judge turned to the cook.

"Now here I" he said.

The cook thought the judge was going to give him the money. He came quickly. His eyes glistened. He held out his hand.

"Stand there," said the judge. "Now listen."

Then the judge shook the poor man's money in his hand. He made it jingle.

"Do you hear it?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the cook.

"Does it sound pleasant?" said the judge.

"Yes," said the cook. "Give it to me, and let me go."

"Oh no," said the judge. Then he handed the money back to the poor man from whom he had taken it, and said to him, "You may go."

The poor man was happy. He went gladly away.

"Am not I to be paid?" asked the cook.

"You have been paid," said the judge. "The poor man had the smell of your meat. You had the jingle of his money. You still have your meat. He still has his money. You are even."

That was a wise judge.—*Mirror.*

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written January 9th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

—A lady, Miss Powell, teacher of drawing in Benzie Normal School came here last week to teach the teachers to draw. Miss Powell told Miss James that she wanted to see the little girls recite some hymns in signs. Evelyn, Dorothy, Mona and I signed the hymns—"All Hail the Power of Jesus name" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" in the parlor. Miss Powell was much pleased to see the hymns. Miss Willoughby gave us some refreshments and we thanked her for her kindness. I think Miss Powell was pleased with her visit here. L. Hallett.

Mr. Coleman received many letters from his old pupils lately. He says that he is sorry that he cannot answer them as he does not know their address. He would like for them to tell him their addresses when they write.

Sunday, Jan. 8th, was the first Sunday after Epiphany. Epiphany is a church festival, twelve days after Christmas, to celebrate the appearance of our Saviour to the Wise men of the East, who came, guided by a bright star, to adore Him with presents. M. Edwards.

We have fully enjoyed our holidays. We had no lessons study or reciting for a week, and Dr. Coughlin kindly permitted us to stay in the cook nury evening. We had a splendid time.

Last New Year evening we played the different kinds of games with the eyes in the girls' sitting-room, and the games played games in the boys' sitting-room, and we had sandwiches, hot chocolate, Christmas cake and candy. The party began and games and sports were engaged in by the older pupils throughout when a spell would be sung, dined, and we all went to bed, being very tired. A. Hanson.

In Jan. 2nd, New Year's Day was served. In the evening the older pupils presented the girls' sitting-room where two and a half hours were united to games and sport. The little children took part in some of the games and plays in the boys' sitting-room. We enjoyed doing so and after words went to the dining-room to get lunch. And the bill of fare was sandwiches, sponge cake, Christmas cake and candies after which candy was distributed to us. We enjoyed the lunch. But after our excitement the tired boys and girls went willingly to bed.—C. McVean.

Dr. Coughlin gave us great pleasure in having a pantomime, party and skating on Christmas. We had a better time this year than last year, because Dr. Coughlin had made some plans for a good time. We felt very thankful to him.

—On Friday, Dec. 9 the teacher took down the last leaf of the calendar of 1910, and we all rose and bade the year good-bye. It was also the last day of the old year, but it was the last day we would meet in the schoolroom.—A. Brown.

—During the Christmas holidays my parents came to see me. I was very glad to see them. They stayed here for a little while. My father told me that my uncle was not sick in bed on Dec. 30th they went to Pierton to see my brothers. They stayed there all day and when they returned they told me that my brothers had grown up. On Monday morning my parents, aunt and uncle came to see me. My father brought two parcels for me. I was greatly surised to see my aunt and uncle. They came from Manawan in Michigan. They went home again last week.—E. Nelson.

—We liked to have the presence of old pupils and friends of the school at our entertainment during the Christmas holidays. There was a fine sheet of ice on our large open rink, the weather was favorable, and a large turnout of those who have skates was witnessed during Christmas week. Before that, all of us seemed to be too busy with preparations for the presents of yuletide.—E. Butler.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—On the 31st of December my mother came here in the evening. Evelyn and I were very glad to see her. She stayed here for three days. We had a nice time when she was here. She went home on the 3rd of January and arrived at Toronto safely. We miss her but we hope that we will pass very fast until we go home to see her again in June.—Dorothy B. Hazlitt.

—A boy named Archie McVean, fell on the bench and cut his tongue. He cried because it hurt. His brother took him to the nurse and he was in bed for some days. He is better now and plays with the other boys. He goes to school every day. He is well. —Ed Pfahler.

—Some of the girls went to the city and met Miss Paley on the street. She said that the knit factory was there last Friday night and they saw the knitting. We were sorry that some people lost their jobs at the knit factory. Part of the shirt factory was not burned down.—Lena Carpenter.

Some other boys and I were sleeping in bed in Wood Hall and E. Smith awoke us at 4 o'clock and called up. He told us that there was a fire east of the city. We were very much frightened about it because we thought it was near here but we saw that it was in the city. Some people said around 3 o'clock. Then we got up and had our breakfast. We found out that the shirt factory in Bellevill was burned.

Mr. Nurse intended to give us an entertainment with pictures about Jesus, but the Electric Light electric wires in Belleville were cut at the time of the fire and so we could not display the appointed thing.—Wm Hurley

Last Saturday noon, Roy Chenney came with his mother. We were very glad to see him. Roy Chenney's mother wanted to see Florence Brown a little lady who lives here. She was here a while. She went home last Saturday afternoon.—Clara Hartley.

We had a lot of snow here some days ago and some boys shovelled the snow off the rink. The snow melted and formed on the ice on the rink. There was much water on the rink and the ice cracked. It was on Monday morning, Jan. 2nd. It rained slightly and some boys shovelled the snow off the sidewalk near the kitchen and the shoppy. Mr Minns told some other boys to help him shovel the snow off the sidewalk near Dr. Coughlin's house. Dr. Coughlin and Wm. McLachlan and me to go upstairs, in the dormitories, verandah and shovel the snow off it.—Edward Wilkinson.

The teachers had a meeting in Mr Bells room several days last week and we did not know what it was about. We would not go to school until 11 o'clock. Some of the boys shovelled the snow off the sidewalk, and the rink was not started on the rink until 10:15. Then we went to school at 11 o'clock. J. C. McLaren.

We intended to have a nice carnival on New Year's Day but we were disappointed because the ice on the rink was not in good condition. It was wet. We had a party in the girls' sitting-room instead of the carnival. Soon after that we went to the dining room for lunch. We had a splendid time on New Year's Day. We will have a nice carnival before the spring. - Winnifred Rennaby.

The snow fell on last one foot deep. We swept the snow off the rink that morning but next week the senior boys had to shovel it off. It laughed at her skate. We had a good time and enjoy-ed the skating.—Roy McClinton.

—One nice day in the afternoon I skated on the rink and had a good time. After that I called Annie Bowles out for a walk. She said that she was tired. I wanted her to go outside. She went and fell my hands. The snow shoes and walked on the snow. I sledded in the snow. I laughed at her. She fell and I told her to go up on the snow near the fence. She fell off it and she went down. I like to skate because here at five minutes to 6 o'clock. She had a good time and thanked me very much.—M. Greenfield.

—Last Sunday, January 8th, it rained and there was a great deal of snow. It froze during the night and some boys slipped on the ice and froze snow. It snowed a little during the night and the boys shovelled it off the ice and the sidewalks. It was about four inches deep.—Ed. Pfahler.

Today is my mother's birthday and chine wedding day. I sent a salt and pepper shaker to her. I think that she will like it very much. I would like to be at home now.—D. Buchan.

MRS. HAZLITT'S CLASS.

—Mrs. Hazlitt came to see her daughters last Saturday before New Year and they were delighted. She stayed at Mrs. Vanitassel's near the institution until Tuesday. She returned to Tommytown the flyer at ten minutes to two. Last Saturday week Miss Bray took her Bible class to the library to see the biograph pictures. They enjoyed it very much. It was very four degrees below zero Friday night, the sixth.—Charles Bryan

Miss Dorothea De Coughlin was very kind to people and pupils' because we had a party after we had a pantomime. We had a splendid time. We used to have a skating carnival on the rink but last Saturday before Christmas but we felt disappointed because it rained all day and was foggy. The sides-walks were dangerous and slippery.—T. Brown

It was a misty, stormy day, whirling snow that stung the face like a whip-lash when some pupils played outside from night until eleven o'clock on Thursday.—D. Berthiaume

January second, in the evening, we had a party. The pupils under fifteen years gathered in the boys sitting-room with some of the teachers and all the rest assembled in the girls sitting-room. We had refreshments at half past eight. Then the rest of the teachers came to the girls sitting room and we had some games. At nine o'clock the party broke up and the girls and boys marched to the dining room and sat down at the tables for lunch. We had lunch on tables tea, cakes candies, coffee and milk. At about half past nine we bade the teachers and pupils good night and went to bed.—Lionel Berthiaume

I got a letter from my mother last Saturday and she told me that my father caught a cold on one morning and put it in a cage. My family are well. Every day Mr. Coughlin will keep it until Archie, Hattie and I get home. She wants to see it, but I think it will die before I go home, but I want to see it when alive.—A. McVean.

Last Saturday morning I became a short factory was completely destroyed by fire. It was about $250,000 and was insured for only $200,000. Nine hundred people will be out of employment. Most of them were poor girls. Mr Dean will rebuild the factory as soon as possible. Some people think that it was an electric light wire that caused the fire.—J. Wm McAdam

I made a clay image of a boy like me a girl, and I showed it to Mr Morris and he laughed heartily at it. He wanted me to put it on my own head but I did not do so for I might get into trouble. Earl Knickerbocker

Mr Bells told us that men are cutting ice in the harbor already. They are about an inch thick and will get thicker. It is over a foot thick now.

Mr Bells is the drill on the ninth and the girls got on on the ninth in two minutes without hurrying. We had our Band last Wednesday, and on Friday. Arthur E. Thompson

Mr Bells told us that there are 1,500,000 of the deaf in Canada and the United States and 1,500 pupils in the deaf schools. There are 64 day schools and Brantford schools. In all 148 schools in the U. S. and Canada. Four institutions and grounds are worth $700,000.—J. W. McAdam

I read in a newspaper that in Russian the fishermen died on some cakes of ice. A steamer came to them and took them and they carried them into a warm room, but they were all dead.—Alex. McVean

Miss Dorothea asked Dr. Coughlin about me. He telephoned to the doctor yesterday. Dr. Coughlin will allow me to go to the city with Miss Morrison this afternoon or next Monday and I could not fill my book. Miss Morrison went to the city with Lillian Curtis yesterday and a dentist filled and put some of her teeth.—C. Dierks.

—It is estimated that over 8000 aeroplanes are being built in England at the present moment.

Supposing the whole population of Great Britain stood at equal distances from one another all over the land surface of Great Britain, each would be 80 yards from his next neighbors.

The ten largest cities in the world in order of size are London, New York, Paris, Tokyo, Chicago, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Philadelphia and Moscow. Their populations range from four and a half millions to a little over one million inhabitants.

MR. INGRAM'S CLASS.

Two weeks ago I went to the city with a boy, and walked past a block until shop. I was in there ran away as fast as he could, over the flight. A strong man caught the house. I think the driver was very interested, let the horse run away. E. F. Payne

On Monday morning, the 30th we got our home. Mr Nurse acted as Santa Claus and Willie McLachlan was the boy. Willie McLachlan was smart to act as he never acted like a real boy. Many parents of the people laughed at the boys' actions was funny the Monday night we had an entertainment in the girls's sitting room consisting of fancy drills. we had some poetry drills and pieces. I was a drill of Fairies. Miss Moffet. I wore a pink dress made of paper. We had a good time at Christmas, and were very happy.

all many happy New Years. Matilda Skegerott

All the Methodist pupils went to Church on the 25th. The Church had been decorated and it was quite pretty. When we got out side we felt very cold, but we were glad to get out of the church and went to our dinner. We were warm. The Minister preached about Christmas. He told us that if Jesus had not come into the world we would have no Christmas. When the pupils were got outside the church, then, a man drove by so saw the little girls. He stopped his horse and got out of his sleigh and ran to speed it with a whip and carried boys New Year Axis here

MISS MCKEE'S CLASS.

Mother and I have a candy time to-day. We started to make candy on Saturday and the candy is not done on Monday. I am very glad to see my Mother and my sister. We had some candies some to-day. We did not go to church. We did not go to Marshall

Mr. and Mrs. Nurse acted as Santa Claus. We played a game in the evening. Rose and I played a game of Authors. We had candy, nuts, cake and candies. It was a New Year party. We had all the pupils and father and mother. There was no school on New Year. We did had some pie. Pie and candies. Ella Packard

We did not come to school on Monday. The boys and girls played hockey in the evening. We had a good time. Clinton and Jessie Gill played hide the handkerchief. We played Blind Horse played in the We liked the party. All the girls and boys had a nice dining room, had milk, and cake and candies for supper Then we went to bed. Rose Locke

My mother and father and Dan and Jean came to see me on Sunday. I was very glad to see them. They were here about two afternoon. Dan gave me two ribbon to me and I thanked him for them. I saw Mr. Nurse skating on Saturday afternoon. They are with at home. I did not get a letter to and from my father last week. Jessie Gill. Mother and I are very well and I am glad to hear you are well. Rose Locke

MISS MCLACHLAN'S CLASS.

The boys and girls went to the rink. The boys raised skate. They play hockey on the skate. They raised and the senior off the school. We had play afternoon. They were very busy. We had a party in the evening. We will go to the rink and boy some pins. Mother and Dan and Jean came to see me on Sunday. They did them pins yesterday. John Bruce

Mr Stewart came to our class each morning. He gave some papers to Miss McArdle. His daughter is a jolly girl. She danced and played the violin. Mary girls laughed at me. I saw smoke coming out of a chimney. I like smoking. We had a fire-drill yesterday afternoon. Hazel Watkins.

The largest living bird in the world is the ostrich. The average ostrich stands eight feet high and weighs about 300 pounds.

The largest wireless station in Europe, that on the Adriatic sea at Pola, Austria-Hungary, includes a 300 foot tower built on a foundation of glass.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

Two—That a number of our pupils may learn typewriting, and from the knowledge so gained be able to earn a livelihood after they have retired.

Three—To publish interesting matter for and encouraging a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.

Four—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of our pupils, and between the pupils themselves who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the welfare and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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Fifty cts cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. Five copies to one address at any time during the year for $1. Remit money order postal notes, or registered letter.

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All communications on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

BELLEVILLE.

ONTARIO

GEO F STEWART. EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy"

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1911.

A False and Vicious Precept.

Among many people there is an inclination to accept any statement put in the form of a proverb as necessarily true, and as formulating a safe rule of action. Yet there is perhaps no other form of didactic teaching that contains so much false and dangerous teaching. Many noble precepts are found in the form of proverbs; but on the other hand the papers and magazines and books contain untold thousands of proverbs that inculcate false and dangerous principles; and sad would be the career and the end of any one who should be guided by some of these. These remarks were suggested by seeing in a contemporary the old proverb, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," quoted and commented on with approval. This is a lamentably false and vicious precept, and has influenced many parents to refuse to give their children such limited education as was within their power, since they were unable to give them a full collegiate or university course. A Canadian Judge, some years ago, when sentencing a man for forgery, quoted this same proverb, and asserted that the business colleges throughout the country were a public detriment. "And on what was this sage remark based? On the fact that this same forger had gone to a business college and learned penmanship, and because that man had, out of his innate wickedness, made a bad use of his knowledge, therefore it would be better to keep in ignorance the thousands of other young men who go to these colleges and are there fitted to become useful and competent business men. The fact is that all true knowledge is beneficial and desirable, and the proverb above quoted has not one element of truth or common sense in it. But few men can ever become profoundly learned. Most all the rest remain in total ignorance? What egregious folly even to suggest such a thing. The natural tendency, and the almost certain result of all education, no matter how great or how little, is to improve the morals, refine the character and elevate the ideals of life and conduct. If a man makes a bad use of his learning it is because of the inherent evil in his heart, which, if not given vent in this way, would be exhibited in some other and perhaps worse form.

Keep Children at Work.

A western superintendent gives this very pertinent advice to his teachers:—"One of the mistakes which we find most general, is that the teachers do not keep the children at work. They seem to think the hearing of recitations is their principal duty. Now, this is secondary, can be omitted rather than something else. Your first duty is to keep the pupils busy at work as they do and then see that he does it. When that is done, when all the rest of the school are at their proper work, then we think the teacher has a time of recitations. When I was a teacher had and skillfully at work in the recitations and all the rest of the school idle I know that she fails as a teacher. It is a great deal to not do other work as long as any one is idle. Get him to work first. If you can't get the school to work you might as well do no more, for it is a dead loss any way. What to have children do at their seats, and to see that they do it, is the great secret which you should learn. Compared with this work the art of conducting a recitation is an unimportant matter."

Some of our American contemporaries are indulging in some pretty plain talk relative to the kind of matter that is taught as history in some of the schools. The papers published in the south charge that some of histories used in the north are full of false and and libellous statements regarding facts and matters personally connected with the great rebellion, and the northern papers retort with similar charges against their southern contemporaries. With this dispute we have no concern, and it might be deemed impertinent for us to even express an opinion. But the misstatements complained are very mild indeed when compared with accounts given in some American school histories relative to the wars between the United States and Great Britain and Canada. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not one single event of these wars that is not misstated in every approximate accuracy in some much-used histories, while some of them might well have been written by that versatile novelist, Jules Verne himself. It is a pity that the minds of American children should have been filled with such false and misleading statements and their feelings inflamed against their kinsmen across the ocean and on this side of the boundary. It is almost inevitable that a historian should be, to the two or three books have recently been issued by American authors and publishers that have made that whole nation sit up and take notice of the fact, which the rest of the world knew long known, that the United States has not always been in the right, and not always the victors, nor have her opponents always been the blunderers and patterns and paragons of opposition and injustice which they were long depicted to be.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. F. H. Hadhame spent Christmas with friends in Oakville and the New Year's holidays down in Ottawa.

Mr. William Quinlan, of Stratford, was renewing old acquaintances in Toronto and New Hamburg during the New Year's holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, while attending our late conference, were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Percy Alderson, in West Toronto.

On Dec. 30th ult. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts entertained Mr. A. D. Swanson to tea and in the evening a number of his friends dropped in and spent the evening in telling stories and jokes and all had a most pleasant time.

Mr. Edward Ball, of Detroit, enjoyed the New Year's holidays with his mother in Pontiac, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts had themselves up to enjoy the New Year holidays at the former's parental home in Jarvis.

The boys who belong to the Manual Training School were hospitably entertained by the members of Rev. Silcox's class at their teacher, Mr. Romance, at his beautiful home on Dunington Ave. The boys were guests of the evening at the shooting competition, in which each one present were given to fire three shots. Each one took seven chances at the target. Alex. McCaul won first prize, Roger the second, and Harold Perry the third. Other fun and jokes made up the rest of the evening, and while it was going on, Mr. Romance suddenly disappeared, only to appear again in the scene disguised in the dress of a French doctille, in which he did very well to make style in their hearts' content. After a hearty repast was enjoyed and a hearty vote of thanks tendered Mr and Mrs. Romance for their hospitality, all went home at a late hour in the morning spirits.

Miss May Cunningham, of the Mc-Kay School, Montreal, enjoyed the New Year's holidays with her sister, Mrs. James McClelland, in Ottawa.

We sympathize with Mrs. Henry Moore in the death of her mother, Mrs. James Cornwright, who departed this life on the first of the year in her 78th year. Her remains were interred in Prospect Cemetery on the 4th inst. Mrs. Moore has since left for Niagara Falls, the old Mr. H. J. Wilson were lately visiting in Chicago, but the death of the former's mother necessitated their return.

W. C. McKay spent Christmas with his mother in Scotstock, where he met Mr. Wilbur Elliot, of London, and Allan Nahrgang, of New Hamburg, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sipp.

Mrs. John Davidson died on December 27th last and was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery on Jan. 3rd. She was the mother of Mrs. Frank Moore, of Orillia, and was the first in the family to respond to our Master's call.

We learn that Miss Elsie Gardner has gone for a few weeks' visit to her parents' home in Bolsvegan.

The wedding of Sterling Blake Claus held at Alton Hall is having very interesting and instructive discourses since the New Year began and our worthy Superintendent, Mr. Brigden, of the Mute Institute is outlining the main points of interest I found in the great book. On the 6th inst he took for his subject, "What is the chief end of man?" and it deeply interested all who were present. That evening he described the answer in full detail, and any could hardly understand how he was able to portray such a wonderful sermon. Many people nowadays are searching for the light and, strolling in the paths of pride, channeling for self comfort, filling in pleasure and many other ways, but all these will end in naught, but there is only one thing that will forever, and that is coming to know God through Jesus Christ, and the more we search the word of God the more it pleases Him, for such is the nourishment that feeds the soul.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan, 6 Gladstone Place, celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on the 4th inst. by giving a party to a few of their friends.

We are glad to think our friend, Willie Lightfoot, is becoming down in the Bay for his son, Charlie, is now a big fat chap and his daddy's constant companion. Willie still continues to improve in health.

Our popular friend, Mr. Oliver Mahoney, the head of the New Hamburg Colony, that embraces between twenty-five and thirty of our deaf friends, was the guest of the Mussel Brothers' during conference.

Don't say one new forgave college-mates enter the ranks of the benedicts and we wish to extend our congratulations to the three latest, namely, W. E. Gray, of St. Thomas, who married a lady whom we do not know yet, Mrs. Duncan Bloom, of Brantford, who married a young deaf gentleman of Buffalo, and Stephen A. Lash, of Carp, who took Miss Ida Burns as a help-mate. Though they are now in the spring-time of their love, may their future be full of happiness, health, and contentment. Best wishes, boys.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moynihan, late of Windham, were visiting friends here lately.

Miss Josephine Beauseaurine, who met with the sad death at Belleville lately, had no connection with the Belleville School, as I am told. She could speak very well but was totally deaf.

Mrs. Angus A. McIntosh, of Parry Sound, has returned home after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason enjoyed the happy yule tide at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hannah Phillips in Cobourg, and there witnessed on the 28th of last the marriage of their youngest son, Howard, to Miss Minnie Graham, sister of Mrs. Phillips. The bride and groom have since returned to the city and are living with the groom's parents for the present, but intend shortly to buy out a little home of their own where we hope the joys and happiness will ever be theirs. Best wishes.

Mr. J. B. Stewart, the only Hamilton representative of the Provincial Government to Arthur after the gathering took over some property left him by a deceased uncle.

Mr. Alfred Gray, of Metcalf, and Ida Bayley, of Ilderton, were married in the fair east to join in our gathering of love and christian fellowship and we wish them glad success.

Now the conference of 1910-11 is over and all have gone to their homes, we hope the good they derived therefrom may bring forth good fruit in day we continue to live for Christ, has so lavishly imparted to us. May the good Lord of all mercies and love awakened their souls continue to make them thirsty for more. This was the second gathering of its kind so far, says our Superintendent, and here's to make it four.

Through many days and golden hours,
May God strew your way with heaven's richest flowers,
And divine love and friendship true,
Make your home here your foretaste of home in heaven.

H. W. S.

LANARK LOCALS.

From our own Correspondent.

Michael Norton of Harper, visited Lenark one day and had a good chat with Thos. Hazelton. Mike is quite a jolly fellow.

Thos. I. McKay, the up-to-date farmer was in town lately and visited his friend, T. Hamilton.

Your correspondent forgot to say last week that Thos. Hazelton had a very pleasant call on Dr. J. J. Smith, of Hillsburg, the former client at your Institution, and had a good chat with him. His wife is a daughter of Mr. James Peppler of Lanark.

Thos. Hazelton went home on December 30th to spend New Year's with his mother in Delta. He called to see Mr. and Mrs. T. Dunn, in Smiths Falls, and found out they had moved to Delta recently to live. He was disappointed He went to Delta and called to see Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fraser, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraser, both Harper having Brockville for Delta Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fraser and boys went to Westport to spend the New Year with Fraser's parents. Thos. Hazelton went to Diamond to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hodgins on the New Year's day and found them in comfortable circumstances. He was pleased to meet Levi Armstrong, the former giant of the Institution, now a fine specimen of 10 years. He works for Mr. Lewis Hodgins, who has four nice children and a good wife to cheer and talk to signs. Thos. Hazelton agreed with the Ottawa correspondent about the strict dispute weight. He thinks that the Ottawa scribe is falling in weight and is an obstacle to handle and ought to forsake his "Bach."

Mr. A. Carleton Place, who worked for Gillies Bros. a Brook a few years ago, wrote to Thos. Hazelton that he was in Rib Lake near Cobalt, with a gang of 70 men to work for Gillies Bros., cutting logs and making new roads.

Mr. Clark, of Harper, has completed building a fine barn on the farm he purchased and will add live stock. He is a mason by trade but he hopes to be a successful farmer.

The Misses Noonan, of Harper, it is learned, are well at home, and also Mr. and Mrs. Clark.—Thos. Hazelton.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1911.

New Year's Day.

The pupils and staff had their New Year's holiday on Monday, 2nd inst. It was rather unfortunate that the weather was not good. Soft weather had made all outside soggy and water covered the surface of the ice on the rink, so there was no skating that day. A fancy dress carnival had been arranged for in the evening but this had to be postponed. A couple of social parties were organized instead, one for the juniors in the boys' sitting-room, while the senior boys and girls gathered on the girls' side. Games of various kinds were indulged in and all had a merry time together. Coffee, sandwiches, cake and candy were handed around at the close and then it was early to bed to be ready for school business in the morning.

Mr. Ward came to see Albert last week.

We had Bredrift on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of last week.

Miss Ford spent the New Year holiday at her home in Collingwood.

The Christmas decorations have all been taken down and put carefully away till next Christmas.

Miss Bell attended the Hillo Conference for the deaf which was held in Toronto at the beginning of the New Year.

We are sorry that our Carnival, which had been planned for Monday evening, 2nd inst., had to be postponed owing to the rain. We hope, however, to have a carnival one yet before the skating season closes.

Owing to the uncertainty of the electric light on Monday evening, the Mr. Nurse could not give his entertainment in chapel. However, we are looking forward to another sing-song when Mr. Nurse will not have to disappoint us.

The soft weather early last week allowed by a good frame made some real sliding for the pupils. The hillsides landed up and got a start from the top of the rise near Mr. Pigeon's house and ran right down to the main road. It is rare fun to slide down but it is a long hard pull up.

Our boys and girls enjoyed the indoor party on Monday evening. The smaller children were entertained in the boys' sitting-room, and the larger pupils in the girls' sitting-room. Coffee, sandwiches, cake and candies were included in the refreshments, which were served in the girls' dining room.

Miss Powell, art instructor to the Toronto Normal and Model schools, spent four days here during the first week in January and gave a series of lectures on Normal art work to our teaching staff. Miss Powell is an enthusiast in her work and an artist in the manner born, and we all greatly appreciated her several much needed hints on how to improve our work.

By working promptly the boys have been able to keep the walks and steps all winter so far. There has not been much snow here but the wind swept in the drifts and deposited the sleep banks all around the steps. Our boys do not like the labor of shoveling them. Apart from the opportunities for hockey practice, many pleasant hours are spent in skating to band music. The exercise they get in the clear, bracing air goes far to keep the pupils in good health.

We have had indoor fire drills three times last week. On each of the occasions the boys all got down stairs ahead of the girls, but at the last drill, on Friday, the girls put on steam and came out ahead much to their pleasure. In justice to the girls, it must be remarked that they have an excess in numbers over the boys of about twenty-five. The time made is always creditable, the pupils rise from their beds and descend three flights of stairs in almost one and a half minutes.

PERSONALITIES.

—Mr. Chas. Coughlin, nephew of Dr. Coughlin, returned to his home last week after spending the holidays with his uncle here.

—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Moynihan, of Wingham, Ont., spent most of the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Rostron, 223 Covington Avenue, Toronto, and had a most enjoyable time. While there they attended the Bible Conference.

—Mr. F. Ward, of Stirling, gave us a brief call last week to see his little boy, Albert. Albert had been out skating last Saturday afternoon and gave his ankle a wrench so he was in hospital. We must look for such accidents occasionally.

—On the evening of December 29th, Mr. Rostron entertained his classes at the Lansdowne School. A very jolly evening was spent. Besides the members of the class were Mr. and Mrs. John A. Moynihan, who were visiting the Rostron family for the holidays.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES H. FORD.

Sportsters are a great nuisance around the city for cause is generally been to eat the refuse. Only a few other habits the quarters do not understand the cold weather. It is said they are good for food but too small to eat.

A few days ago the electric lights went out and we were thrown into darkness. Luckily we obtained light from the gas but it was not good enough to read by. To our disappointment, the engineer was unable to work on account of the darkness. It was not long till the light came back again.

The pupils of the city are thankful to our skatings rink since New Year's Day. I suppose they have had enough of the sport so they could recuperate a little between Christmas and New Year's. Now they will play hockey as their amusement.

As the holidays are over, the boys belonging to the fowl yard have had various kinds and stewed them away to the owners of the chickens. The rooms looked bare, like the old fowls in the yard. The feathers on during the late summer.

Our dining room was filled with lemon yellow all around their heads and necks and the bodies black? When I was there last summer I noticed two of them with a large flock of black-birds. They must be very rare as I never saw any before.

Our master baker was walking from the Dominion Bank to the bakeshop here one morning not long ago, when he noticed from here, he encountered a small animal, resembling a large cat, which he could not see very plainly on account of the darkness. He was going to put his hand to rub its back part but he at once recognized it and left it undisturbed. It was a skunk. The baker was glad he did not touch it. We must protect these animals they will not molest you.

Beaver D. and D. Association, Montreal.

A very Happy New Year to all.

The last Saturday of the old year brought back to the hearts of our worthy Hockey Club, the game intimpathetically out of their rink after a hard fought battle with the C. Eaton Cup's across. It is the first game we've played and we are glad the start has been well.

The team has to regret that they could not stay with us on Saturday, as they were not out of the factory then they hope to show them at our next hockey match.

We are sorry our hockey President Mr. Sykes, was not on his usual form during practice last Saturday. He will not be able to help us for some time.

The Association is keeping on cheerfully. We earnestly hope the New Year has something very encouraging in store for us.

A very valuable old friend of most of our members, Mr. Norman Wilson, of Ottawa, paid a short visit to us last week. He seemed pleased to see his very little room.

We have received brief visits from two old friends, Messrs. John Forsythe and James Quinlevan, whom we were equally glad to see.

We are anxiously looking forward to a convenient evening when a debate will be fought out between Mr. George King and Mr. Frank A. Conant on "Empire vs Republic." From time to time we have had to postpone it on account of Mr. King, who has been obliged to work over time.

EDITED BY THE STAFF

School reopened on January the ninth with a full attendance and all looking well and ready for a good winter's work. Many thanks to the parents for having sent their children back promptly. We were glad to welcome back Emily Kendall, a former pupil, who had not been here since June. We hope she can be glad to come as we were to see her, for Emily is always bright and cheerful she has many friends here. Ivan Perry, a most interesting pupil, who is here to have his speech corrected, after spending the holidays at home, took the long journey of a day and a night by him self. The pupils always revive the best of care on the trains when they sing alone.

The presents of the Christmas exam lination were gratifying in the teachers. The marks which appeared on the blackboards before the pupils left, proved that hard study had been conscientiously carried on by most of the children.

The holidays have been heartily enjoyed by all. Skating has has been indulged in, morning, noon and night. Thanks to the old Santa Claus, who supplied all the longed for boots and skates for the New Year's Day. Mr. W. Ross held a very interesting service illustrated by magic lantern views of coloured pictures. Also the initiation of our Superintendent into the mysteries of attending to the fire. Our President, Mr. Morrow, intended to have been here to welcome them, but unfortunately was unable to be present. Those of the club who were present were Messrs. King, Ellis, Spiers, Foster, Upton, Carter, Barry, Hodgins and Armstrong. The pupils made their annual New Year visits to Mr. and Mrs. John Hoodless, where they were hospitably treated to oranges, apples, candies, nuts and raisins.

Mr. Harold Hall is again at work on the "Courier" in Perth. He will remove his usual New Year's visit.

Mr. Norman Wilson of Ottawa, spent his holidays with his mother in Montreal and paid several calls at the Institution, where he is a welcome visitor.

We expected Mr. Dwight Shepard to favor us with a New Year's call but unfortunately he was unable to leave home at the time. We hope he will take up for it later on. Dwight very kindly remembered some of the boys with Christmas gifts.

Mr. Hodgins, of Hitchcock, Columbia, was made happy by a visit from his big brother, who took him off for a jolly day in town.

A hockey match between our senior team and the Ettrick resulted in a victory for the Mackay, the score being four to three.

On Sunday last Mr. Kingman gave a very interesting and practical talk to the boys about making and keeping their New Year's resolutions.

During the month the Institution was visited by the President and many of the directresses, Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Rose. C. G. D.

LONDON NOTES

From our own Correspondent.

At the large hospital house of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Gostin, London, on Christmas day, there gathered a large number of relatives in the city, also Mrs. Andrew Noyes and Miss Gwendolin Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown and children, Forest. All had a most pleasant time through the kind hospitality of the host and hostess and their son Will. All did justice to a well laden table, roast turkey included.

On Monday, Dec. 26th, there was held a birthday party in house of Mr. Gostin. Another large turkey was served, those being one of the many Santa Claus gifts from the McCormick factory where Mr. Gostin is employed as carpenter.

STRATFORD STROKES.

From an Occasional Correspondent

Mr. Stewart Robertson was appointed recently as a fireman for the Stratford Fire Hall. He can speak as he is only partially deaf.

Mr. Carl Barrus, of London, spent his New Year holiday under his parental roof in Hillsdell. On returning he stopped off in Stratford for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Roy Knottnerus, were in Stratford shopping several days previous to and after Xmas.

Miss Yorke, of Canal, has no place sure acting as servant to the comfort able home of Mr. and Mrs. Sarah Nahrgang. It is safe to say she is giving entire satisfaction.

Miss Spray Kemph, organist of the Belleville School for the Deaf, has become a resident of Stratford, having moved here with her folks a short time ago.

Mr. William Quinson spent the New Year's Day with the genial Nahrgang's at their charming Re-pepets a good time.

Mr. John Percival, of Berlin, was back home near Shakespeare for the winter. We promise that he travels on the "Bridge route."

Miss C. Schwartzentruber who was employed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O Nahrgang, has returned home to Mr. William Canard who was engaged as Chief D. Waterloo. Last summer has finished his contract

Messrs. Seto and Ko Hoi spent two Xmas and New Year seas. been Waterloo with their and Mr. Nicholas.

We are sorry to say that Miss Rose Hoodless mother is suffering a severe attack of illness that needs to be her speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, Cass, passed through Stratford on their to Mr. Bell's parents and his Christmas and days with friends.

Among the arrivals on the C. P. R. West, Wednesday, was Mr. Lloyd with his friend James Dickson, a young couple for a couple of years and was struck with the near appearance of the Golden Gate.

Mr. Lloyd Kohler, of Berlin, has returned to his work after spending a few days with friends in Stratford.

The wages were as high as $2.50 a day with board free. Mr. Ira proceeded further west to Saskatoon and Indianhead for a trip. He visited with Mr. Ed. Hoodless, of Berlin, Watrous, for two weeks. Mr. Reid and his brother have a fine farming and stock and they find it a satisfactory part of business. Mr. Quinlan is and thinks he would like to visit Canada.

BERLIN JOTTINGS

From an occasional correspondent

Miss Ada Gerdig, of Berlin, is visiting her parents and relatives in Owen Sound and Hepworth.

Charles Meidinis, of Berlin has returned to Berlin after spending his holidays and New Year holidays visiting his relatives and friends in Penetanguishene and Midland. He says Penetanguishene has grown to be a very nice place. He felt as well and is in busy health as in the Berlin boot and furniture factory.

Miss Ida Goetz returned to Berlin last Wednesday after spending her Christmas and New Years holidays Owen Sound. She says there is a good deal getting along very well, and she had a splendid time. She says that in the bottom factory every day We hope she will be with us next year.

Albert Gies, of Berlin is spending his holidays visiting his parents and relatives in Zurich now.

Allen Nahrgang has been spending his Christmas and New Years holidays, visiting Elmira, Woodstock, Owen Durham, Toronto, and Preston

Miss Alice Bowman was visiting at the home of Miss Lizzie Pringle, in Berlin.

Wanted—a good deaf girl who will act as companion and helper in house work. For particulars address, Mrs. John A. Moynihan, Bethesda, Wingham, Ontario, Box 81

Our pastry at the farm are well named this winter and we are getting good returns accordingly. With eggs at forty cents per dozen it pays to take good care of our feathered flock

Waking Grandma.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see.
If grandma's ready to come too."
I knew that I mustn't disturb her so
I stepped so gently along tiptoes
And stood a moment to take a peep
And there was grandma fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake
I thought I'd give me a little shake.
Or tap at the door or softly call.
But I hadn't the heart for that at all
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying in her high arm-chair
With her dear white hair and a little smile
That means "She's loving you all the while."

I didn't make a speck of noise
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls she lived with her long ago
And then went in heaven she had told me so.
I went up close, but did not speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss.
Just in a whisper and then said this

Grandma, dear it's time for tea.
She opened her eyes and looked at me
And said "Why yes, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face
She pointed right at the very place
I never told her 'twas only me
I took her hand and went to tea.

How Bobby Punished the Baker.

Bobby was a handsome, shaggy dog He was very fond of baker's biscuits His master used to bribe a penny for Bobby to find Then he would say: "Bobby, go to the baker and buy a biscuit."

Then Bobby would search for the penny

When he found it, he trotted off to the bake-shop with the penny in his mouth.

He laid the penny down on the floor and showed it to the baker

Then he put his paw on it

He always kept his paw on it until he got his biscuit. He knew just how large a biscuit he should get for a penny.

If the baker offered a smaller one to him, he would growl; he would not take it. If the biscuit was all right, he left the penny and took the biscuit.

One day the baker gave Bobby a burnt biscuit He took it because he did not know that a burnt biscuit is not good.

The next morning he carried the penny to the baker's shop as usual. He showed it to the baker

Then the baker brought him a biscuit, but he would not take it.

He looked at the baker and wagged his tail.

He seemed to say, "Do you remember that you gave me a burnt biscuit yesterday?"

Then he picked up his penny. He went across the street to another bake-shop and bought his dinner there

He did this every morning.

He always went to the old bake-shop first and showed his penny to the baker.

The Fox and the Stork.

The fox and stork were great friends. One day the fox invited the stork to come and take tea with him. Of course, the stork was delighted.

The day came and the stork went to his friend's home. When he arrived, however, he found only two flat dishes each containing soup. The poor stork, having a long bill, could not eat soup. The fox laughed as he lapped up his own soup.

Some time after, the stork invited the fox to dinner. When the fox came, he found two glass bottles upon the table. The bottles had very long necks. In the bottom of each bottle he saw some very fine mince-meat.

The stork, with his long bill, reached down into the bottle and quickly ate his mince-meat. The fox, who could only lick around the rim of his bottle, became very angry.—*Ibid.*

How Max Said "Thank You"

Frank was a very little boy. He lived near a pond. One day a big great boy threw a little puppy into the pond and then ran away. Frank saw him. He called his father, "Oh father, come here quick!"

"What is the matter?" his father asked.

"I want the little dog! Please get him for me. He will drown."

His father took a long pole. He put it under the puppy's neck, pulled it out of the water and gave it to Frank The little boy was very happy with his puppy. He named it "Max." Max grew very fast, and the next year he was a large, shaggy, strong dog. He followed Frank everywhere, and people said, "What a beautiful dog!" This made Frank very proud.

One day when the nuts were ripe, Frank took his basket and went to pick hazel nuts. One big bush with many nuts on it was very near the edge of the pond. Frank tried to reach it, but he slipped and fell into the water. He could not swim, the water was deep, and he was almost drowned. Max saw him. He jumped into the pond, took Frank's collar in his mouth, and dragged him out of the water He saved the little boy's life He was trying to thank Frank for getting out of the pond so long before.

First the boy saved the dog. Then the dog saved the boy. And they were always good friends.

The Wolf.

A boy was once taking care of some sheep near a forest. A wolf lived in the forest. The boy watched the sheep to protect them from the wolf.

A small town was not far from the forest. Sometimes in town told the boy to call them if he needed help.

One day the boy wanted to have some fun. He cried out very loudly: "The wolf is coming! The wolf is coming!"

The men came running with clubs and axes from town to kill the wolf. They saw no wolf. They were fooled. They went home. The silly boy laughed heartily

The next day the boy thought he would have some more fun. He again cried out, "The wolf is coming! The wolf is coming!" A few of the men came again. They saw no wolf. They were again fooled. They shook their heads and went back to town.

On the third day the wolf really did come. The boy was greatly excited. He cried out, "Help! Help! The wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came from town to help him.

The wolf went to the flock of sheep and killed a great many. The wolf killed the boy's beautiful lamb. He was very sorry that he fooled his friends and neighbors in town. He was grieved to lose his lamb.

"The truth itself is not believed,
From one who has often deceived."

—*Arkansaw Optic.*

The Ass in the Lion's Skin.

A FABLE.

An ass once dressed himself in a lion's skin. He looked very terrible. As soon as any of the smaller beasts saw him they ran away. The ass enjoyed this very much. He was about frightening the little fellows to his heart's content.

At last he met a fox. As soon as the fox saw him, he turned tail and ran as fast as he could. The ass thought he would scare him worse. So he tried to roar like a lion, but only brayed like an ass. The fox stopped running. He came back and said:

"I thought you were a lion till you spoke. Then I knew you were an ass."

Moral:—If you are an ass don't bray.

A Smart Dog.

Once a boy lived in England near a convent. One day he was very hungry and wanted some dinner, but he had no money. He went to the convent and opened the front door. He walked into the hall. He pulled a bell rope, and the bell rang. Then he sat down and waited.

Soon a woman came into the hall with a plate of meat, potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of water. She gave them to the boy. He thanked her.

A little dog saw him. He was hungry and wanted some meat. It sat on the floor and watched him. Soon he went away. Then the dog went to the bell rope and pulled it with his teeth. It jumped upon a chair and waited. Soon a woman came into the hall, but she did not see any body, so she went away. The dog pulled the rope again, and the woman came. The dog whined and she pitied it. She brought a plate of meat and bones, and put it on the floor. The dog ate the meat and carried the bones into the garden. It buried them in the ground. Afterwards it often came to the convent, and the woman fed it. *Ex.*

The Naughty Foot.

Ned was cross one day. He kicked his little sister and made her cry.

Aunt Mary saw him and looked at his foot. She said, "It is a naughty foot. I must punish it."

She told Ned to lie down on the sofa. Then she got some cloth and wrapped up the foot.

Pretty soon Ned's chum came to play with him. His name was John. He saw Ned lying on the sofa. He asked for him. He asked about how he hurt his foot. Aunt Mary told John that Ned did not hurt his foot. She said that he kicked his little sister with it. She wrapped it up because it was a naughty foot.

Ned did not look at John. He felt very much ashamed. John went away. Ned asked Aunt Mary to kiss little sister to forgive him. Then Aunt Mary took the cloth off.

Popping Corn.

One evening in January, when John and Jessie came home from school, there was a nice warm fire in the fireplace. They saw something by the fire-place that pleased them very much. It was in a pan and it came from John's garden. It was hard and white. They put their books on the table and hurried to the pan. What do you think it was? It was pop-corn. Jessie shelled the corn and John popped it. They ate so much that they did not want any supper. Did you ever do that? Do you like hot pop-corn with butter on it? Sometimes John and Jessie pop-corn and their mother makes pop-corn balls with molasses. They are sickly, but they are very good. Did you ever trim a Christmas tree with pop-corn?

A Little Helper.

Baby was sick one day, and mamma was worried. She looked pale and tired. Daisy was sorry for her, and wanted to help her. She asked her mamma to let her wash the dishes. Her mamma put them into a dish-pan on the table and tied an apron around Daisy. Daisy was five years old, and very small. She could not reach the dishes on the table. So she brought a stool and stood on it. She washed the dishes, and wiped them with a clean towel. She sang a merry little song. Then she put the dishes into the cupboard and hung the towel on a nail. Then she sat down and played quietly with her doll. Mamma looked at her and smiled.

"You are my dear little helper," she said.

Robert Bruce and the Spider.

A long time ago there lived in Scotland a king named Robert Bruce. He was at war with Edward, king of Eng land. He and his soldiers fought very hard, but six times they were driven back. The last time he had to fly and hide.

One rainy day he lay in a shed reading. There was a spider on the shed. The spider was trying to spin a web. Six times the spider swung herself on the thread and tried to catch a beam, but failed. The seventh time she succeeded and fastened the thread.

Bruce felt encouraged and said, "I will try again to beat the English. Six times I have failed, but the seventh time I may win, like the patient spider."

He collected his soldiers and fought another battle. He defeated the Eng lish and won, for Edward had to go back to England. As long as he lived Bruce would never let any one hurt a spider. *Ex.*

Indians.

A long time ago there were no white people here, only Indians. They had copper colored skin and long black hair They wore clothes made from the skins of animals they killed. They lived in tents or wigwams made from animal's skins. They could not make houses because they moved often and wanted to take their house with them. They hunted and fished for most of their food but raised a few vegetables, corn, pumpkins and beans They had no guns, but used bows and arrows and tomahawks. Tomahawks were made of sharp stones.

The women were called squaws and did all of the work. The ladies were always tied to a board and hung on their mother's back, or on trees near them.—*Oregon Outlook.*

A Little Lamb.

A little lamb once lost its mother It was very lonesome and wandered into a field of oats. The oats were very kind and took great care of the lamb. Every morning one of the oats would lick it all over just as if it were their own little calf.

One day, the farmer found the little lamb with the cow. He carried it back to the other field where the other sheep were kept. The sheep however did not like to have it with them. They fought it and drove the poor little lamb out of the field.

So the little lamb went back to the cows. How glad the cows were to see their little friend again! Then they walked about with it and tried to show the little thing how delighted they were to have it with them once again —Mt. Airy World.

What I know About the Clock.

The clock tells what time it is. It has a big, round face with figures all around it,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

It has two hands fastened to the middle of its face. The longer one is the minute hand, and the shorter is the hour hand. The minute hand runs all around the face of the clock every hour, while the hour hand creeps only from one figure to the next.—*Mt. Airy World.*

Bees.

Bees eat a great deal in the fall to get fat. They are very fond of honey and are always watching for bees' nests. They can rob them easily because their fur is so long that the bees cannot hurt them when they sting.

In the winter they find nice warm places under the rocks. They line them with leaves and they are very comfortable. They sleep all winter.

Angel Footprints.

Every little kindness,
Every deed of love,
Every little action,
Prompted from above,
Even a cup of water
In his great name given—
These are angels' footprints
Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice
Made for others' weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal,
Even a word of kindness
To misfortune given
All are angel footprints
Leading up to heaven.

Selected.

When ——— And.

Connect the sentences in each of the following pairs, 1, by using *when*, 2, by using *and*.

1. Two trains collided. Many people were killed.

2. It became too dark to read. We turned on the electric light.

3. The fire alarm was given. The children went out of the building rapidly and orderly.

4. John got the paper. He looked see what his marks were.

5. The elections were over at five o'clock. Many people were anxious to see who was elected Mayor of the city.

6. There came a long spell of soft weather. The snow and ice disappeared.

7. William opened the door. He saw a poor man who asked him for some food.

8. I went to the station. I learned that the train was an hour late.

Pronouns.

Substitute pronouns for the words in italics.

1. Tom shot a squirrel one day, and at *Tom's* friend John, about shooting *the squirrel*.

2. Mary's mother sent *Mary* a new book at Christmas. Mary was much pleased with *the book*.

3. Jack's father sent *Jack* some good thing at Christmas, and Jack wrote a letter to *Jack's father* thanking *Jack's father* for *Jack's father's* kindness.

4. The boy and *the boy's* mother have gone home.

5. That string is a long *string*.

6. A girl lost her lead-pencil and *the girl's* teacher gave *the girl* a new lead-pencil.

7. Tom is riding down hill on his sled. Tom will hurt Tom if he falls off Tom's sled.

Supply Verbs.

1. Silas——out of the window and ——the snow. He——on his overcoat, cap and mittens and ——out of doors. He——in the snow with the other boys. They——snowballs and ——them at one another. Their hands were cold, so they——back into the house to——warm.

After school they——out again and ——the snow off the rink. Some of them——, the others——with their sleds.

2. The girls ——the dishes at noon. They——them and——them on the tables.

3. A cat——some meat. It——up on the table and——a piece. It——down on the floor and——it.

4. Jesse——three cows. He——the pails of milk to the kitchen and ——them on the table. Lewis——the cows out of the barn.

5. Clara——a letter. She——it and——it into an envelope and——it. She——the envelope and——her letter.

The Shoemaker.

A shoemaker works in his shop. He makes boots, shoes and slippers. He has a great many tools. He has different kinds of awls and knives. He has a great deal of leather. He uses sole leather for the soles. He soaks the leather until it becomes soft. Then he cuts out the uppers with a very sharp knife. He sits on a low bench and shapes the shoe over a last. He drives in the small pegs. He uses harness needles and very strong thread. He has a stitching machine with a very strong needle. He punches holes with the eyelet punch.

A cobbler has a shop, too. He mends and patches shoes.

1. What does a shoemaker make?
2. What is leather made from?
3. Name some kinds of leather.
4. Why does a shoemaker soak leather?
5. How does he fasten the sole on?
6. What does he put on the shoe-thread to make it strong?
7. What is an awl used for?
8. What are pegs made of?
9. Name some kinds of leather.
10. What is used in a good pair of ladies' boots worth?
11. What do we wear over our boots to protect them from the wet?
12. Do people all over the world wear leather shoes?
13. What kind of boots do lumbermen wear? Why?
14. What did the Indians use to wear on their feet? When do white people wear those now?

January.

1. To what season does January belong?
2. What month of winter is January?
3. Are the days growing longer or shorter?
4. What wind often blows?
5. What effect has the wind on the snow?
6. Why is January called the snow month?
7. Is the air clear on cloudy now?
8. How can you tell when it is going to snow?
9. What do you often see on the window panes?
10. What is the condition of the ground?
11. Where do we find the biggest snow-drifts?
12. What covers the rivers and ponds?
13. What birds can be found now?
14. Where have the other birds gone, and why?
15. What do you find hanging on the edges of the roofs?
16. When you look at the sun shining on the snow, what effect has it on your vision? What do they call? How eyes?
17. Where do the squirrels stay in can they get nuts in winter?
18. What sports do we have in January.

Supply Adjectives.

1. Crows are always——. They are never——.
2. Snow is always——. It is never——.
3. Clean milk is always——.
4. Good boys are seldom——.
5. Good girls are never——.
6. Many hats are——.
7. All sheep are not——.
8. Some sheep are——.

Composition.

Write a conversation between
1. Two boys, about a bird's nest that one of them found.
2. Two little girls, about a doll belonging to one of them.
3. Two little girls, about a doll belonging to another little girl.

Fill the Blanks.

1. I am tired and——Henry.
2. I want to go to supper and —— John.
3. I want to go to supper and —— John and Harry.
4. I was sitting on a chair and —— Mary.
5. I am tired and ——Henry and Alex.
6. I went to bed at 10 o'clock last night and——the others.
7. I will go to bed at 10 o'clock tonight and——the others.
8. I want to go to bed early every night and——Alice.
9. I would like to go to bed early to-night and ——Tom.
10. I wanted to go to bed early last night and ——James.
11. Horses eat hay and cats and——donkeys.
12. I would like to own a good horse and ——George.
13. The large boys helped to pick the apples but fall and ——some of the small boys.
14. Tom said, "Mary will go to the sewing class to-morrow and——Annie."
15. Little Ben said, "I would like to be a tall man and ——my brother, Willie.

Direct and Indirect Narrative.

Change the following from Direct to Indirect Narrative:

1. Annie said, "I have torn my apron. I must put a patch on it this evening."
2. Harry said to John, "The tree is good and smooth. Will you come to skate this evening?"
3. I heard a man saying, "I think we will have a big storm before long."
4. Tom said to his sister, Annie, "Will you please sew a button on my coat?" Annie said, "Hang it in the hall. I will sew it on when I have these dishes washed."
5. Charlie's mother was going to the city, and Charlie said to her, "I saw a pair of skates, that I would like to have. I was in the city last Saturday. I had not enough money to buy them. Do you think you could get them for me?"

And.

Combine the sentences in each group, using "and."

1. Wood is soft.
   Wood is fleecy.
2. Glass is smooth.
   Glass is transparent.
3. Coal is hard.
   Coal is black.
4. An orange is sweet.
   An orange is juicy
5. A crayon is round.
   A crayon is brittle.
6. Glass is hard.
   Iron is hard.
   Coal is hard.
7. An apple is round.
   An orange is round.
   A plum is round.

Changing Expression

Write each of the following in another way and keep the meaning the same:—

1. A house belonging to me.
2. A farm owned by Mr. Brown.
3. A cow owned by us.
4. A book that belongs to him.
5. The house belonging to them.
6. An egg laid by a hen.
7. A hat that is in the fashion.
8. A house built of bricks.
9. A sky covered with clouds.
10. A man who cannot see.
11. A collar belonging to it.
12. A story written by him.

The Foolish Mouse.

Once a mouse built a nest for her babies on a shelf in the cellar. In a few weeks a pumpkin was put by the shed man on the shelf. One of the little mice gnawed a hole in the pumpkin, and bred inside of it. His mother said, "You will be caught by some body," but the little mouse laughed at her. He ate some of the pumpkin every day, and grew so fat he could not crawl out of the hole, because he was too fat.

One day a woman carried the pumpkin into the kitchen to make a pie of it. She cut it, and saw the mouse in it. She called the man, and said to him, "There is a mouse in the pumpkin." He carried the pumpkin out of doors, caught the mouse and killed it.

1. How did the mouse get into the pumpkin?
2. Where was the pumpkin kept?
3. What color is a ripe pumpkin? What does it grow on?
4. Why did the mouse not crawl out of the pumpkin?
5. How could it have got out?
6. Who found the mouse? How did she find it?
7. What was she going to do with the pumpkin?
8. Where do mice live? What do they live on?
9. What other animal resembles a mouse?
10. Tell how a pumpkin pie is made.

All ——— Except

There were ten children in Miss Smith's class. There were nine boys and one girl.

There were ten children in Miss Smith's class. All of them were boys except one.

Change the following statements using all ——— except:

1. There are six little girls in Mr Brown's family. Five of them have blue eyes. The other one has brown eyes.

2. Jesse had twenty seven sheep. Twenty four of them were white. The others were black.

3. Clara had eleven dolls. Nine were small. The others were large.

4. Alice picked fourteen roses. Eleven were red and the others were white.

5. Mary had ten chestnuts. She ate nine of them.

6. Charlie dropped twelve eggs. Eleven of them broke.

7. Annie has eight books. She can read six of them.

8. A girl bought fifteen oranges. She gave eleven of them to her friends.

9. A boy wrote twenty-seven questions. Nineteen of them were correct.

10. A man planted forty-eight trees. Thirty-six were apple trees and the rest were pear trees.

But ——— Although

1. The sidewalks are covered with deep snow. ——the boys cleaned them an hour ago.

2. They called loudly ——we did not hear them.

3. They listened for a long time ——they could not hear the noise.

4. They could not hear the noise ——they listened for a long time.

5. The woman would not sell her cow ——the man offered her more than it was worth.

6. James made a mistake in multiplication. ——he could not find it he went over it five times.

Plants. Animals.

Name as many different trees as you can between *plants* and *animals*.

Brightening the Way.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in giving,
But it scattered the night
Like the morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull ways a word it wore
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in giving

It was only a helping hand,
And it wrested of little awaking,
But its clasp was warm,
And it saved from harm,
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from many a heart
Of sorrow,
And painted the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little avaiting.

A smile, a word, or a touch
And each so easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven
A smile can lighten the darkest heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart
How easily each is given!

The "Kid's Judge"

Denver is an enterprising, go-head western city, with fine buildings, broad streets, beautiful parks, and a thriving business men. It is quite safe to say that no one in this busy young metropolis is widely and favorably known as Judge Lindsey, who came into fame because of what he has done for the "bad boys" of his city and who is now familiarly known as the "Kid's Judge."

The old way of dealing with juvenile criminals was to treat them as grown-up-ity without inquiring very much into their surroundings or early training. The lad who had been convicted of stealing thus describes his trial:

"A fat guy sat on a big platform and sat up on a high bench looked over at de cops, and de cops looked at me. Den a very bad kid he broke into Smith's barber shop and took a razor, and he admits it, per Honor. Den de cops and de high bench sends me up without givin' me a chance to say a word."

Thus, the boy was well started on a criminal career before he was ten years old.

Judge Lindsey follows a different sort of treatment altogether. He generally tells a boy who has been brought before him that he does not want to be half as "tough a kid" as the police make out. He tries to gain the confidence of the lads and assures them that they shall always have a "square deal" if they will make a clean breast of everything.

The Judge has introduced the probation system, and allows a case to go on suspended sentence, with the understanding that the boy will report to him every Saturday morning, bringing a written statement of their conduct from their teacher.

At these Saturday morning sessions Judge Lindsey makes it a point not to sit on the bench. He goes down among the boys and examines the report of each one with the deepest personal solicitude. If the report is good, he congratulates the lad; tells him other boys that "Billy's got the laugh on the corps' now, because he has cut out swiping things and is beating all the other boy in the class." If the report is bad, the Judge follows up the boy with kind questions until he gets at the cause and decides upon a remedy.

He is method of examination is fatherly rather than paternal. He even fraternizes the boys. The size of their own tenure of office depends upon their good behavior.

"It's just this way," he says. "I'd like to keep you fellows out of Golden," —the town where the Boys' Industrial School is located,—"but I'm afraid if I do I'll lose my job. People are always saying that I'm too lenient with you kids anyhow, and if I do let you off you'll go out, and swipe something again, and then I'll get blamed for it, and, like as not, I'll get kicked out of this court."

The consequence of this is that Judge Lindsey is often earnestly assured by the boys that he "needn't worry about them getting him into trouble,"—an assurance which Judge Lindsey always receives with grave thanks.

Statistics show that 85 per cent. of the boys are treated successfully without being committed to jail. Not long ago a boy came up before the judge and handed in the report:

"Department bad; arithmetic bad."

"Fred, what does this mean?" he asked.

"If couldn't help it," the culprit replied, "Couldn't help it" is the most serious crime in the juvenile record. Every boy in the room was listening with strained ears and bated breath.

"You couldn't help it! Now, Fred, look here; weren't you about the meanest boy we have ever had here five months ago with a 'cop' begging me to send you up, you were such a nuisance in every room where you went? Didn't you lie and steal, and didn't your own mother beg me to send you to Golden so some one would make you mind?"

The boy nodded assent, the subs were too masterful for him to venture to open his mouth. "The other boys reached along the arm of the judge's chair, mutely pleading. He was a little chap, ten years old and not well grown for that. The judge's arm drew him closer; there was a sight of relief from the resentful boys.

"We know it was so, Fred; I know it and all the kiddies do it. I guess we know how you have had to fight to get your self-respect put into you by force and your mother told me she never knew what a happy place it was in her home till you straightened up. The subs were buried in the judge's coat.

"Don't you think it's rather low down of you, after you have proved that you can conquer all those bad things don't you think it is low down for you to say you can't help it to anything?

Each boy as he came to the chair received the commendation of the judge ere he went straight to the heart of his case, for, as the boys say, "The judge knows."

His complete winning of boys has given rise to the theory that among hypnotism and occult suggestion. He is a deep student of suggestive science and psychology. The best books on these subjects are within his hand—next to the Bible and Shakespeare. He is to the fullest degree what for need of a better word we call "magnetism." Yet he denies that he ever uses hypnotism. What he does do is to take the boy by himself, put his arm around him, and say to him impressively, "You are not a bad boy. You are not going to be. You are going to brace up now and are going to do exactly what I and your mother say."

The boys nearly always justify the confidence that is reposed in them.

An Easy Place.

A bad store stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. We once had a boy or man who left us for an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have not strength enough to be out late nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate, or they have strength enough to waste on wine or beer or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before, but not have strength enough to rest, and keep a good record. They think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Do in for the hard places; brace yourselves to the task of showing how much you can do.

Make yourselves serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he can not spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so what is to-day places are to be had they will be yours.

Life is tolerone at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, and at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be had for the accepted; and a man who is bound to get into such a place now may as well understand that the place is almost the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.—*Selected.*

Doing good is one of the professions which is never full.

The man who always knows what not to say isn't so foolish.

The blessedness of life depends upon upon its interests than upon its comforts.

There are two freedoms: the false, when a man is free to do what he likes; the true, when a man is free to do what he ought.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A Little schoolboy defined leisure as "the times when you are busy doing nothing." It is to be regretted that there is so large a leisure class that answers to that description—people who are busy enough, who run here and there, undertake this and that but really do nothing. There are whole lives spent in the busy trifling that accomplishes nothing of any value. The days are crowded full of selfish pleasure seeking, petty worries, a useless round. Such a waste is sad as well but benefits no one. "Busy doing nothing," describes many a one who is hemmaning the lack of leisure.—*Forward.*

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

WEST 4.51 a. m.; 4.58 a. m.; 5.38 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 5.35 p. m.

EAST—1.25 a. m.; 1.35 a. m.; 7.05 a. m.; 11.30 a. m.; 12.30 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5.30 a. m.; 11.30 a. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondents, to insure attention, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington, has made a profound study of the human voice and its use. He has actually taken apart the human larynx and all its accessories so if it were a telephone. His researches are fascinatingly interesting and highly instructive. Price 12 cents. Illustrated and explained. 139 pages. Funk and Wagnalls Company, 44 to 60 East 23rd Street, New York.

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Please renew promptly.

Please send your name as we already.

Please give your full address.

and you will help us and assure the continuance of a clean, newsy paper in the interest of the people.

Send by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter. It is against the law to remit in postage stamps.

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parcels or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address to following:

(name of pupil)
IN HOSP. FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

As Express postage, express or freight charges to all cases.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:

Edgehill Methodist Hall, St Alban Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Hall of Edgehill Methodist Church.

Meals Long Club rooms every second Friday at 202 Bay St., at 6 p. m.

Mrs. J. R. Ryrie, Residence, 388 Beverley St.

Mrs. F. Bridger, Superintendent, 101 Mont Ave.

W. LAMBERT,
THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

LAMBERT desires to thank the public of this locality, by saying for LAMBERT, THE CARMAN, for the liberal patronage, and will be constantly found, well posted, after, special items in Summer Goods, and will be pleased to receive a call at his residence, 388 Bridge St. East, Belleville, or by telephone, No. 13, 2 rings. Carting, half fare. Mr. Lambert has had 20 years' experience.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who reads this paper send me the names and post office addresses of all children of deaf parents not attending school, with any information they may have about them. Also the names and addresses of parents not having them where deaf by whom such children may be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind Persons, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For further information address

H. F. GARRETT, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.45 to 11. Attendance which is required to be equal to the public. Preparatory classes numbered as 12 and 13.

AT SCHOOL AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the Chapel where devotional exercises are conducted upon by prayer. At 11 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The pupils are also instructed by rote in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teacher and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Weekly reading hours for senior pupils from 7 to 8 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 8 a. m. to 1 and from 1 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m., General Lecture at 3.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by parents in charge.

HIGH LAY VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. T. W. Hossack, Anglican; Rev. A. E. Hagan, (Presbyterian); Rev. R. Greenlee, (Methodist); Rev. J. J. Collins, (Baptist); the Father Spratt, (Catholic).

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Held every day at 3.15, instructional portion of Sunday School. Denominational instruction by Rev. Mr. Hossack, Rev. Mr. Greenlee, Mrs. Hagan, Rev. Mr. Collins, Mrs. Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Brooks, Miss Lee, Miss Hall, Miss Hall, Miss Hall

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.B., M.D., Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the Institution:

R. COUCHLAN, M. D., Superintendent.
[illegible] CUCHLANE, Bursar.
A. W. BOYCE, M. D., Physician.
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, Matron.

Teachers:

R. COUCHLAN, M. A., Head Teacher
J. J. CAMPBELL, Miss A. M. BLAKE,
CARRIE L. BAILEY, B. A., Miss LORA HUTTON,
MISS F. STEWART, Miss MARIE MCARTHUR,
Miss M. TOOD, Miss MARGARET KYLE,
Miss M. TOOD, Miss E. CAMPBELL,
Miss MARY BULL, Miss I. M. PARKS.
Miss GERTRUDE KERR, Miss FLORENCE COOK.

H. L. BURNAM, Teacher Manual Training.
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
Miss E. WATSON, Supervising Domestic Science.

Teacher of Physical Training: Mr. [illegible].

Miss M. A. MCINTOSH, Stenographer & Clerk.
JOHN T. POWERS, Storekeeper & Clerk.
A. G. NUNN, Engineer and Electrician.
ALEX. HERRING, Master Shoemaker.
W. S. MERRY, Supervisor of Boys, etc.
MISS A. P. POWERS, Matron.
Miss L. DEARNESS, Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.
JAMES DOWNIE, Master Carpenter.
Miss A. MCKENNA, Trained Nurse and Instructor in Nursing.
J. N. REID, Master Baker.

WILLIAM H. LEES, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford instruction and advantages to all the youth of the Province who, on account of deafness, cannot be properly educated in order to receive instruction in their own schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of six and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The period of instruction to be seven years, with a vacation of nearly two months each year, the summer and each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $100 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance during the session.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE ABOVE CHARGES FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Indigent pupils are furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Shoemaking, Shoemaking, Tailoring are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Housework, Sewing, Knitting, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of sewing machines, Plain Cooking, Laundry Work, Fancy Work and Needlework. Manual Training for wood work for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mutes children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for the education of these unfortunates.

The Hepburn Memorial School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. The information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application or by letter or otherwise.

C. R. COUCHLAN, M. A.,
Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter is so away, if put in box in office door will be sent in the next collection at 1.15 p. m. and at 4 p. m. if mail day otherwise unopened. The messenger is not allowed to receive letters or papers for posting and mailing at post office or delivery, for any you address the same is in violation of law.

Even This Shall Pass Away.

Once in Persia reigned a King,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if he but before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Solemn words, and thus are they
"Even this shall pass away."

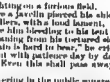
Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls in goodly sheets;
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main:
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the sounding of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his feats,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine,
Pleasure enjoy, but not to stay.
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a Javelin pierced his shield;
Soldiers, with a clamour meet,
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning there he muttered still,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience day by day,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty rubits in the air,
Rose his sculptured image high;
Gilded by the flamy sky,
Blood before his sculptured name,
Mocking nearly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slave decay,
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of Gold,
Saith he, with his dying breath:
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."



Miss Catherine's Recreation.

Little Miss Catherine looked about the disordered kitchen with a sinking heart. She abhorred dirt, and this kitchen was just full of it, were sunshine. Indolent Sarah Jane was using dishes over at the sink, singing a song by spells, and splashing greasy water far and wide.

"Sarah Jane, you'll just have to rinse a lister lane or you won't get these dishes ready for supper," admonished the Catherine, slowly searching for her privy gingham apron hanging behind the door. "I'll help," she by hand drop, and shook her gray head.

"Saint Jane," she said, decidedly, "you're hyah, an' I'm hyah, an' we'll get dis kitchen ready for supper, an' den we'll get supper. I'm going to church."

"For the land's sake, Miss Catherine! It ain't time to pass the tea."

Then she closed the door and fled, trying not to hear Sarah Jane's aggrieved grumble. At an upstairs door she paused.

"You're sure you're able to look after Daniel, Ollie?" she asked, softly. A wan face smiled back.

"Perfectly sure, auntie. There's hardly anything to do now. I'm so glad you saying you've wanted to hear Dr. Jones so long, and you've been deprived of all your meetings since Daniel and I chose the same time to get sick."

Miss Catherine came in, and closed the door.

"I'm not because I enjoy it that I want to go, Ollie," she confessed, blandly. "It's because I need it. Between staying away from church and wrestling with Sarah Jane, I'm very lucky that a regular heathen I want strengthening up as bad as you do, only some of Dr. Jessup's tonics would do it. It's a dose of gospel I need, pure and simple, and I may as well own it as to play hypocrite.

Ollie smiled again.

"Run along, and get ready then. If you are heathen, I don't know what you'll call the rest of us. Yes, I understand. Little drops at three and the powder at five. Don't hurry home I'm so much better I'm glad to be of some use once more."

Mrs. Sales glanced out of her window a little later.

"Emilie, there goes Miss Catherine," she exclaimed. "Her invalids must be convalescent at last. Poor little woman, what a tiresome siege of nursing she has been called! I don't believe she's had her bonnet on before for six weeks."

Emilie leaned forward to look. "I do hope she isn't counting on hearing Dr. Jessup," she said. "You, she is turning the corner toward the auditorium. She won't be able to get into the building at his hour. Crowds are flocking down every meeting."

"What a shame! And she's been so eager for him preach," and Mrs. Sales returned to the suitcase she was packing.

The tower clock struck three as Miss Catherine reached the edge of the crowd in front of the auditorium.

"Aren't the doors opened yet? Why don't the people go inside?" she asked.

"The house is packed. Nobody else can get in," was the reply.

Miss Catherine would not be so easily discouraged. Back and forth she hurried, from main entrance to basement, to check stops, to cool cellar. With a deep sigh for her eager group, while from within there poured a mighty volume of song that told of the throng that rejoiced at the gate of the city at last and walked away.

"I thought the Lord meant to let me have this treat," she said to herself, smiling ruefully to keep back the tears. "Sick in Ollie, and He knows how if I didn't need it, I wouldn't cry about my losses just for the sake of cobwebs and bad air. Sarah Jane's kitchen resembles mostly an over and over, and I do hope it would get a good cleaning out to-day. I don't want to go home—not yet. It isn't good for sick folks to wear your blues in among them. I'll just stay away till I can swallow mine though they're awful indigestible. I don't want to get visiting either. I feel like I should enjoy hearing my best friend talk when I'm disappointed. And I'm not hearing it a bit fluently."

The big depot loomed in sight. "I'll just call," she told herself. "I'll go sit in the waiting room awhile and watch the people. I always did think it would be interesting, but I've never taken time to do it. Here's a chance. I never was in a hurry in my life. Why! what a lot of folks!"

Over in one corner was a dark-skinned mother with a flock of black eyed babies about her feet. Her eyes were heavy, and the children kept up a wearying chorus of wails. No one paid any attention to the immigrants—and few clerks in their gaudy wrappings—till suddenly a little black-garbed woman asked: "What is the matter with your children?"

"Dey hongry. We lose train. My husband he lose his ticket. It been gone yesterday. We get to my mon tomorrow in Sudbury."

"Yesterday! to-morrow!" Miss Catherine didn't seem to be thinking of days away this time. In her pocket lay a dollar, part of her self-denial fund. She had intended to buy the delicacies in basket, but wasn't this just as surely the Lord's work?

In a very short time there was thrust into the astonished woman's hands a huge cup of coffee, an abundant supply of milk filled her empty basket, a big bag of sandwiches for he her self and another of apples occupied the seat beside her. And the happy mother, before she was again if ever it seems as if I cannot give him up. I can't, dear son!"

"It's hard, it truly is. Miss Catherine's words was full of sympathy. "But what if your money had been lost? And he's good, you say, and that's worth more than words can tell. If he's like a judge he is, it won't be easy anything like it before he and his companions are through with your words. Don't you suppose he's a man to whom think the missing is going to be all on your soul?"

"Oh, no it isn't! I've been so selfish under the pressing of losing it, I couldn't seem to realize that he will real, too."

"Well, if I was you I'd go home as fast as I could, and I'd write a long beautiful letter and send to night. I'll reach the place by going almost as soon as he does. It'll be worth more to him than a check for a hundred dollars you see I'd tell, and Miss Catherine looked out inquiringly.

"I will I am yearning so to do something for him, and I thought that was nothing left for me to do. I was dead. Thank you, dear friend Miss Catherine," and the tears, with the tears and the heavier load of care. And she hurried away with a cream smile that would cover her shoulder for her stronger friend.

It was a timid country girl next, whose evident anxiety as she watched the big clock attracted Miss Catherine's attention.

"That child isn't used to traveling alone around out of her ken, she told herself. She got looked up on Miss Catherine said. "You seem puzzled, dear. Can I do anything for you?"

"I'm to take the four o'clock train to Warsaw, but I haven't the least idea where it is, and it's the nervous reply.

They'll tell it when the time comes, Miss Catherine reassured her.

"But that makes it worse than ever I can't even know if I am right and can't say, and I should not know what to do if I could. There was a young gentleman told me he'd take care of me, but I don't know him, and I'm more afraid of him than I am of losing the train."

Miss Catherine sustained her most warlike expression as she clasped the shaking hands.

"Never you fear, my dear. You won't need his help. I'll see to you myself."

(Concluded on last page.)

The Little Lamb.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd,
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew,
The sun soon ceased from shining,
All dark and dismal grew
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night!

But ah! the faithful shepherd
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
It home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then fo his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed,
And, as he bore it homeward,
He fondly it caressed.
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you bore the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory
His little lambs to find?
To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

The Collector of Waste.

I was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting in the summer-house on the lawn waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bed-time.

But presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes, he saw a queer old man standing before him.

The little old man had a knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie, and said "Good evening! and then he sat down, took off his hat, and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

"I will tell you my business," he said briskly. "I'm a collector."

"And what do you collect?" inquired Jamie. "Postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all these things myself, and I would like to see your collection over so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said—

"No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste?" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it, and what is it like?"

"That is what I am going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down. "The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favoured with a sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day; and sometimes our hands are frightfully busy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day!"

"Dear me!" said Jamie; "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste; for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it," replied the old man severely.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!" exclaimed Jamie indignantly. "Now that's nonsense!"

"Is it?" said the old man, with a cross look. "Well, then, I'll prove that it's true; and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted to-day from my memorandum book."

And he took out a small book, and turned the leaves, saying—

"Jamie J—, you here is your account. Now listen! In the first place you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were half dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs which were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the lesson by drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven more over that paper you carried to school. When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother bade you, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music time, besides—"

"Oh, stop! do stop!" cried Jamie interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then—you've wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him, when you might have helped him to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the post-office this afternoon, when you could have gone yourself as easily on your bicycle—"

"But I promised the fellows to meet them at four o'clock, and I had no time," Jamie protested.

"That is no excuse. They could have waited for you," said the old man.

"Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day?"

"Well, I hope this is the end of your list," Jamie said, in a shame-faced way.

"By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your business was in a hurry. Wasted opportunities for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable."

The old man closed his book, and looked at Jamie with a serious yet kindly gaze.

"Take care, my dear boy," he said, as he picked up his knapsack.

"It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Wherever you are tempted to throw away anything valuable, as your time or your opportunities, remember the collector of waste. But listen! Your mother is calling you. Don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night!"

And turning from his seat and run toward the house. As he went out of the summer-house he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.—*Outlook.*

A species of stiff grass, which grows abundantly in India, is used for sticks in the manufacture of matches in that country.

A Lesson for the Boys.

Have you heard the celebrated story of the wise man of Persia who, being asked by the Shah to name a present for himself, said his wants were so simple that he would be willing to accept grains of corn in compensation for all he had done for his royal master and the state? "Have the grains placed on a checker-board," he said, "one on the first square, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and keep on doubling until each of the 64 squares have been covered." The Shah smiled, and hinted to his prime minister that the wise man must be humored, as he was a silly old thing. So the grains of corn were brought—about a pint; and one of the slaves was set to work filling the squares. Before 16 squares were filled the Shah and his court began to be amazed. Great mathematicians were summoned to do the counting, and corn was brought in by the wagon load. By and by it threatened to fill the palace, then the palace grounds, then the city, then the whole of the Shah's dominions, and a halt had to be called.

The yarn will set your boy thinking. If he has been naughty, say that you are going to punish him by allowing him to fill up the squares of the checker-board with rice or mustard seed, and then the job is finished he may go to play. See him laugh at you for the celerity with which he will finish the task and be out with his chums. Then watch the lengthening of his countenance as he gets up to counting the first 1,000 grains. When the utter hopelessness of the job dawns upon him you relent, and he has learned a useful lesson. No child on earth will believe at first in the veracity of a father who tells him it would occupy a lifetime many times over to count out the grains for the 64 squares.

Farming.

A farmer cultivates the soil. He ploughs the horses to a plow and plows the land. Then he harrows it with a harrow makes the dirt fine and smooth. The farmer sows grain and plants corn and potatoes. He uses a drill or sower for sowing grain. Corn and potatoes are planted in hills or in rows. After it has been in the ground for a few days the seed sprouts and begins to grow. Weeds, and bugs, and worms grow without attention. Corn and potatoes must be hoed and kept free from weeds.

The farmer cuts hay with a scythe or a mower. He cuts grain with a cradle, a reaper or a binder. The grain is tied into sheaves and shocked up to dry. Then it is drawn into the barn or stacked into the snow, or else it is stacked outside. After a while it is threshed and the straw is stacked and is eaten by the cattle or used for bedding for the cows and horses. The grain is cleaned with a fanning-mill and part of it is sold.

The wool is taken to a factory and is bags and the miller grinds it into flour. The outside of the grains of wheat is called bran. Bran is fed to horses, cows and hogs.

Oats are fed to horses and sometimes cows, peas and barley are ground into chop-stuff and fed to the animals. It fattens the hogs and makes the cows give good milk. The cows also eat turnips, beets, mangels and silage. Corn stalks are chopped fine and packed tight into a silo and allowed to ferment a little. The is called silage or ensilage and the cattle are very fond of it.

The cleanings from the stables, mixed with rotten straw, are called manure. This is put on the land to make it fertile. Crops will not grow well on poor land.

A Wicked Blue Jay.

Two robins built a nest in an apple tree. In it they hatched their young. The mother robin laid eggs in the nest. In about two weeks little robins came out of the eggs. The old robins fed the little baby robins. The blue jay was bad. He stole worms from the old robins. They fought the blue jay. He was angry. He flew to the nest. He pulled the little robins out of the nest. And threw them down on the ground. The old robins cried. The baby robins all died. The old robins killed the blue jay.—*Selected.*

Waiting for Her Boy.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music, and became a skillful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed before the early hours of the day.

Upon one occasion it was 7 o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and not finding the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that never can be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, while as snow, covered her gray hair like unbidden tears from her heads, while the tallow from the candle ran over the candle-stick and down her dress.

Rising up to her, the young man exclaimed: "Why, mother! What are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly looking up into his face, said "I am waiting for my boy."

The wild look that these words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and throwing his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.

Sunshine.

That was not here really truly name, but just a pet name that those who knew her best, used to call her. Father called her "Sunshine" because she was so glad to meet him when he came home at night, she was always laughing and happy, and had something nice to tell him. Mother called her "Sunshine" because she always loved to help her and would keep baby happy as long as mother wished her to care for her. Her teacher called her Sunshine, because she liked to do what her teacher wished her to. Then she loved to help the other children. She would show the little strangers where to put their coats and hats and dinner-pails, and help them get acquainted with the children.

LOCALS

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written January 26th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

This is changeable weather.

Iceman have been busy for a week getting out many blocks of ice from the Bay of Quinte and hauling them to the ice-houses for summer. The icehouse of this institution is full.

We have had no snow to nearly a week, so that we can have winter sports outside as the ice has remained good.—W. Ellis.

That was an awful accident in Toronto, last week, when a mother and her three sons, nine, four and two years old, were burned to death, and a maid escaped from a window. The husband and father was away in Chicago on business at the time.—M. Mason.

We learn that there is terrific suffering from famine in two provinces in China. At a meeting in Toronto, Hon. Hon. Lieut. Gov. Gibson, stated that 2,000,000 people were starving there. The heaviest flood ever known have destroyed the crops, and there was no grain nor animals left for farming. They are raising subscriptions in many countries for the sufferers.—M Edwards.

Last Saturday afternoon Dr. Coughlin allowed me to visit my aunt and uncle. They were very glad to see me. My uncle has been very ill in bed for about three weeks. I am glad that his sickness is very serious. My aunt feels much worried about him. A nurse is at our place taking care of him now. My aunt wants me to come over to see her again.—K. Nesbitt.

It is said that the Police Department in a United States city has appointed a deaf lip-reader to visit every moving picture show in town. His duties shall be to see if any language is spoken by the characters which calls for obscenity which would be offensive to those who can read lips.—Annie Brownlee.

Our teacher has put up on the blackboard some magnificent pictures, printed in the Christmas Number of the "Montreal Standard." There the pictures are engravings of fine old Dutch churches. One picture is the Parliament Building at Ottawa. Here the laws are enacted for the government of the people of the Dominion of Canada. The buildings are called the Main, the East Block and the West Block. The grounds are beautifully laid out in walks, drives, and grass-plots, with electric light lamps.—Iva Hughes

One of the pictures in our classroom is a splendid view of Niagara Falls from the Canadian side. The farther away we stand from the picture, the more beautiful is the perspective. The foreground shows the rapids below the falls. On the left side of the gorge, we see the American Falls with the power-house buildings on that island. Farther back to the right, we see the Horseshoe falls on the Canadian side. On the right side of the gorge, we see the hotels, buildings and factories.—M. McFarlane.

Another beautiful picture in our classroom represents a Harvest Scene in Canada. In the near foreground we see the shocks standing and on back as far as the eye can reach. In the left of the picture we see the reapers. There are eight machines in view. A man sits driving four horses. Each machine which cuts and binds the grain without any one handling it. In the right of the picture we see the binders at work, which thrashes, separates and gathers the grain. Men are putting the grain into bags and driving them to a freight train which we see standing in the back ground.—E. Sherk.

—Sometime ago in New York a show elephant "Queen," was put to death for killing her keeper. She had been forty years in the show business and weighed 7000 pounds. The executioners fed her two red apples and a pailful of mush dosed with poison. As Queen slowly died she trumpeted and leaned the chains which bound her. Her carcass was sold for $200 to a tanner for the purpose of polishing the soil.—L. Curtis.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

Mr. Campbell writes the news on the black-boards every morning. We are interested in knowing what has happened, and are anxious to see the news each day.—S. L. Barker.

We read that the Duke of Connaught expects to come to Canada towards the end of next September or the beginning of October. He will be on Governor-General. He is a brother of the late King Edward and uncle of King George V.—E. Hazlitt.

We have heard that the Deacon Shirt Company of three premises on Coleman Street were destroyed by fire at about three o'clock one Saturday morning recently. They employ 60 hands usually. They have rented part of the premises of the Springer Lock Factory. On Jan. 22nd, after the fire, the senior girls went for a walk with Miss Campbell and saw the burned factory. We saw many bolts of shirt cloth and a few shirts smoked on the fire. It was very untidy in the cellar. The Company lost their factory but they intend to rebuild. It is as soon as possible.—Muriel Kennedy.

I got a letter from my brother, Elmer, and he said that the Duke of Québec Bye-saw carried to Laughborough by a convoy of Lake Huron men will be more busy in shakers. I was glad that Lord Québec passed between the brother Elmer and Ernest W. Barnett.

Last week some nice magic lantern pictures last Sunday evening about "The Ten Commandments." We were glad to see them. Mr. Mc Campbell became, and we should remember what he said to the Ten Commandments.

Clara Hartley received word from her sister Ellie last week. Ellie came down to Toronto from Milton, to help us sew clothes for the poor child ren in The Sick Children's Hospital at Toronto. Ellie went back when I was at home.—Dorothy S. Hazlitt

Mr. Nurse gave us an illustrated lecture about the Panama Exposition and we enjoyed it very much. The illustrations were very good.

I heard that the robbers and police men had a battle in London, England, and that some of the robbers were killed.—William Burley.

After dinner while some other boys and I were playing in the yard, I went along to each other, one of us was two mans and spiders climbing some trees and peeking in the birds nests. Hungry and looking for something to eat.—Edward Smith. Then I found little grains and ate them. I did not know what they were foolish to eat when there was some here. I think that they will go to the south because it is getting chilly. Some boys were going for rowing, as it is very hard to find the coal. Perhaps they will die.—Edward Scott Smith.

Last Saturday afternoon, some senior boys and girls went for a hike after they had asked Dr Coughlin to allow them to do so. The two mans and spiders. They had a good time from 2 until 4.30 o'clock. It was a windy day.—Mr. McLaren.

Mr. Campbell told his pupils that in a day, five years old, swallowed one cent. He was taken to the hospital in Kingston where a doctor operated on him and removed the cent. We should be careful what we put in our mouths.—Drusilla Buchan.

Some boys flooded the sidewalk one night after they went to bed. The next morning they rode on them with their sleds. The ice was slippery. They love to play with their sleighs every afternoon. February is a hard. We expect there will be more snow.—Ed. Flaherty.

Mr. Beament went home on Saturday afternoon, January 14th, as one of her friends had died. She returned on Monday. She told us that she said that she met my brother, Arville, on a bypass on the way home to her boy friends. She asked him why he did not write my letters to me, and he said that he forgot. I am glad that he often intended to write letters to me but put it off. I am very glad to hear that he is looking well.—W. Kennedy.

After I walked outside yesterday afternoon, I went up stairs, combed my hair and then talked to Annie Patton, Gertie Freeman and Agnes Holbrook. They said to me, "Where have you been?" I thought I had lost it. I went to look for it. They laughed at me. Agnes had taken it off when I was looking at a girl who came here from Mr. Nurse's house, but I did not see her taking it off. I told them that I thought that I must have been blind.—Marie Gerolamy.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

I saw a little owl sitting on a branch of a tree last Saturday evening. I met a big boy and I told him that I saw it. He wanted to see it. We threw snowballs at it but it stayed. I intend to climb up the tree but it flew to another tree and I threw snowballs at it again. It flew away. I thought that it was a big bull. Some boys often see owls in the evening. I think that owls sleep all the day and they are awake all night. They catch rats, mice and other small animals. I never have seen an owl during the summer.—T. Brigham.

It was ten years Jan 22nd since good Queen Victoria died, with par alysis at the age of eighty-two. She was a dearly beloved Queen. When she was a little girl she knew that she would be a Queen and she said, "I will be good. She asked God to help her because she knew she could not be good with out strength.

On Jan 30th a house was burned and a lady her three children and a servant were burned to death. The father was in Chicago on business. It happened in Toronto.

Last night Miss Templeton told us that she heard that there was a fire down by the river. It was Jack Fee men were killed and several others were injured. It happened a few miles from Belleville.—M Todds

Miss Templeton gave us the "Globe and Mail" in it about a ten mans battle in Tecumseh. He had lost a poor man but he asked him to a farm near Edmonton, Alta., and became very rich. He is worth one million dollars. I was him a few days.—E. Berthiaux

My teacher, Miss Templeton, read in a paper and told us news. In Japan a little boy and his mother went to ring a new cattle. They were separated. The boy went to a town. He could only was found. They lived in two. We were sorry for them.

Some pupils read in a paper that a lion was missed at Bolton and a bear at Dunbarton.—Lloyd Hayes.

Annabel Thompson went home yesterday because her aunt was very ill and she had not put in her aunt re-marks.—S. Sours.

A boy beat me that when I when The Standard published nothing some one he forget to take off his white clothes and he went down in the dark. He went to the kitchen and he was surprised because he saw his white clothes. He returned to the room and changed them. I laughed at him.—P. McKenzie.

Mr Charlie Ford, did me that an owl was sitting on a branch of a tree. It was a little one. I went there but it flew away and I was disappointed as I wanted to catch it. If I could catch it I would keep it and I can show it to go home. I would put it in a cage and I would feed it with worms. I put the cage, fight with it and finally kill and eat it. This story is not true.—Ernest Ford.

E. Noble flooded the lane last Wednesday evening. A boy made a long sleigh. It ran swiftly and he thought some boys had a good time some boys. I was out perfuming on a branch of a tree last Saturday evening. They looked very well but they would not catch it and they were very much disappointed.—P. Smith

Mr. Campbell read a letter with the boys on the rink but they skate separately every day. We would like to have a rink.—Ed. Ross.

Read in a newspaper that the New York Brewers last year saved 225 children from burning to death. Chas. Golds said that there were 500 cases in Canada.—Ed. Smith

My relatives were pleased with my locals in The Canadian Mirror. My uncle Frank said that my grandma was much pleased to see them.

Some boys were coasting on the steep hill near Miss Templeton's house and they enjoyed themselves. The boys did not use the road east of here a few weeks ago.

Some men are cutting ice on the bay. They were drawing it home and putting it in the ice house for summer.—E. H. Brown.

—Saturday was Mr. Stewart's birthday. I wrote a pretty post card to him because he used to teach me last year. Some other girls wrote cards to him, also his class gave a pretty address to him after recess last Friday, as he would not come to school on Saturday. The pupils put on their good clothes for his birthday. We may be enjoyed himself and that he got some cards from his friends.—H. Wilson.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

Lennox brought a little doll to school last Thursday. It had a pretty red dress. It is a Chinese doll. It has black straight hair.—Clarice Ford

Next month Gilbert will sweep our classroom. He washes the blackboards now. Parkie sweeps the floor.—John Mackie.

The men are hauling ice from the bay. They are putting it in the ice house.—Gladys Lennox

Mr. Stewart came to our classroom. He gave some papers to Miss Hunter and she gave me a paper. I read it.—Dorothy Mc Sweyn

MISS BOYCE'S CLASS.

Miss Boyce gives us marks for our work every week. I got the highest marks in my last test work.—Alma Brandt

David and I wanted Wednesday afternoon. Miss Boyce pulled us round in us and Miss Hunter pulled us round the corners of the rink. She fell in the end and we laughed at her. She did not cry.—R. Swayze

Robert and I sweep and dust our desks and then the rest of the class keep it clean. Perhaps Mr. Mutter will let us sweep it once out month.—D. Chapman

I had a spelling Thursday morning. The girls were afraid of me. They ran away from me. I went to Miss M. Aville and she laughed.—E. Evans

MISS DUNN'S CLASS.

I have two pets. Their name is Peach and Pearl. They are cats and kittens. They hissed and ran away again at Mrs. Family saw it to be gone. I dug a hole in the ground for them and then I scratched the ground. They ran and I got it again. We laughed at them and we had them in our second and potatoes.—J. McAdam

There is a spot on the page I wrote. I will rub it out and rub my pen in on the window—H. Bell

I have a pet. I call it Pet. I cannot get out of the chapel.—E. Pearl

I got a letter from my mother in Finch. I was sad. I laughed a lot because she was so dreaming about me last week. She dreamed that I only had on some flowers and some. She told my father that she was dreaming about me.—Ernest Lamont

I got a letter from my mother yesterday. I had a card at it. My mother said that she died last week. I am very sorry for him.—I loved Dick.—Reuben Leitt

MR. STEWART'S CLASS.

I like to read in my book. I read about a hungry hawk that was flying in the air. It saw a rat on the ground playing with its babies and it tried to get one of them. The rat sprang at the hawk. It bit and scratched the hawk and it broke one of its wings. The hawk ran out one of the rat's eyes and the rat was also fighting. It threw the hawk on the ground and bit its head off. She was a brave rat.—A. Mackie.

In all in the newspaper that my cousin and our little child came from Australia. I went to see the steamer Arapahoe and I would like to see them as I like that my friend Robert Howe, died last Monday. He stopped dead on the street. He was 28 years old and he often talked to me in the summer and now he is gone but I know he is very happy in heaven.—Eleanor Whyte.

Mr. Stewart's birthday was on January 21st. He chose gave him an address and a pair of silver brushes with his initials on, and he gave his class cream buns. Nora Tell gave him the address on Friday after recess because there was no school on his birth day. We stood up while she read it. On Saturday afternoon E. Whyte took the cardboard to his house and gave them to him.—R. Lloyd.

A boy saw a squirrel running on a fence. Firstly saw a pumpkin on the fence and ran up a tree. It went into a hole in the tree. The boy thought he would catch it. He climbed the tree and stuffed his cap into the hole. Then he came down, ran home and got an axe and a cage and brought them to the tree. Then he cut the tree down. He pulled his cap out of the hole and put the cage before it. The squirrel ran out of the hole and ran into the cage. The boy shut the door of the cage and caught the squirrel. The squirrel played in the cage.—A. Pemprase.

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INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1911

A Glowing Eulogy.

It is, of course, natural for every man to consider his own country the best and the greatest in the world, and we presume that nearly every country really does stand supreme in some one respect or another. But lauding one's own country over one's country coming from an outside, and to some degree an antagonistic source, are specially gratifying. Perhaps the most glowing eulogy of Great Britian that has ever been uttered was that once pronounced upon her by Victor Hugo. Gazing across the channel that separates Frenchman wrote: "Over that sea, in calm majesty, lies the proud Isle, whose existence consoles me for a thousand continuous abuses, and vindicates for me the processes of Providence. Yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength—most justly of thy invincible regime. Stretched upon the rock, but not like Prometheus, and no evil fiend to rend thy side, rests the genius of England. He wails his hour, but counts not the hours between. He knows that it is rolling up through the mystic gloom of ages, and that its chariot is guided by the hand of destiny. It will come, it is coming, it has come. The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry of woe and admiration, and throws itself into the licentious bosom of England. Henceforth there are no nations, no people, but one indivisible, will be the world, and the world will be one England. Her virtue and her patience have triumphed. The lamp of her faith, kindled at the apostolic altars, burns as a beacon to mankind. Her example has regenerated the offering, her mildness has subdued the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the guard. Her throne and her temple shall be the Mecca and the Jerusalem of a renewed universe."

EDUCATIONAL.

True Teaching.

Teaching is more than hearing recitations and keeping order. Teaching should have to do with life in all its bearings. It should lead the pupil to see and appreciate the larger things. Thinking over the following earnest statement may help one to lay hold of the realities in teaching:

"Among the teachers under whom I have studied I recall only one that I hold with deep appreciation. All the rest to me are dead letters. Sometimes I try to think wherein they failed, and can only think of unattractive features come up in my memory. But this one teacher—I am still being taught by him. While I did not, then, a great deal in his class room, yet the spirit of his teaching still abides. He pointed out landscapes of beauty and peaks of thought in such a way as to give me the motive to travel toward them, no matter how rough the way. He taught me to be fair minded, wisdom, life. Whenever I think of him, I see more clearly the eternal value of things. I sometimes feel that, in spite of doubts, disease, and death, I shall always race up and onward to higher states of beauty, truth and brotherhood."

The Japanese think the moral training of the young is the most important influence in bringing up stalwart, industrious, patriotic, and astute men. The basis is maintained at great length by Jiro Shimoda in *The Japan Magazine* (Tokyo). What he says is confirmed by the care which the Japanese Minister of Education lavishes upon the moral training to be furnished by the public schools. In his recent inspection tours through some of the various local Governors throughout the Empire and quoted in the *Tokyo Mainichi* (Tokyo), we read:

"Ethical training is the kernel of education for children, and moral education is a sublime duty of education. Teachers, therefore, should not only impart a moral knowledge to be realized by means of text-books, but should also endeavor to furnish their students with the culture of moral qualities, affording practical guidance in accordance with circumstances, and fortifying their principles where doubtful. In this way children should be trained in morality and the object of education be accomplished."

The Right Kind of "Trained Teachers."

I see the term "Trained Teachers" in the highest and broadest sense. I mean teachers not alone equal to the task of developing good citizens, but teachers equal to the task of stirring the dormant faculties of their pupils, of cultivating and drawing forth their better feelings, of disciplining them in the best methods of intellectual-mindedness—in fact, teachers capable at all times and under the most adverse circumstance of leading children in ways of right thinking and right living, teachers equal to the task of doing all the and much more, not as an irksome task or an imposed piece of drudgery, but doing it from the very love of the work itself.—*Dr. Crosier at the Chicago Convention.*

Crowning the Worthiest.

It is fabled that Jove at one time called upon the Olympian gods for a Crown of Immortality to the most worthy. Now after sundry days gave account of heroic deeds, till at last, noticing on the outskirts of the throng an old man with bowed head and humble mien, the god inquired: "And what have you to offer?"

"Oh, nothing," was the answer, "but all these were once my pupils."

Then the voice of the great Thunderer rang out: "Crown him! Crown him! Crown him faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand."

Ten Fallacies of Teachers.

1. That mind always develops by regular stages.
2. That intellect is everything.
3. That children should be perfect in their every-day home and school life.
4. That dull boys are hopeless cases.
5. That "pin-drop order" is the best.
6. That progress is estimated by page.
7. That talk is teaching.
8. That there is no time for work outside of the text-book.
9. That the same kind of treatment is suited to all children.
10. That a teacher's work is to hear recitations all the time.—Ex.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Owing to other pressing engagements, Mr. F. Bridgen found it impossible to be at our regular Bible Class meeting on the 11th ult., so Mr. Fraser took charge and gave a very nice address on the exact meaning of the 23rd verse of the 11th chapter of St. Matthew, which reads "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Although it is a simple verse it has much meaning, as can be evident by the large number of questions asked and answered by us. Such questioning arouses much interest.

Since he came down from the west from Saskatchewan, Mr. A. D. Sowerby, son. B. A. cannot refrain from saying that he is having a jollier time than he ever dreamed of, and we presume that the way he is being entertained seems to support his theory. Not a day passes but that he gets an invitation to spend the evening and one after tea his host or hostess is sure to have many callers who wish to spend the evening with their old schoolmate. On the 11th ult. on leaving he would have spent a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Roberts, the Misses Carrie Berthour, Annie Butler, E. Millward and Messrs. W. C. Hughes, George Brethour, Jack McGillivray and Harry Greaves, dropping in during the evening and passing together.

On the evening of the 18th ult. Miss Carrie Berthour and her brother, Chas. gave a most enjoyable evening party at their home in honor of the youth and beauty of our silent community, and it may safely be said that it was the best time so far this season. After all had assembled and the hearty greetings exhausted the wheels of fun were set in motion and kept going throughout the evening. In starting the frolic, the game of intuition History puzzles was thoroughly enjoyed by most of the "wise heads" and "deep" caught. Next came the charade of the "Insurgents," in which Messrs. Chas. Elliott, Watt, Jaffray and Sullivan figured and the real acts of each brought the house in convulsions of laughter. N. O'Neil first solved this puzzle. The "Hindenburg Cable" caused considerable consternation and glee for the laughing heads. An intelligent debate was next suggested and "Red" and "Blue" were the subjects proposed as to which had the most advantage to public favor. Mr. Jaffray and Mr. A. D. Swanson, B. A. were named as the opposition leaders but our friend from Alberta did not like the look of the cut of an enemy against a seasoned debater, but pursuasion overcame reluctance and he was placed the chief of their forces. Eloquence was mostly of the humorous brand, but Arthur's was a power to be dealt as the judges so declared. After playing several other minor games, we were led in two to the dining-room to do justice to a tempting spread, which was generously thanked for by the kind host and hostess as well as their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Berthour, who were spectators and who then bowed to demand and all wended their way home.

By dint of hard work in successfully passing their recent examinations, Messrs. W. O. McKay, H. S. Groome, E. E. Doyle of the postal department have had their salaries increased proportionately. They are the lucky chaps who are forging on. Messrs. A. C. Shepherd and W. W. Roberts were up for their examinations on the 25th ult. to try to reach another step upward.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGillivray, of Purple Hill, were visiting their daughter, Mrs. H. W. Roberts and other relatives here for a while lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were visiting in Windsor and Leamington for a few days lately and were accompanied on his homeward journey by Mrs. Mason's aged mother, who will remain here for the present with them.

Mr. Fred Tervell was in New Hamburg on the 22nd ult., on behalf of our Mission Board.

Mr. John Flynn, who was a patient in the general hospital for over a week, is out again.

Miss Hattie Ormiston, of Raglan, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson for a little while lately, while Mrs. Wilson's home after a pleasant visit with relatives in Owen Sound.

Mr. John F. Bertram, of Seattle, Washington, formerly one of our flock, who shook off the monotony of singleness immediately after he immigrated to the golden west, is now a proud and happy daddy of a little girl, born on the 8th of Dec. inst. Here's to you Jack, and may she be the jewel of the house.

A. H. Jaffray was the exhortant at the Sunday services for our friends in Hamilton on the 8th ult., while R. J. Blair officiated in the same capacity at Cookstown on the 22nd ult.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt, of Ottawa, is visiting in the city now, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Harris.

The Bible class meeting held at Allen Hall on the 28th ult. by Mr. Bridgen was of exceptional interest. The topic for discussion was the real meaning of the sentence—"I am the vine." It is found in the 14th verse of the 3rd chapter of Revelation.

Mr. A. J. Swanson, B. A., who at first said he would visit Belleville before going back to the west again, has now changed his mind and will not go any further east after all. He intends returning to his western home in the early part of February. However he proposes visiting Hamilton in the meantime.

Miss Ethel Allen, of Deseronto, passed through here lately on her way back after a ten days' visit at her old home in Mt. Julian, Quebec. She says she is doing fine in the "City of the Straits."

We are sorry to report the very serious illness of Mrs. Alvin Shepherd's mother who is constantly under the doctor's care now.

All doubts as to whether that deer which was shot and brought to earth on Colborne sometime ago, as the Mississippi Branscombe or not is now cleared up. It was in our own Florence, we are pleased to say, but a resident of Eagle Lake lately, who came to Canada long ago and at time of her death had considerable property left her by her parents as well as a couple of thousand dollars in the bank. She has a sister in New York and a brother in Cor Hill.—H W. H.

Three Followers.

The wildly old Hasman sat in his den when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. Pleasure is only to be found with Riches."

"And you, my little one? he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said. And each went his way.

Then aged Hasman in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "behold how the best work is where I was following after Pleasure. Didst thou ever overtake her?"

"No, father. Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

Then he questioned the next right my son."

"I have ofttimes thought so," he said of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," answered he.

"And thou?" continued the Hasman addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side. And as I grew then, she grew by the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not ever overtaken, but Duty her shadow is caught by the pursuer. She, herself, goes hand in hand with Duty and they who make Duty their companion have with them the companionship of Pleasure."—*Luther on Young People.*

Is One Were a Boy Again.

In some papers of the late Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, we find a memorandum which read thus:

"If I were a boy again, I would read every book I could reach. I would endeavor to find out from good books how good men lived.

"If I were a boy again, I would cultivate more acquaintance with the habits of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

"If I were a boy again, I would save and spend my money under control of those older, whose graces of person and mind would help me on in my own work. I would always seek good company.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would read it as a message to me. The Bible is necessary for every boy.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Saviour profoundly, that I might become more and more like unto Him."—Ex.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and it would be a good thing if the cup always slipped when full of intoxicating liquor.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

"STITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness o human is making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1911.

Lett-Burns Nuptials.

A very unique and interesting ceremony was solemnized in St. Paul's church on Wednesday evening of last week when Miss Ida Victoria Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, of this village, was united in holy wedlock to Mr. Stephen Andrew Lett, of Carp. The bride and groom being both mutes, parts of the service had to be interpreted and the solemn clergyman, Rev. G. E. Fletcher, showed himself equal to the occasion, acting as his own interpreter. Sharply at seven o'clock p. m., to the strains of the bridal chorus, the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father and proceeded to the chancel steps where the other members of the bridal party stood waiting. During the parts of the ceremony which were interpreted, all exquisites audibly were executed by the organist in soft and sympathetic tones. The happy bride looked charming in a dress of rich cream grey silk voluminous trimmed with cream satin and silver trimming. She carried in her hand a white kid prayer book. She wore a long veil caught up with brilliants and also a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Miss Ida Livingstone, a niece of the bride, was beautifully attired in a dress of bronze duchess silk trimmed with silk and brocade applique tinted with pink and green. She wore also a large black picture hat and carried a white kid prayer book, same as bride. The groom was supported by his brother, Charles H. Lett. The ceremony over, the bridal party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Miss Rose, and repaired to the bride's home where an elaborate supper awaited them. Here they were joined by the rector and his wife, the organist, Miss Rose, and a large number of the friends of the two families were present, and a very happy evening was spent. Next morning the happy couple left for Ottawa, Brockville and other points before taking up their residence at Carp, the bride travelling in a neat dress of lady's cloth and wearing a black hat. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a signet brooch and to the groomsman a signet locket. The bride received many useful presents among them being handsome checks from her father and from the groom's parents. The ushers were Messrs. Jas. H. Draymer, Robt. Lewis and G. W. Burns, brother of the bride. It was one of the quietest and most solemn weddings ever seen in St. Paul's church.—*Ottawa Sun.*

HOME NEWS

—We are having our ups and downs lee, ice, everywhere!

—Gertie Freeman's uncle came to see her one day not long ago. Gertie was surprised.

—We had a sleet storm last week but owing to the very mild turn the weight of the ice was not as much as we have seen.

—Mr. Nurse gave us the postponed lecture and pictures on Sunday evening Jan. 22nd. It was very interesting as are all of the talks Mr. Nurse gives us.

—We have just passed the Rubicon, the present session being more than half over. The pupils make the middle of June the date from which they base calculations.

—It is hard for us to believe that spring has arrived, but it must be true for the robins say so. There have been one or two of these cheery birds flying around here lately.

—Considering what a lot of children we have the general health is excellent. We only hope that grippe will not get among them to any extent. It is quite common in the city.

—The cold weather has not stopped the work of grading along the new Northern Railway past the Institution on the bay shore. With the advent of spring it will likely be pushed on rapidly.

—The ice on the bay is perfectly safe for skating now and our senior boys were allowed to go down for a glide on Saturday afternoon. It is a little rough in some places but has plenty of smooth spots.

—Our boys have certainly had an easy time this winter as regards deep snow, their services being very seldom required, as the having is over, and for skating the pupils are not dependent on the rink just now, there is so very much.

—On Friday night, Jan. 23rd, Dr. Coughlin rang the fire-gong. In a few moments every one was in place and the pupils were marching quite orderly down the hall when Supt. Wood Hall knew nothing of the drill until Saturday morning, so their dresses were not disturbed.

PERSONALITIES.

We were sorry to learn of the painful accident with which Mr. Ray Ferguson met last week while skating. We hope he will soon recover from its effects.

Mrs. Charles McInnis has returned to Berlin after spending his Christmas and New Year's holidays visiting his relatives in Aller, Pembroke, and Lockaby, Pembroke he says has grown to be a very nice place.

—We were glad to hear a few days ago of Charlie Hesault. He is busy working in a fish shop of his own at Rockland, and Otto says he appears to be doing well. He was a steady, hard working boy at our school and learned his trade in our shop.

This last week we have been getting our house filled with our spring weather cooling requirements. As we need a large quantity, it takes a number of days to get it stored away on the bay, hauling it up and storing it away. We had been very little snow this winter so the quality is clear and about twenty inches thick.

—We regret to hear from Detroit that Miss Bessie Ball, a former pupil of our school, has lost her father by death. Mr. Ferguson says that Bessie Ball was out in the yard two days before the sad event and was taken of paralysis which laid him low. He lingered until the end of the year and then passed away. Our sincere sympathy friends will all sympathize with Bessie in her bereavement.

—From a letter lately received from Willie Kay, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Fort Smith, we regret to hear of a further falling in his eyesight. One eye is entirely useless and he has to be careful not to over strain the other, with which he can now read only with much difficulty. He enjoys reading THE CANADIAN MUTE but cannot go all over it. Bereft of hearing, speech and eyesight, he still works away and makes the best of it, being well liked.

—From the Detroit News of Jan. 23rd we regret very much to learn of the death of the Rev. A. W. Mann, the general missionary to the deaf for the Episcopal church, which occurred at Cleveland on Jan. 21st. He dropped dead at the depot just as he was about to board a train. Mr. Mann was known far and wide among the "children of silence," and his life work has been in their service. Several times during his busy life of constant travelling he has escaped possible death by timely premonition of approaching disaster, and he fully believed that the deaf are specially favored by divine power in this respect. In spite of increasing age and feebleness Mr. Mann stuck to his work until the last, call came to enter into well deserved rest.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES E. PORE.

Hockey fever will soon be over

The days are getting longer and we have more expense for the use of light.

As we had an early winter we expect to have an early spring.

Valentine's Day will be celebrated on the 14th of February and the rush of mail will be heavy that day

For the first time for a long while, the boys had the Superintendent's permission to skate on the bay last week and they seemed to enjoy them selves very much.

News around here seems to be scanty, although we still try to hunt up and get some story items.

Our mending last week some youngsters noticed a little hardly woolpecker busily looking for some grubs on a tree near the Institute. The wily bird did not intend to look for grubs in the tree but wanted to get the refuse. It did not like the boys to watch it for four something might happen, so it came down to the barrel conveniently. It stayed on the top of the barrel for a while and the boys were still watching the bird, but it came down in the mouth of the barrel and ate some thing. While it was in it, one of the boys quickly unobserved, covered the barrel with a large piece of paper and thought the wily bird made its escape by flying through the paper. It came down again to satisfy its appetite but the boys were away

Mr G Lown, of Toronto, came here lately to enroll as a pupil. He used to go to school in New York a few years ago. We hope he will be getting along well in the school. The boys are glad to have a good companion in him.

We are all in excellent health and have not had any serious sickness since we came here this session and hope it will continue the same till school closes.

Our ice-house was filled by the ice-harvesters last week. The ice is clear and solid, about eighteen inches thick.

Our former Superintendent, Mr Mathews, paid us a brief visit here last Friday. The older pupils were pleased to see him once more. He looks about the same but a little older.

Our Instructor of Printing had a little spurt in the rats one night last week. Their chorus awoke him about 3 o'clock and he went to the window to see what they were doing He found three fellow little animals fighting which gave him their chase, making terrible noises. I suppose they fought to get the championship of the rats kingdom.

—I received word from my sister, in Alberta, saying she enjoyed the cold weather, registering 40 below zero. The air of Alberta is dry and fresh

Let it be thy care to suppress and control the thoughts at the very first rising. . . . If thou would learn to thy soul pure, bravery of speculative steadiness, conduct.

Meet this away to insignificance quite as often by not making the most of it, as when they have them, or by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable.—Thomas Hardy.

There is no measure of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to please, and not pain around us. It is good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging. It is better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.—Emerson.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL

ERECTED BY THE STATE

The first month of the year has almost passed without bringing us a visit from our popular President Pius as the longed time he has ever stayed away We hope when the roads become good to welcome him again All to the school feel deeply grateful to Mr Morrow for the many acts of kind ness. No member of the board has favored the school with a visit for some week.

The weather has been unfavorable lately some days recently degenerating to zero the most causing that it has been almost impossible to engage in heavy outdoor exercise. Some of the girls proved very cool boys were easily beaten by their friends in the Wood mount Academy team was then challenged but they declined to enter lock next time

Weather permitting the pupils annual snowshoes will be used on Monday, February the 20th. They are all looking forward to a very enjoyable time

Invitations from Miss Edith Stanton of Longueuil, one of our former school boys and girls for a social time to-night to be held at her home and it is unfortunately decided to be by mail as the distance from Mt Wesley is over ready to welcome the girls of the house and many pleasures attaining hours

Yesterday being a genuine real cold day the school pupils were treated to the illustrations during the Christmas holidays were given enough skating Then came the call back to school morning, feeling that they had had a very pleasant time

A couple of the usual concerts were rendered in Special to the clergymen of all denominations in the Province asking for a donation to gentlemen's shelter in Montreal for afflicted with deafness or blindness for no such cases have been cared of

Our Supt unfortunately has received from her recent indisposition and on one day this week suspected the pupils to visit to them during recess

Miss Booth whose visits are so frequently chartered the school was with her usual Sunday service. She ordered to read her thread 25 Miss Henderson conducted the service and volunteered to take Miss Booth's place at the Sunday services for the blind

Miss Geraldine Daly has taken her passage on the Lake Manitou and sails for Europe about the middle of June accompanied by her sister Miss Kathleen Daly, and Miss Johnson, a former member of our staff

Miss Kinnie, who came back to resume her duties as matron, resigned temporarily, will remain or perhaps permanently This matter has our congratulations, as Mrs. Kinnie's services a most obliging disposition and is a favorite with all

[illegible]

A most memorable meeting pictures film has been brought out to Canada

People seldom try to discourage you fails as long as you are willing to spend good money on them

Of the thirty dryads in the world large enough to hold bottlefuls of the Brandenburgh type, Kingdom of the colonies have ten and the United States nine.

Time is an estate, but an estate in deed which a all prudence nothing with out collection, but will always when gently repay the labors of industry Johnson

Every man has two educators that which is given to him, and the other that which he gives to himself Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Truman.

Palm trees have the largest leaves. The Inaja palm of the Amazon country has leaves which reach a length of from 20 to 30 feet, and a breadth of from 10 to 12 feet.

Tables Turned.

Johnny was a very cruel boy. One day the chickens were eating their corn. Johnny struck their heads with a stick, and hurt and frightened them very much. They flew away, and Johnny laughed. He did not feel sorry. The farmer saw him and was angry. He whipped Johnny hard.

Then Johnny saw the farmer's dog and wanted to be revenged on the farmer. The dog came up to him, and Johnny kicked him. The dog sprang at him and bit his hand. Johnny was hurt and frightened. He walked homeward.

He passed a small pond. A goose was swimming in the pond with her goslings. An old white gander stood at the edge of the pond. Johnny wanted to tease them, so he rolled up his trousers, waded into the water and caught one of the goslings. But when he came back to the shore the gander caught his toe and bit it and jerked it. Johnny fell into the mud and water, and wet and soiled his clothes. He ran home, and his mother was displeased with him because his clothes were wet and whipped him. Johnny was well punished for teasing the animals. He learned a lesson, and remembered it

Companion.

The White Ship.

King Henry, called The Scholar, had two children. The son was named William, and the daughter Matilda. The king loved his only son very much. He was well educated, he was noble and brave. Henry hoped he would be king in his place one day. All heard and admired the young Prince. One summer he went with his father and sister and a company of noble across the sea. The king owned much land in France and he wanted to see it. They visited friends and had a fine time. When the day came to return the king went first. The prince was in no hurry to leave as he waited a while. Then they got on board a large, beautiful ship with white sails and masts. The sea was smooth. They had dancing and feasting. Everyone was merry. Then there was suddenly, a cry of alarm. The ship had struck on a rock. The water rushed in and it began to sink. The prince and friends jumped in a small boat. They rowed away but he heard a loud cry on the ship. "It is my cousin, I must save him," he cried, so they went back. He told the princess to jump to him. Just then the ship turned and sank. The brave prince, his cousin and men were drowned. One man escaped. He told the sad story. Some one went to tell the king. He grieved very much and never smiled again. His heart was broken.

The Farmer.

The farmer works on a farm. He raises a great many things for people to eat.

There are fields, meadows, orchards and gardens on the farm. The farmer raises grain in the fields, fruit in the orchard and vegetables and small fruits in the gardens.

In the spring, the farmer plows the fields. He plants and sows seed.

He cuts the grain in the summer. He calls hay, grain, fruits, vegetables and other things.

Some farmers have poultry farms. They sell ducks, geese, turkeys, chickens and eggs.

Some farmers have dairy farms. They sell milk, cream, butter and cheese.

Some farmers have maple groves. They make maple sugar and maple syrup.

Some farmers keep bees. They sell honey.

Some farmers raise cotton and tobacco.—*Deaf Carolinian.*

Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens was a famous English prose writer. He wrote a great many novels. His novels are among the best in the world.

Mr. Dicken's home was called Gad's Hill. It is a very beautiful house. Many people visit Gad's Hill every year. They go because it was once the home of Charles Dickens and all people love and honor Mr. Dickens.

He does not live at Gad's Hill now He died there many years ago, in 1870.

Mr Dickens has written a great many beautiful stories about children Some of the stories are very sad. In the "Old Curiosity Shop" he wrote of "Little Nell." In "Bleak House" he wrote of "Poor Little Jo." In "Dombey and Son" he wrote of little "Paul Dombey." In "Little Dorrit" and "David Copperfield" he wrote of other children

"Pickwick Papers" is a very funny book. It tells the story of the fat Mr Pickwick and of Samuel Weller and many other people who do and say funny things.

Most people are fond of reading Mr Dickens' books. Some people read them many times. I hope you may soon be able to read the stories of Little Nell and of Mr Pickwick

The Snow Flake's Story.

Before I was a snow flake I was part of a body of water dust. When vapor touches the cold air high up, it makes water dust or clouds. One day as we clouds were chasing one another about in the sky, a freezing wind caught us and changed us into needles which looks like tiny crystals.

After we were changed we fell down as a flake of snow. When you see pointed stars. If some little boy or girl will catch us on his coat sleeve, he can see our pretty snow flake-ure.

Sometimes we lie on the ground and on the limbs of trees a long time if the weather stays cold. But we cannot stay long for soon the sun comes out and changes us into water again. Then we will run along down to some river and into a lake or ocean.

Then the sun will again warm the surface water and change it to vapor. The vapor is so light that it flies up and up many thousand feet high. Then the cold air changes the vapor to water dust again. *Alternate Third Reader.*

The Crow and the Pitcher.

A crow was once very thirsty and flew about looking for water. At last he came to a pitcher which held some water.

But the water in the pitcher was so low that the crow could not reach it with his bill.

He tried to break the pitcher or overturn it, but he was not strong enough.

He looked around him, and saw many pebbles on the ground. He then thought of a way to get at the water.

He picked up pebbles one by one, with his beak, and dropped them into the pitcher.

The pebbles raised the water to the brim and the crow drank all he wanted.—*Companion.*

Fishing.

A boy wanted to catch some fish. He took a pole and a line and a hook. He went to the river. He put a worm on the hook. He threw the hook into the river. A fish saw the worm. It bit the worm. The boy pulled up the fish. He caught the fish. He put it into a basket. He was pleased. He caught several fish. He went home. His mother cooked the fish. All the family ate them. Did you ever go fishing? Will you go fishing this summer? —*Adapted.*

In a Minute.

Madge had one very bad habit. When told to do any thing, she always said, "In a minute."

One day her pet canary was hopping about on the floor. Some one went out of the room and left the door open. Mamma said, "Shut the door, Madge, or the cat will get your canary."

Madge was drawing a picture on her slate. She wanted to finish it first. So she said, "In a minute."

Puss suddenly darted into the room and took the bird into his mouth. Madge dropped her slate and chased him. She caught him and took the canary away. It was dead.

Madge carried it into the house. She was crying hard. Mamma was very sorry for her but told her that it was her own fault.

Madge buried the bird under a rose bush in the garden.

She tried very hard to cure herself of her bad habit. At last she stopped saying, "In a minute," and learned to do things promptly.

The Sly Pony.

Prince was a pretty little pony. Ned and his sister Kate liked to drive him. One day Ned and Kate were going to grandma's. She lived three miles away.

Ned hitched Prince to the cart. Then he and Kate got in, and they started to grandma's.

Prince did not want to go. He wanted to stay in the pasture. Pretty soon he began to limp. He pretended that he was lame.

Ned was a kind boy. He wanted very much to go to grandma's, but he was sorry for Prince. So he drove back home and put Prince in the pasture.

In a few minutes he saw the pony galloping around. The sly pony was not lame a bit.

Ned cried. Kate laughed. They thought Prince was very clever. *The Silent Echo.*

The Puppy and The Bee.

A fat little puppy was playing on the grass in the yard. It chased its tail. It barked and had a good time. By and by it saw a bee light on a flower near the walk. It barked at the bee and ran around the flower. The bee flew to another flower. The puppy followed it, and barked loudly. The bee did not mind it and kept on sucking honey. At last the puppy went and put its nose close to the bee. Then the bee stung its nose. The puppy howled and rolled on the grass, and then flew away to the hive. I think the puppy will not play with a bee again.

The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.
5. Honour thy father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt not covet.

"I have been in the juvenile court nearly ten years, and in that time I have had to deal with thousands of boys who have disgraced themselves and their parents, and who have brought sorrow and misery into their lives; and I do not know of any one habit that is more responsible for the trouble of these boys than the vile cigarette habit."—*Judge Lindsay.*

Parts of Things.

The parts of an egg are the shell, lining white and yolk.

The parts of a chair are back, seat, legs and rounds.

The parts of the hand are back, palm, thumb, fingers, knuckles, nails, skin and veins.

The parts of an apple are stem, peel, pulp, core and seed.

The parts of a knife are handle, blades, rivets, plate.

The parts of the body are head, neck, trunk, arms, hands, legs, feet, bone, flesh, skin and blood.

The parts of a shoe are sole, heel, toppers, lining, binding, seams, buttonholes, tongue, pegs, and nails.

The parts of a bird are head, beak, legs, body, neck, wings, tail, feet, eyes and toes.—*Ga. School Helper.*

He Didn't Get Them to "Give up With."

Among some skaters was a lazy somnambulist and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise spectator.

"Why, sonny, you are getting a bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down as I'd just come off and watch the others.

The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered half indignantly:

"I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with;" they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.

The Eskimo Boy.

The Eskimo boy has a jolly life. He helps his father build the snow-house he hunts the seal and polar bear; he drives his dogs far across the snow fields. He does not fear the cold; his mother has made him a warm fur suit. When he reaches home, the igloo will be warm and light. There will be a hot supper for the tired boys and their father. Then they will roll themselves in their warm robes and sleep well. The wind may howl and the snow may pile up outside the igloo, but the Eskimo boy will dream of hunting the great walrus. He does not care for the cold. Primary Plans.

The Cruel Boy.

A mother robin and five baby robins lived in a nest in an old apple tree.

One day the mother robin left the nest to get worms for the baby robins. A bad boy saw her. He killed her with a gun.

The baby robins stayed in the nest They could not fly. They were cold and hungry. They cried a long time At last they died.

It is very wrong to shoot birds for fun. They do not harm us. Bugs and worms injure trees, grains, and vegetables. The birds help us. They eat the bugs and worms.

Plants.

A plant has stems and many leaves.
A plant has pretty flowers.
A plant has roots.
We can see the leaves and flowers.
Can we see the roots?
The roots are in the earth.
The plant has many mouths to take up food.
They know what will be good for the plant.
They never make mistakes.
Who made plants so wise?

Kindness.

Kind hearts are gardens,
  Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are flowers,
  Kind deeds are fruits.

Love is the sunshine
  That warms into life,
For only in darkness
  Grow hatred and strife.

Farming.

[See lesson on Farming on Page 2 of CANADIAN MUTE.]

1. Why does a farmer harrow the soil?
2. How does he generally sow grain?
3. When does he sow grain?
4. Which kind of grain gets ripe first?
5. Name some kinds of grain?
6. What is a sheaf?
7. How is the grain separated from the straw?
8. Tell some things that the straw is used for.
9. Name some farm implements.
10. What does a farmer raise besides grain?
11. What is ensilage? What is a silo?
12. Name as many useful things as you can that we get from cows.
13. What does a farmer feed to his cows? to his hogs?
14. How do farmers keep the soil rich?
15. Is farming a good occupation? Give reasons for your answer.
16. Would you rather live in the country or in a city? Why.

Suggestion to teacher: Let half the pupils go to the blackboard and give reasons favorable to city life and the other half contra.]

Joining Statements.

Join the following pairs of statements, using the first one of each pair as it is.

1. Mules have long ears. Donkeys have long ears.
2. Pigeons have lovely feathers. Peacocks have lovely feathers.
3. John and James have new skates. Alice and Annie have new skates.
4. Our class-room has five windows. Miss Templeton's class-room has five windows.
5. Annie wore an old woman's hat at the carnival. Mary wore an old woman's hat at the carnival.
6. July has thirty-one days. August has thirty-one days.
7. A sparrow can fly. A canary can fly.
8. John likes to skate. Tom likes to skate.
9. I am writing my lesson. The other pupils are writing their lessons.
10. What we eat should be clean. What we drink should be clean.
11. Exercise is good for our muscles. Work is good for our muscles.

Punctuate.

Last September one of the boys climbed a tree and fell out of it He cut his head Dr Boyce came and sewed up the cut It hurt him very much but he did not cry

Mr and Mrs B walk to school together every day

The girls went down town with the teachers They met Rev B Greatrix in [illegible]

The boys had a nice rink and the ice was good but it became warm and spoiled it They are all sorry

Dr Coughlin told Mary to go to Dr Boyce. He looked at her tongue and felt her pulse He told Miss Tindale she was not well She gave her some medicine

About a News Item.

This item of news appeared in a newspaper recently:—

Arnprior, Jan. 13th—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Watt, of McNab Township, were driving into Arnprior yesterday morning when they were struck by a west-bound Grand Trunk freight train at Daniel street crossing. Mr. Watt was instantly killed and Mrs. Watt was seriously hurt. The team escaped unhurt.

1. Where and when did the above accident happen?
2. In what direction was the train running?
3. In what direction does Daniel street run?
4. What do you think Mr. Watt's occupation was?
5. What do you suppose they were riding in?
6. Were there any passengers on the train at the time? Why do you think so?
7. Re-write the news item in another way.
8. Tell a story about what you think happened at the time.

Supply Conjunctions.

1. A girl went to the laundry —— ironed some clothes.
2. Some boys will go to Belleville on Saturday —— it does not rain.
3. Mary told her teacher that she could not study her lesson —— she had a bad headache.
4. Mr. Minus told a bad boy to stand in the corner —— the pupils were eating their supper.
5. Isabel asked Marie —— she heard from home last.
6. John asked Henry —— he heard from home yesterday.
7. William had several mistakes in his written exercises —— Thomas did not have any.
8. Nova asked Ruth —— her lead-pencil was.
9. His teacher asked a boy —— he did not know his lesson.
10. Ada said that she expected to get either a letter —— a card at noon.

Canadian Cities.

1. What Canadian city is called the Queen City?
2. What Canadian city is called the Ambitious City?
3. What Canadian city is called the Limestone City?
4. What Canadian city is called the Telephone City?
5. What Canadian city is called the Railway City?
6. What Canadian city is called the Forest City?
7. What Canadian city is called the Capital City?
8. What Canadian city is called the Beautiful City?
9. What Canadian city is called the Electric City?
10. What city is called the metropolis of Canada?

In. Into.

Fill the blanks with *in* or *into*.

1. Come —— the house.
2. She is —— the house.
3. He put some coal —— the range.
4. Are the pencils —— the box?
5. Did she go —— the parlor?
6. The lion lies —— the long grass and waits for his prey.
7. The children rushed —— school.
8. He put his books —— his trunk.
9. You should not play —— school.
10. The ducks were swimming —— the pond.
11. The horses are —— the stable.
12. Harry threw a stone —— the water.
13. Tom jumped —— the water, but did not stay —— it because it was cold.

Fruits.

1. Last summer Stella picked thirty-two boxes of ——.
2. I have —— when I go home in the summer.
3. Robins love —— and steal them.
4. Hattie was picking —— and the vines scratched her hands.
5. Saturday, Eleanor bought a dozen —— for Bella.
6. —— grow on apple trees, —— on pear trees and —— on plum trees.
7. The children want some —— for dinner.
8. Some bad boys stole nearly all of Mr. Ball's ——.
9. Leo cut a large —— and gave a slice to Cyril.
10. Roy shook a tree and some —— fell from it.
11. Frank saw some boys stealing —— from a barrel.
12. My mother cooked some —— and put them into glass jars.

Fill the Ellipse.

1. Jack wrote —— letter to his mother He put it in —— envelope and sealed —— He addressed it, put a —— on it and dropped it —— a letter-box on the corner.
2. Harry bought —— orange and lemon. He asked his little sister which of —— she would like to have. She chose —— orange because —— lemon was so sour.
3. A house was —— fire. When —— fire reached —— roof and burst through the people knew that —— house could not be saved.
4. —— clock struck twelve, and —— bell rang for dinner.
5. —— little boy fell on the ice. —— large boy picked him up and took him —— the house to get warm.

What Do These Tell?

Say what the italicized words in the following sentences tell.

1. We will have a carnival *soon*.
2. We had a pantomime *in the girls' sitting-room*.
3. We went to bed *at 9 o'clock*.
4. We went to bed at 9 o'clock *last night*.
5. Tom fell *on the ice*.
6. Tom fell on the *slippery* ice.
7. Mary is not in school *because she is ill*.
8. The boy, *who broke the window*, was punished.
9. The boy who broke the window was punished *by his father*.
10. The boy who broke the window was punished *by not being allowed to go to the picnic*.
11. The boy was not allowed to go *to the picnic*.

Letters.

1. Words are composed of ——.
2. All the —— that we use is called our alphabet.
3. There are —— letters in our alphabet.
4. The —— letter of a word is called the initial letter of that word.
5. The —— letter of a word is called the final letter of that word.
6. The first letters of the parts of our names are called our ——.
7. My initials are ——.
8. My teacher's initials are ——.

Incorrect Statements.

Say why each of these statements is incorrect:

1. Two boys got a boat and rowed across the bay last New Year's Day.
2. Last Christmas morning, I looked out of the door and saw two humming-birds flitting among the flowers in my flower-garden.
3. Some boys had a good time skating on the bay, last Dominion Day.

Indirect Narrative.

Change the following to Direct Narrative:

1. The children said that they had a good time and asked their uncle when they could come again.
2. Mary asked her mother if she might have a little party on her birthday and if she thought her father would put up a swing for her under the maple tree on the lawn.
3. Harry said that he had to go to the city and that he did not like to go because it was so cold.
4. Annie asked her teacher if she had made good marks on her examination and said that she hoped she had.
5. John asked his father when he thought his uncle would come there to visit them.

A Little Story.

A bad boy saw a nest on a tree. He climbed the tree. He saw three eggs in the nest. He took the eggs out. He put the eggs into his hat. He came down. He went away.

1. What did the boy see?
2. Where was the nest?
3. What were in the nest?
4. What did the boy do with the eggs?
5. How did he get the eggs?
6. Was he a good boy? Why?
7. What is a robin's nest made of?
8. What color are robins' eggs?
9. Name some kinds of birds.
10. What color is an oriole?

Pronouns.

Fill each blank with a pronoun.

1. —— have a new book.
2. —— cousin's name is Jack.
3. That ruler belongs to ——.
4. That is —— ruler.
5. —— ruler is this? It is ——.
6. —— ruler is this? Is it ——?
7. The girls love —— mother.
8. Hattie's brother gave a new book to ——.
9. Where did —— get that orange Tom? Is —— good?
10. Will you go to the city with —— this afternoon?

Statements. Questions.

Change these statements to questions.

1. That is my book.
2. It is 9 o'clock.
3. The canary is singing in its cage.
4. John was at the picnic.
5. I am reading a new book.
6. Jane is not so well today.
7. Tom is sick. He has the measles.

Coverings of Animals.

Name two animals that are covered with

1. fur.
2. hair.
3. wool.
4. feathers.
5. a shell.
6. scales.

Asking Questions.

Ask a question about more than one

book	deer
church	dress
woman	calf
picture	brush
child	

Potatoes.

Tell what you know about potatoes, as to how they are grown, what is done with them, &c.

Plants. Animals.

Name as many differences as you can between *plants* and *animals*.

A Hundred Years To Come.

Oh, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now?
Oh, where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread you church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its bevy of truth:
The rich and poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us shall weep
A hundred years to come,
But other men our land will till,
And others men die, and others kill,
While other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as today,
A hundred years to come

Miss Catherine's Recreation.

(Continued from last page.)

Like a dragon, Miss Catharine guarded her pretty young charge, only pelvis sparkling more at the gaze of the porter's hands, and sending a message to the conductor with as much authority as if she'd been president of the road. Then she stood by the grating till the train moved off waving her handkerchief and making sure that the attentive young man was still in the waiting room.

When she went back a bridal party had just arrived to see the train start, that everybody cheered up and smiled and enjoyed the absence of fire and the merry pranks of the young people.

Miss Catharine sat looking on with a tender zest for the gift of seeing her mainly new husband. Time was when there had been visions in her eyes like of a happiness like this but what was the use in remembering dreams that had been lasting years and years? then somebody spoke to her, and she looked up and found the lad at her side.

"You will pardon me, won't you," she was saying, "for speaking to you, a stranger? Do not you live in the house a number of times, and you've always reminded me of my own boy. When I saw you sitting here I thought maybe you'd be so good as to take a message to her from me. My husband has come down with us, and she was too tired, but knew it was my wish that I wouldn't let me see her cry. I want to ask you to go and see her, Mrs."

"Miss Catherine Wise," interrupted the little woman.

"Well, mother for me, dear Miss Wise, that you saw me to the last, and that I was very, very happy; and tell her, what I couldn't trust myself to say, that if I were married a thousand times I'd never love her more, or be more in spirit, wherever my body goes."

"To her wife, my dear, I'll count it a privilege to go and tell her everything you say, and a few things I've seen for myself. She is the luckiest girl whose husband wants you. Good-by, and God bless you both!"

Mrs. Sales and Eunice presently came in with their suitcase.

"Why, Miss Catharine! However did you drift in here? I supposed you'd gone to bed by Jones."

"Of all the queer places," laughed Eunice. "I should run the other way if I were seeking entertainment."

"It's not so bad," Miss Catharine assured them hastily, then set her wraps around her preparatory to going home.

"I was dreadfully disappointed about the meeting, but I suppose there was some good reason why I shouldn't go or the Lord wouldn't have hindered in any way. I've enjoyed my day here, and some way I do feel lifted up and cheered. I feel now like I could stand an encounter with Sarah Jane, and she's my very sharpest trial, I'm sure. So my afternoon hasn't been entirely wasted, after all."

It never occurred to Miss Catharine herself, but the immigrant woman with her sunburnt babies, the laughing mother forgetting her grief in comforting her boy the timid country girl spending safely homeward, and the sweet young bride rejoicing in one more message of love to the door, showed another, each could have told that Miss Catharine's own disappointment was permitted because there was for her a higher service than attending services —giving service, and in the giving following in the footsteps of her Master, who "went about doing good."

An Old Story.

Last week two cases presented themselves at the office school which are lamentably problems of all institutions like ours.

A bright, pretty little girl was brought by her mother and grandfather to be placed in school as a pupil. She was just six years old, and in a short time seemed to take up with the little girls and enjoyed her new friends. She was put in the primary class, and her lessons were on the primary slate learning. As fate would have it, she caught a glimpse of them through the window. She cried; they heard her and—took her lessons. Of course she is young, but a deaf child with no means of learning at home, needs to start to school earlier than a hearing child. No parent need flatter himself that he is enshrining for all time in the artful ways of a little child, for a week or two with a troupe of little girls, plenty to eat, a cozy, warm bed, with lessons the most of them, and we have never seen the little boy or girl here who has realized homesick. It is a child's nature to place its love where it is kindly treated and this little girl in her three days would have been as happy as ten little new faces. She may come next year, but the years strengthen the child's desire to stay at home, and increase the chances of its parents to get it from it. This mother had much love, but it was bound by much ignorance, and is it seeking the real good of the pretty little girl?

The same week there came a great tall girl seventeen years old, deaf, new to hearing lessons to take up the work. She is put in a class with little children and has been robbed of something that is rightfully hers. It would have been a mother's love that did it, but although the little lass is not more in the greatest of all, there must be discrimination and a teacher must let the parents realize that the best teacher wants her child to stand in the light of children, and not under the shadow of his whole world. *—Arkansas Optic.*

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EASTERN—8.30 a. m.; 1.35 p. m.; 7.00 a. m., 11.30 a. m.; 5.05 p. m.; 10.45 p. m.

NORTHERN—Mixed, 8.30 a. m.; Mixed, 5.30 a. m., 11.05 a. m., 6.00 p. m.; 4.30 p. m.; 8.30 p. m.

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publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of general length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

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Ephphatha Mission Hall, 97 Alice Avenue at 3 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 130 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Hall School, at Ephphatha Mission Hall.

Maple Leaf Club meets every Saturday, Friday at 30 Shuter St., at 8 p. m.

Mrs. J. B. Murphy, President, 239 Beverley St.

Mrs. F. Burnside, Superintendent, 103 Rose Ave.

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C. B. COUCHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

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BRANTFORD, ONT.

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F. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

School Hours—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which time it is served to the pupils. Afternoon session is dismissed at 3.45 o'clock.

All School and the Public Assemble in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 9 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a body to their several classes. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Church of England. The Principal and Instructors will visit the several class rooms and departments five minutes before the time for dismissal each day.

Evening Study from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1 and from 3 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

Every Sunday:—Primary pupils at 8.15 a. m. senior pupils at 9.15 a. m.; General Lecture at 1.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the parents in charge.

Thursday:—Rev. Canon Spencer, Rev. G. W. Mansfield, Magistrate, Rev. A. H. Dymond, Methodist Minister, Rev. C. E. Saltmarsh, Rector of St. Thomas', Rev. R. McKay, Minister, the Principal, Matron, Steward, Teachers.

Every Tuesday:—Rev. Principal Gandier, Presbyterian Minister, Rev. Principal Sheraton, Congregational Minister, Rev. Principal Shaw, Methodist Minister, Rev. Principal Spencer, Baptist Minister

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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Teacher of Physical Training—Mr Ingram.

W. B. A. MCINTOSH, *Accountant & Clerk.*
JOHN T. HOLMES, *Instructor in Printing.*
H. S. ——, *Engineer & Assistant Engineer*
MISS MORRISH, *Matron Storeroom*
H. S. ——, *Engineer of Heap, etc.*
MISS J. FRASER, *Engineer*
MISS L. BRANDAGE, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*
JOHN DUNBAR, *Master Carpenter.*
MISS A. MORRISON, *Assistant Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*
J. N. ROY, *Master Baker*
WILLIAM H. LAIRD, *Farmer*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining the Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the ordinary schools.

All deaf children between the ages of seven and fifteen years, being of sound mind and free from contagious diseases, who are actual bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is ten months per year, with a vacation of about three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be charged the sum of $40 per year for board. Clothing, books and medical attendance will be furnished free

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT MENTIONED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or guardians.

At the present time the trade of printing, cabinetmaking, shoemaking or tailoring are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Housework, Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, sewing, Knitting, Machine and Hand Embroidery, and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Musical instruction or wood work for boys, and domestic science for girls, are given when desired.

It is required that leaving charges of deaf mute children will be taken charge of by the Local Agent appointed by the Government for their education and improvement.

For The Regular Annual Session commences on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to one by letter or otherwise.

C. B. DOUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, 1907.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS DESTINED and despatched without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Letters posted in the evening, if not in box in office door, will be in the city post office at 5.15 p. m. and at 1 p. m. of each week day and Sunday. The following articles are not allowed to be sent letters or packages, or received in small packages, or post cards, or by any way unless the same is in the limited time.

Sometime.

No wise to-day. The mind home to-day.

We are going to do a kindly deed,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy give in a time of need,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
We will do so much on the coming years:
We will banish the heartaches and fears,
And will comfort the lonely and day
their lives.
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

We will give a smile to a saddened heart,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Of the lonely burdens we will share a part,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we're going to right the wrong;
Sometime the weak we will help make strong;
Sometime we'll come with love's old sweet song,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

Ah, how we'll plan out the work to be
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Building in castles of wind we'll do,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime, resolves that we'd pledge to be true
We with fresh courage will undertake;
Sometime to-day we will awake,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

Sometime we'll reap of the joys to be,
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we'll sing a song of the free
Sometime, perhaps, but when?
Sometime we'll taste of the glories there,
Sometime a part of those splendors share,
And for eternity well prepare,
Sometime perhaps but when?

K. I. Brimstead, in C. E. World.

How Ray Played the Game.

No, boys, I can't do it," said Roy Parker, thrusting down his ball glove. "I'll play with you any week day, but not on Sunday."

"You know very well that the rest of us don't practice on any day but Sunday," answered Orrin Packard. "And if we don't practice how can we beat Sidney? For the last time I tried bowling those Sidney fellows tell how they can play ball. We've got to beat them if there's any such thing."

"I want to see Sidney defeated just as badly as you do," interrupted Roy, "but I promised not to play ball any more on Sunday, and I'm not going to." He turned and walked away, leaving the other boys in a state of consternation almost bordering on despair.

For a number of years considerable rivalry had existed between the quarrelsome towns of Newton and Sidney, especially in the matter of baseball. The two or three games played between the opposing teams from these towns were the chief sporting events of the year. For the past two years Newton had been invariably beaten, much to their chagrin, and prospects for this year were none too bright. Most of the players were farmers' boys who worked hard from morning till night throughout the week. They had little time for recreation, and in spite of the protests of their elders had drifted into the habit of playing ball on Sunday afternoon. And, indeed, the boys themselves were not so much to blame. Boys must have fun, and as long as they were given no time for it during the week they had it when they could. But natural for them to get together for what they considered as a harmless game of ball on Sunday afternoon. But Roy's Sunday School teacher had been talking with him long and earnestly, and he finally promised not to play on Sunday any more. The other boys knew well enough that it he said he wouldn't that settled it But what could they do without a pitcher? Prospects were certainly not very bright for Newton.

"There's just one chance, boys," said Orvin, "they say that Hans Jack sure is a crackerjack on pitch. Maybe we can get him."

"Who's his name?" shouted all the boys in chorus as they crowded around him.

Tommy Mowers, to something like that I'll drive around that way to-night and ask him if he will play with us.

Tommy Mowers was willing to play, and he would pitch, too, pitched in way that made the boys open their eyes to surprise and begin to look forward to the Sidney game with less trepidation

"You can be a goodly sandy boy if you want to," Ralph Packard said to Roy the next time he saw him. "We've got a pitcher now that can throw curves all straight, too."

Roy bit his lip and said nothing It was hard for him to disobey his father, who had positively forbidden him to play on Sunday, and he had promised not to do that very thing; and he would have the greatest of he never played ball again. Once in a while he would succeed in persuading his better nature to play catch with him for a few minutes while the boys were choosing their nonning. But more often he would go out behind the barn and throw at the haystack, with the hope of hitting little slater to push up the balls and throw them back to him. In this way he knew when Jack was going to see and criticise, that he could handle his ball, and he developed curves and speed that made his face glow with honest pride But after all, what was the use of it, if he couldn't ever play? The first great game was to be played the next Saturday afternoon, but he knew it would be no use to ask the boys to let him play He watched the ball game from the fence, but he couldn't see as big

The long expected day came at last The first game was to be played at Newton, and nearly everybody in the neighborhood were going to take a half holiday to see the fun. Roy thought at first that he wouldn't go, and work into the garden to hoe The ball field was only half a mile away, and about three o'clock the wretched yearning told Roy that the game had begun That was more than he could stand, and he threw down the hoe and started down the road on the run. He must see those Sidney fellows beaten even if he couldn't do it himself. He arrived just as the first one of the first inning.

"What's the score?" he asked anxiously as soon as he could catch his breath.

"Two and—" answered one of the Sidney players. "Just watch us run in half a dozen more the next time."

They did get one, and there the score stood through the entire inning, until it came to the eighth, with Sidney up to bat The Newton fans were seeing at first ball and made a safe single Then Sidney was jubilant.

The next batter with two pitch-ers? they cried. Yellow Stockings is up to the bat." Tommy gathered him self together and struck the first ball out, but his arm did not have the easy swing with which he had started, and it was evident that he was pitching with considerable effort. The next batsman made a two-bagger and let the runner around to third. Then Mowers lost his nerve completely and Sidney scored the runs in rapid succession. The Newton players were panic stricken. The third baseman fumbled a wild throw to first, the shortstop let an easy grounder roll away into left, and the bases were full again.

Tommy threw down his glove and called Orvin, who was catching behind the bat, out into the diamond. Words got to him something he said to all it and the rest of the fellows are to badly scared to do anything Can't you pitch?"

Orvin shook his head gloomily I never pitched a game in my life

"Isn't there some one—"

The boys cast about in the team who could Brace up and pitch. "I've got to do it

"I couldn't throw anything but a curve my life I might be all right, but I'm afraid I'll get knocked out clear

How did you do that? You must have a dandy fastball to get over Orvin

"Never mind about it But the game say be added with a begin organization, and decided to you boys!"

Parker
Isn't he here
Yes, out
Never mind at the decision We've got to win this game or we'll lose the only one that is left
Boy, come here Roy, come here."

Roy forgot the angles he had rehearsed, and forgot those long lonesome days and everything but that here was his chance to redeem himself He could pitch even if he hadn't practiced in months and he knew better than any one else how to curve with Sidney batters. He rose to his feet, pitcher's box, and the game was to be won

Play ball, came the command from the umpire

Roy pulled up Tommy's drawers, gave him a word of encouragement, and turned to get the ball from Orvin. The ball was waited toward the plate, and the swung out far out he found the outstretched ball

"One strike"

The next ball broke sharply, swung over the plate and the batter caught the second strike. The batter stepped back and forth, but the ball which followed and sullen threw down his bat The Sidney pitcher was the next man up, and while he managed single he stopped in this place, only to strike out on the next three pitches as he presented

Newton was exultant and came to the bat with renewed confidence and confidence is a prime essential in baseball The Sidney boys took their places again and determined Then might not be able to hit Parker, but they could at least prevent Newton from making up any more runs

Load on it, Jack" cried Orvin You know you can hit him

And Jack did hit him a quick liner out to right field which put him safely on first. The next two men both struck well, as if the bases were for what they stepped up to the bat Then the next time he had had a bat to his hands since our fall Would he make good?

You've got to make a hit Roy shouted them "A home run is to the bases.

The Newton crowd took up the cry "A home run" A home run"

The first two balls went wild The pitcher was trying to work him He dug his heels more firmly into the ground and waited The next one was a quick in curve drive by over the plate Roy met it squarely and was off to ward first like a flash, running as he had never run before. Around first and second he sped, then past third and down toward home The cross went wild but suddenly from the excited yelling Roy heard Orvin's sharp, insistent cry of warning spoke

It was a glorious slide, and as his fingers touched the plate he heard the thud of the ball as it struck the catch ers outstretched mitt

"Safe" rallied the umpire

Sidney played the rest of the inning doggedly, desperately, and though Ralph managed to get around to third, the man was put out before he could bring in the deciding score

"Home Run Doolittle, Sadley's bewitzed batter, was the first man up as Sidney came out to bat the last time Those long hours of lonely practice out behind the barn had won, and Roy

(Continued on last page)

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One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn them first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below.
Take them readily when given
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band.
One will fade as others greet thee
Shadows passing through the land

Do not look at life's long sorrow.
See how small each moment's pain
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has a look to do or bear.
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gain is set with care

Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond
Nor the daily toil forgetting
Look too eagerly beyond

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven, but one by one
Take them, lest the links be broken
For the pilgrimage be done

Adelaide Anne Procter

The Little Match Girl.

It was very cold. The snow fell, and it was almost dark for it was evening. yes, the last evening of the year

Amid the cold and darkness a poor little girl with bare head and naked feet, was walking through the street It is true she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were of no use to them They were very large slippers; so large that they had been used by her mother. Besides the little creature had them as she hurried across the street to avoid two carriages that were driving quickly past

One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other had been pounced upon by a boy, who ran away with it

So the little girl went along, a perfect picture of misery, poor little thing! The snowflake covered her long, flaxen hair, which hung in perfect ringlets around her throat

Lights were streaming from all windows, and there was a pleasant smell of roast, for it was New Year's Eve. She now sat down, crouching in the corner formed by two houses, one of which extended beyond the other. She had drawn her feet under, but she felt colder than ever. She dared not go home for she had not sold a match, and could not carry home a penny.

She would certainly be beaten by her father. Besides, it was very cold at home; for they had only a roof above them, and the wind came through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were nearly frozen. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers.

So at last she drew one out. Ah! how it shed sparks, and how it burned! It gave out a bright warm flame like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. Truly, it was a wonderful sight.

It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove with polished brass feet and brass shovel and tongs.

The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when, lo! the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the halfburnt match in her hand.

So she rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light; and where it shone on the wall, the wall became thin, like a veil, and she could see into the room.

A snow-white table cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a beautiful china dinner service, while a roast goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savory fumes.

And, what was still more delightful to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground, up to the poor girl. The match went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree. It was larger than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's.

Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pictures like those in the shop windows looked down upon her. She stretched out her hands toward them, but the match went out.

The Christmas lights went higher and higher. She saw that now they were stars in the sky. One of them fell, and made a long line of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother the only person who had ever loved her, but had long been dead, was alive still. It is a sign that some one is going up to heaven

She rubbed on her match against the wall, and it was again light all around. In the brightness stood her dear old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and loving

"Grandmother, cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine large Christmas-tree."

And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. The matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday; but her aged grandmother always was neither cold nor hunger.

In the cold dawn the poor little girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth. she had been frozen on the last night of the old year.

The New Year's sun shone upon the little dead girl. She still sat holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned. Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendor she entered, with her grandmother, upon the joys of the New Year.

Through the Year.

Sam Knew His Voice.

Sam was a shepherd dog. He belonged to Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith lived in the country on a farm, but went to town every day to his factory. One day Sam went with him. Mr. Smith put an old coat on the office floor and told Sam to lie down. After a while Mr. Smith went home. When the watchman went into the office he saw Sam lying on the coat. He tried to make Sam go home but Sam only growled and would not move. Then the watchman telephoned to Mr. Smith. He said that Sam was lying on the floor by the phone and would not go home. Mr. Smith told him to hold the phone near the dog. Then Mr. Smith whistled to Sam and said, "Come home, Sam, come home." Sam knew his master's voice and jumped up and ran out of the factory and up the street as fast as he could run- *Mt. Airy World.*

The average cow destroys 700,000 insects a year.

Whittington and His Cat.

Many years ago there lived a little boy named Richard Whittington. His had no home for his parents were out living. He had to work hard to earn his living. He was a honest and truthful boy. He was often cold and hungry.

He lived in a little town many miles from London. He heard many strange stories come from this city He heard that many people did not work, but laughed and sang. He planned to go London.

One day a large wagon drawn by eight horses came into the town where he lived. He thought he would go to London. He asked the driver if he might walk beside the wagon. When the driver learned that Dick was poor and without parents, he told him that if he wished to walk he could. Dick walked by the side of the wagon until he came to London. He thanked the driver

Dick ran off on the dirty streets which he thought were of gold Poor Dick asked anyone to please give him something to eat He was tired and sleepy as well as hungry He sat down on the door steps of a fine house and fell asleep. The house was owned by Mr. Fitzwarren.

When Mr Fitzwarren came home, he found Dick asleep on the steps. The gentleman woke him up. He asked, "Why! What are you doing here? Where did you come from?" Dick told him. "Would you not go to work?" the man asked. "Yes, indeed," said Dick. He was put into Mr. Fitzwarren's kitchen. He was not happy in the new home, because the cross old cook often beated his ears.

Mr. Fitzwarren had a son, a little girl named Alice She was very nice to him. One day a gentleman gave Dick a penny. He went on the street. He met a girl with a cat in her arms and said, "Will you sell me your cat for a penny?" She said, "Yes." He gave her the penny for the cat and took it to the garret. It drove out all the mice

One of Mr Fitzwarren's ship was to start upon a voyage across the sea to trade with unge Islands. Mr. Fitzwarren asked Dick what he would send on the ship. He said he had nothing, but with tears in his eyes, he brought the cat from the garret and it was sent to the ship. Alice made fun of Dick but gave him money to buy another cat.

The ship was sedded by the cook until he decided to run away. One morning when he reached London Bridge he sat down on a stone. It is called "Whittington Stone" now. He sat on it a while and then turned again and went back to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, but the cook did not know that he was there.

Mr. Fitzwarren's ships reached a strange land, where many people never saw a white man. Some of them bought the things from the ship. The captain of the ship was invited by the king of the country to eat with him.

The captain went to the king's place. He saw many people in the room. They with the king and queen. Many fine dishes were on the table. They were uncovered and many rats ran to the table to eat the things.

When the captain saw the rats and mice eating the food, he thought of Dick's wonderful cat in the ship. He told the king that Dick's cat could kill all the rats and mice.

He went to the ship and got the cat and took it into the dining room. Suddenly the cat jumped from his arms and killed all the rats. The king gave the captain a great deal of money.

The captain sailed for London with the treasure. When he got safely at home, he hurried to see Mr. Fitzwarren. He showed Mr. Fitzwarren all the gold of the king. The king had given it for Dick Whittington's cat. A servant found him cleaning pots in the kitchen. Dick was called up. Mr Fitzwarren told him that the captain sold his cat. He was given his gold.

He gave some of it to the captain, to the servants and to the cross old cook Dick wished to give Alice some, but Alice said that he must keep it as he could travel in the world.

He married Alice Fitzwarren, and by and by he became the Lord Mayor of London. Mary had Bulletin.

Trees.

The tree is a large plant. It has roots, a trunk, bark, branches, twigsap, leaves, fruit and seeds. The roots grow down into the ground. The trunk and other parts of the tree grow up in the air. The trunk is covered with bark. Some trees, such as the oak and the pine have very rough bark; others like the beech and the willow, have smooth bark. Some trees are very large and some are small. The largest trees in the world are in California and they are three feet in diameter The Douglas fir, which grow in British Columbia, are also very large. Some of these grow to a height of two hundred feet, with a diameter of two feet The wood of fir, pine, cedar basswood, etc. is called soft wood, and that of the oak, maple, beech, walnut etc is called hard wood. The most valuable kinds of lumber are black walnut, mahogany, ebony and bird's eye maple. A good black walnut tree is worth from $500 to $800. The maple tree is the emblem of Canada

In the winter there are a great many small feed buds on the branches. In the spring these buds open and small green leaves come out of them. The leaves are green all summer, but in the fall they turn red, yellow, brown and other colors and soon after they fall off the trees. Pine, fir, spruce, cedar and a few others are called evergreen trees in the spring sap flows from the roots through the trunk and branches to the leaves. Trees blossom in the spring Some trees produce fruit and others produce nuts.

Flies.

The body of a fly has three parts One part is the head. In the head are two large eyes. But what will you think when I tell you that each of these large eyes is made up of about four thousand very small eyes. Each of the small eyes has six sides. Of course these tiny eyes are placed very close together. A fly can see very well in these large eyes.

The feet of the fly are very curious They are made so that it can walk on the wall of a room and on a window glass as well as on the floor. Can you walk on the wall?

The fly has no teeth. Its mouth is a little like an elephant's trunk.

It cannot eat any thing hard because it sucks its food through its little trunk Flies are very fond of sugar. They first drop some water from their mouth on the sugar and then suck it. Soft or the fly can suck it through its trunk.

Flies do not breathe through their noses. I do not know that they have any. They breathe through little holes in their sides.

The fly keeps itself very clean Have you ever seen a fly rub its front legs over its head and its front wings? It does that? It is because the under side of the fly's feet and legs have many tiny hairs on them. These are its hair brushes if my dirt gets on its head or face it brushes it off quickly Then it rubs its feet and legs together. so that no dirt will stick to them.

Flies lay many very small eggs. Some times they carry diseases from one place to another.— *Mt. Airy World.*

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written February 9th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS

Archbishop Gauthier, who was ninety-seven a few years ago to visit our Institution and give a kindly and interesting address in the chapel, is leaving Kingston for Ottawa. On the 15th of this month the congregation of his Kingston parish will present him an address with $2,000 in gold. C. McVean

Our former Supt., Mr. Mathieson attended the Foresters Social in the city and the next morning he visited us and Dr. Coughlin conducted him through the school. We were much surprised and delighted to see him when he came. He looked well, and we hope he may have good health and a happy life. Muss McFarlane.

Last Sunday afternoon Rizzatth Veitch came to see us. We were delighted to see her again. She stayed here for a little while. She works at Mr. Mathieson's. She told me that she used to stay in Belleville. She said that perhaps she will visit Mrs. Scott some day.

It will soon be Valentines Day. Some boys and girls will get many valentine cards, and will send them to their parents and friends. F. Nelson.

We had a visit on Monday the 9th last by a large number of students from Albert College. They went into all the classrooms and throughout the institution under the guidance of Mr. Mathieson. It was much pleased with what they saw. When leaving they gave the College yell - Hello Barclay

I received a letter from my mother saying that they had the worst storm in Port Arthur. The snow had blown half way up against the windows, and it was the same everywhere and it was drifted about 15 feet high. Some of the snow came and made a path. My father went down to his friend's house on snow shoes, and in another place they came up over the fences. It rained a whole morning, and then it began snowing with quite a party, but it was so stormy they went to the theatre instead. Afterwards they went to Mrs. Munroe's house for supper. I think they had a very joyful time. E. Burke.

On the 4th of February in the afternoon the Deaf Hattie boys, under 15 years old, were invited to see the moving pictures in the Star Theatre in Belleville by one of the gentleman who gave them free admission. When our supervisor, Mr. Minns, told them to get in their best clothes before dinner, they were excited to get to the city as they have not gone to the city since September, and they were glad to get the chance to see many beautiful things in the store. About 1 o'clock p. m. they got in our sleigh and rode to the city. They had great enjoyment. - George McLaren.

There will probably be a hockey match between the deaf boys, and the city boys soon. We must have a hockey match because all the games are over in spring, although we have not determined about it as we are not ready to play.

The great storm, that raged on Feb. 2nd in Eastern Ontario, is said to have been the worst in forty years in Montreal. All freight trains were stopped; passenger trains were detailed; trolley-lines were laid up; and the hotels were full of people, who could not get home to go to business. Many accidents occurred on the railways, and great damage has been done. The storm extended throughout Ontario and Northern Ontario. It is still raging in Ontario with the temperature below zero. — W. Ellis.

I heard that Maggie Kensinger came with her brother to Napanee from Hamiltonon January 28th. Her brother returned to Hamilton. Maggie is staying with my dear parents and because she has got a job. She worked in Hamilton since August but the factory is taking work in Hamilton. I hope she likes her new employment. I remember her, because she was here a few years ago. Artie Chestnut and Arthur Wilson invited Maggie to their parties last Thursday night and Saturday. I am glad to hear that she had a fine time there. — M. Mason.

MR. RALIN' CLASS.

-This year some senior boys skated on the bay one Saturday afternoon but some girls did not do so. Some of the seniors played hockey and enjoyed skating in the bay for the first time. I

Miss James told the girls that Mr. Peppler's son fell in the bay. Mr. Mudge, accidentally. A man brought him to Mr. Peppler's home from there. His head is very painful. I hope he will soon recover. We were so amazed that he had had such a bad fall. -P. Wiedrim.

I heard about the terrible train accident at Kingston on Jan. 23rd. There was a wreck up the O. P. R. near Kingston and an engineer and fireman were killed. A freight train on a hill broke in two and one half ran back and collided with a train behind it, smashing the engine and killing the two men. They were both married and had children. I do not know if that the trains have accidents every day

Mr Balls told my classmates and me that a milk man's horse ran away last week and collided with Mr. Will mod's pony it was scared and also ran away. Both horses were quickly caught. They are beautiful chestnuts. T Brown

It was raining last Tuesday night and it was a stormy day. The ice is spoiled and the rink is good. Mrs. Minns died last Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock and Mr. Minns went home and he saw his sister on Sunday. Mrs. Minns dying. Some boys went to the rink on Saturday some evening and they were pretty. They went skating on the bay. Mr. Charlton did not allow the boys to skate on the rink as the ice was broken. The boys are skating on the bay this morning afternoon I saw a horse and cutter on the bay and it went fast. - Edward Bolton

I read in a newspaper that in South St. Myers, Indiana, that Mrs. Mary Jane Jack Thompson, J. H. MacRie and Oscar Nantzman, were killed by a mysterious explosion of dynamite.

I also read that in Chicago a thief stuck a fountain pen's nurse and could not give it back. I thought that request with a slap that sent the man to the side walk. He was picked up into the arms of a policeman by White Wash.

There is another boy helping still. His name is F. Smith. There were too many boys to skate on the bay, we could have two rinks to skate. He is a comical boy and keeps us laughing. I know him. He used to live in Napanee, and often milked the cows last summer.

The Bulbonic Plague is spreading at Hong and Russia. The government is watching the northwest parts, and that no Chinese or Russians with the plague get into Canada

Mr Balls told us that he dreamed he was swimming in the bay and a shadow appeared a long time and it was him. He splashed the water and called a man to shoot it. He was awfully frightened and awoke. We laughed at him very much.

A rim away horse collided with Mr Whitney's cutter and broke it last week Jan. 28th. Mr. Whitney's pony was scared and also ran away. Both horses were quickly caught.

I read in a newspaper at Parry Sound a man, named Earl Fred Beatty went to the woods and he shot a deer with a rifle. He saw it on the ground. His wife told him that she would take some venison for dinner He said "So." He did not like the deer it and he left the deer in the woods.

My friend, Miss McPhee told me that she went to Ottawa by the whole month. She teaches the little-thinking people how to read. She is good and pupuare. They wished to obey their teacher. She took a photo of the children near the school last summer. -C. Dierks.

Ernest Whyte told me that she got a box from her brother last Wednesday forenoon and she was delighted to find candies in it. I think that he is very kind to her and her sister Belle. I think that he is working hard in Ottawa. He is very kind and he is earning much money every month. I think that his work is excellent. V. Coursey.

-Mr. Balls told us that the men teachers saw a robin walking on the ground near the school last week and it was fat. We were surprised that he saw it.— V. Coursey.

-This cloudy, but not cold day, finds us all busy in good health still, and the hospital is not busy.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

There are about three hundred cases of 13 phoid fever in Ottawa and some persons died. There are a great many cases of scarlet fever in Winnipeg.

Some other boys and I went to Griffin's Theatre last Saturday afternoon and we saw the dancing pictures. One of them was about a brakeman fighting with another on a freight car. Charlie Dorschner.

There was a very heavy snowstorm in Montreal, Ottawa, and many other places and the street-cars and trains were stopped. It happened last week.

I heard that thousands of people in China are dying of starvation and of the bubonic plague. M Golds.

Yesterday morning many young men came here and went around the classes with two teachers whose names were Professor Dawson and Professor Paul They are students in Albert College. The pipes were in front of Albert College so they got a chance to come here

Yesterday my teacher, Miss Templeton told Lottie, Peter and me to stay in our classroom She said that she would like to because we were bad pupils in school We did not know what to do that morning She failed us. She was joking and gave us each 100 ratings because we often helped her

Last little brothers were going into school. I saw a slid off the roof and struck one of them on the head and killed him It happened on Quebec street last week.

Feb 2nd we called Candlemas Day The boys always come out of the den on that day and if he sees his shadow he goes into it and we will have six weeks more of winter We did not think that he would see his shadow because it was not a bright day to V

My class leader Barbara's birthday will be on Feb 22nd and we all hope she will enjoy herself on that day She will be fourteen years old and we wish her many happy returns of her birth day. F. E. St Dougall

A letter came from home lately They are in Ottawa and they have all the electric cars and trains stopped running. There was a snowstorm there on Monday morning and I walked up to the Normal School. Miss Templeton was there. She was a prefect a little while ago.

I read in a newspaper that two horses were killed by a train lately in Quebec. It was about $500 It happened in Kingston.

The Ottawa team defeated the Quebec team at a big hockey match The score was 3 to 1. They played on the Rideau Canal.

The water here is swelled the snow off the rink at noon and the wind drift all the snow on it again. Some other boys shovelled the snow off the side walk last Saturday morning but they had to shovel snow off the sides also last Saturday morning They felt well and industrious and they were comfortable. The snow is about seven inches deep. There was a snowstorm on Monday night P Smith

I got a letter from home. One of my little cousins is very sick and she is a little lame one she was a little girl. She showed it to a doctor in Ottawa and he said that she did not know how she hurt it. The doctor put it in plaster of paris and it was hard. She could not walk alone for a long time, but she walked with crutches. She showed it to the doctor again and he took off the plaster of paris. I think she can walk well now. Her name is Mabel. F. McDougall.

-The little boys went to the Star Theatre last Saturday and they enjoyed themselves. I went also. - Hubsond.

I got a long letter from my dear aunt Mrs. P. Smith and my dear cousin Edna a few days ago. Elsie and I were glad to hear from them. My dear cousins, Jennie and Elsie, are in Toronto. Jennie sews fancy work in Eaton's. Beulah Wilcox.

MRS. BALLS' CLASS

Jan 27th.. Mr. Mathison came back here. He came to see us. We were all glad to see him

The rink is bad and we wanted to skate. Now the rink is good.

I read in a newspaper a man named William Armstrong fell from an elevator one hundred feet high at Belleville.

I read in a newspaper that five persons died in Belleville on Sunday. Cyril Loper

Mrs. Balls was a robin January 31st.

We are glad it is not February.

Mr Minns visited us and had last Saturday. Mr Minns went home he saw her Roy Blake

MR. INGRAM'S CLASS

This morning a number of parents went visited the 1 stitution They came in Mr. Ingram's class room with Mr. Newport just before recess They stayed only a few minutes. We spoke to them and they answered us They seemingly were pleased to see us. I can speak at this school - Edward Paine

Last week I received a big letter from my brother Willie who is in a class in the High School at Welland I am very glad that he is doing so well if he works hard at it. Maybe he'll perhaps he will get Tuesday's College after he has finished. He does get very glad, because I could see him when I was there last Christmas. I can't say how many times the snow went. We've had 15 years old. - Archie

On Saturday afternoon seventh five of the boys went to see Scott Theatre to see the moving pictures Mr. Minns went with us. We went up the city in the big farm waggon drawn by the grey team We liked it very much - Parker

I got a nice letter from my mother and she said that my little sister Minnie went to the Public Manse In Hall from Alvanley School and an Friday night I was invited to Mr. and Mrs. Laycock school this year. Minnie said that she likes Miss Arnold Hattie the Public School. Miss Reynolds teaches Willie is going to Toronto. I hope to see Minnie and Willie at Carrell Hall I hope you all will have a good time - Valentine Bus M Sturgeon

Miss Mathieson was

I had a good ride at 4 o'clock afternoon. He ought me. I could not get home He would let me go Saturday. We were out for a ride. They did not help me. They were afraid I was going to fall down. I woke up then I was glad it was only a dream

I got a post card from a friend in Ottawa Mr. Dierd told me that many people were sick in the hospital and he was sorry for the poor fellow

I got a letter from my mother yesterday She sent me a paper also, the first She told me that my home was burned. She said that a man fire. It was only at night. The people were all through the wall and part of the home was burned. Oh my poor mother was afred of the people. She hopes everything would be lasted. Mrs. Peaker on the 8th of June and rose all the from smoke and water Mother and father will be busy now. They will have to work over again. I will tell about my home! I was sorry for my mother and father - Mabel Smith

MISS BURKE'S CLASS

Charles Wilson and I and the boys, went to the city on Saturday, Jan. 27th. The horses used was big waggons, and we rode in the waggon We all went to the Star theatre We saw moving pictures. We saw Indians and cowboys in the pictures They fought with each other - Gordon Leggett.

My mother came on Sunday She gave a hair-bow tied to me

I had a box on Saturday

I did not get a post card from mother.

I wrote a letter to her yesterday morning

Mother gave some paper and a pencil to me M. Johnston

We shall go home on June 21st We shall not have school It will be summer in June.

There will be flowers. They smell sweet. It will be very nice in the summer. Annie Steele.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First — That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second — To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Third — To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

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EDITORIAL

GEO. F. STEWART — EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO — "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1911.

About Those School Histories.

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Lone Star*, takes issue with us relative to our remarks in a recent issue about the kind of histories used in many American schools. We said that, while there is a great change for the better in recent years, yet even now, in some cases, the facts are grossly perverted, while the books used a few years ago were absolutely unreliable regarding events connected with the wars between the United States and Britain and Canada. We thought that this was so notoriously true that no well-informed American would question it. No good purpose would be served by any lengthy discussion of this subject, but we give below a few extracts that may interest our contemporary, coming, as they do, from an American.

A few years ago Prof. J. M. Dixon, of Washington University, St. Louis, spent the vacation at Niagara Falls, and, being interested in such matters, he made an independent investigation relative to the events that took place in that vicinity during the war of 1812-14, and he stated his conclusions in an article that appeared in the New York *Independent*. Speaking generally, he says:

"It is impossible in reading the story of the War of 1812 as it affected the peninsula not to feel a warm sympathy with the people who were fighting for their homes and for their historic flag. Now at the close of the nineteenth century, when the Republic has asserted itself as not the least among the great nations of the earth, her historians are beginning to do justice to the colonists, who, differing from the majority in the great struggle of the Revolution, were branded as Tories, credited with countless crimes and misdemeanors they were never guilty of, and ruthlessly expelled from their homes."

Then, referring to the battle of Lundy Lane, which he says was "the most bitterly contested battle of the war," he says:

"Most American visitors, remembering the account of the battle as given in their school histories, are puzzled, amused or chagrined at the confidence with which the keeper of the Lundy's Lane observatory insists that the inscription on the monument is wholly justified by the facts of the case. When they begin to investigate matters for themselves they are mortified. They find that they have been fooled by their school histories. The following is from an account of the battle as given in a widely read history for schools:—

"'At midnight the British gave up their efforts, and left the Americans in possession of the field. This battle of Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, was one of the most hotly contested actions ever fought in the new world. Three thousand Americans and 4,500 British took part in it. The former lost 743 in killed and wounded, the latter, 878.'

"The above is complete fable. The requirements of grave historical accuracy overturn nearly every statement made."

Prof. Dixon says that General Porter, the second in command of the American forces, in a letter to the Governor of New York State, called the battle "a defeat" in which "the dead, the wounded and captured artillery, and our hardly-earned honor were left to to the enemy." Yet this "widely read school history" said that "the Americans were left in possession of the field." But perhaps they meant the dead Americans. As a matter fact, the American forces comprised at least 4,000 men with a great preponderance of artillery, while less than 3,000 British troops were engaged. Prof. Dixon continues: "One undoubted disgrace still remains to be wiped out—the narration of the war so far as American writers have undertaken the task * * * As matters stand at present, American visitors to the Peninsula, in quoting their historians as authorities, expose themselves to ridicule.

"To quote one signal instance out of many. Any serious student of the campaign of 1813 knows that the lowest point in the fortunes of the British defenders of Upper Canada was reached when Chauncey, with his fleet, landed a victorious army of 4,000 men at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and left General Dearborn master of the situation. The British hurriedly evacuated Fort George and retreated to their last rallying-point at Burlington Heights, near what is now the prosperous city of Hamilton, until reinforcements should arrive. They numbered barely 1,500 men, in all respects badly equipped. The victorious American army, nearly 4,000 strong, moved along the lake shore to drive them from their position; and to await the attack probably meant defeat and the loss of the province. On June 5 the invaders were but seven miles off, at Stony Creek, in a well-chosen camping-ground. This date marks the turning-point of the war. A brilliant exploit on the part of the forces at bay changed the attacked into pursuers, and completely demoralized the invading army, so that henceforward it accomplished nothing. A chosen band of 704 redcoats, under a leader who was afterwards famous at Waterloo, stole into the American camp shortly after midnight, bayoneted the pickets, dispersed the bewildered battalions as they attempted to form, captured two of the eight field-guns, and retired before daylight should disclose the paucity of their numbers, with the two generals, Winder and Chandler, and over a hundred others as their prisoners. It is one of the best instances on record of 'rushing the camp.'

The following is the garbled account served out to the American schoolboy:

'A superior force of Americans set out in pursuit (of the British to Burlington Heights), but were attacked at night by the British, while encamped a few miles from their lines. The enemy were so warmly received that they beat a retreat; but they had managed in the melee to capture the American generals, and the officer left in command shrank from the responsibility of further offensive operations, and fell back to await orders from Dearborn. This was unfortunate; an immediate attack on the British could hardly have failed of success, for their general also had been separated from his army in the darkness, and was found next day several miles from camp with neither hat nor sword.'

He ends here. The real fact is that before the American army got back to Fort George, the retreat rendered necessary by the demoralization, consequent on the night attack, had turned into a flight; and that the story of the wanderings of the British general in the woods is a silly fabrication. It is on a par with the 'Booty and Beauty' yarn with which Hildreth absurdly closes his account of the battle of New Orleans; and with the story of the scalp found above the Speaker's chair in the Parliament House at (Toronto) York. Our historian gravely narrates this fable, and has no space left for the important action at Beaver Dams, where Laura Secord so highly distinguished herself.

Examples like the above could be multiplied ad nauseam; but I have quoted sufficient to show how our schoolboys are taught fables after the manner of the Chinese. It is impossible to learn the valuable lessons which history teaches when the writers who have the national ear, through laziness or incompetency, retail garbled or invented historic material, fit only to tickle the national vanity."

We could supply our readers with plenty more such evidence, taken from American sources, as to the kind of matter put before American children as history, but we refrain. We don't desire to say anything to hurt the feelings of our friends across the lines. There are no braver soldiers in the world than American soldiers, but they are not a whit braver than British or Canadians. We are all of one blood, and should have a common pride of race, and for either side to belittle the courage of the other is to besmirch our common ancestry; and it is to be hoped that the school histories of the future will come within at least speaking distance of the truth in narrating our unfortunate differences of the past. Our contemporary says our histories are as bad in this respect as theirs. We think it is speaking at random now, for we seriously doubt if it ever saw a Canadian school history. The charge we repel—no such perversion of facts as Prof. Dixon above exposes can be found in any of our school histories. Out of the multitude of general histories written it would be surprising if some could not be found that gave fables for history, but that is quite a different thing from allowing such things to appear in a school history, endorsed by the educational authorities, and placed in the pupils' hands as authentic. We Britishers have our full share of faults and failings, but the belittling of our enemies' bravery and achievements is not one of them, for it has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the British to do full justice to the enemy, to applaud and admire courage wherever it may be found, to accept victory modestly and to freely admit defeat when defeat has been sustained.

Our contemporary can get a suggestive sidelight on this controversy by reading what was said of Davis and Lee in most of the Northern histories, and of Lincoln and Grant by the historians of the South, and comparing it with the laudations—often almost fulsome—by British writers of the Boer generals in the recent South African war. When Cronje was captured and came into the presence of British troops, he was greeted with cheers that were almost as hearty as those accorded Roberts or Baden-Powell; and when Botha visited England he was received with enthusiastic acclammations wherever he went, and his progress through the streets of London was like a triumphal procession. We can scarcely imagine that General Lee would have been so received in New York.

—Mr. Ray Peppin, we are glad to report, is slowly recovering.

—The *Almonte Gazette* reports that Mr. Fred Blake, father of one of our pupils, captured the Thoburn cup at the poultry show in Carleton Place, besides winning five firsts, five seconds and four specials.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

What's the matter with 1911? Oh! It's all right as far as providing snow and frost for sports is concerned. On January 28th all the pupils, accompanied by their teachers, enjoyed a jolly sleigh-drive through the city to Papineau Ave, for which our sincere thanks go to our beneficent President who, we are glad to say, paid us the long deferred visit on January twenty-seventh.

The blizzard of February second, while blocking the thoroughfares and cars to such an extent that the postman and others had to approach the building on snowshoes, gave the pupils and teachers the opportunity of several delightful snowshoe tramps. A number of the ex-pupils joined us and especially enjoyed "Fete de Nuit" when the Park slide was brilliantly lighted with fire-works. The boys have been much occupied in clearing the rink and pathways.

Service was conducted on the first Sunday of the month as usual by Mr. D. W. Ross. We are much indebted to Mr. Ross for his personal services. Neither trouble nor expense are spared in providing new and suitable lantern slides. Miss G. D. Daly, one of the staff, had charge of the lantern.

One of our brightest blind pupils, Elora Gerard, was made happy by a visit from her parents and sisters, who are returning from Toronto to their old home at Capuciens.

Miss Sanderson, the latest addition to our staff, made a week-end visit to her home, where she found all were well.

We are delighted to welcome little Marion Stanger and Julius Sterns to school again. Marion left to attend a hearing school but has returned to have her speech further corrected. Julius has been ill since Christmas with bronchitis.

A hockey match between the High School and the McKay resulted in a score of four to two in favour of (sad to relate) the High School. Our boys are skilful players but they evidently met with more skilful on that occasion.

An unexpected and much appreciated treat of ice-cream and cake was provided the pupils one evening by Mrs. Munn, whose little son joined the the blind class last September. The boys and girls expressed their thanks to Danny by a vigourous clapping of hands.

Notwithstanding the temptations for outside sport, the pupils, with few exceptions, are faithful in giving the allotted time to study. The majority are making noteworthy progress. The class of the blind are making excellent progress in music.

A much looked-forward-to event was the masquerade held on our own rink February tenth. All the senior pupils, several teachers and a number of graduates were on the ice in gala attire. The Japanese lanterns were very effective in adding to the gaiety of the scene. Coffee and light refreshments were partaken of before the party broke up. The costumes worn were: Japanese, Mabel Bremner; Shepherdess, Pauline Rousseau; Night, Ruth Tipping; Yama Girl, Mabel Mackenzie; Nurse, Lily Crombie; Snowshoe Girl, Emily Kendall; Motor Girl, Annie Stanger; Summer Girl, Elora Girard; Peasant, Esther Foley; Old Fashioned Girl, Bessie Franklin; Frivolity, Pearl Robinson; Choir Girl, Essie Sourkes; Cowboy, Amy Barry; Housewife, Nellie Keyworth; Fancy Dress, Jessie Lamont; Japanese Lady, Miss P. Sanderson; Arabian Girl, Miss J. Fraser; Domino, Miss May Cunningham; Winter, Miss Booth; Italian Girl, Miss Snowdon; Cowboy, Arthur Robinson; Topsy, Willie Wallace; Convict, Gordon Betts; Fancy Costume, Philip Arcand; Indian, Frank Ferry; King of Hearts, Jack Young; Witch, Don Stuart; Turk, Leon Abramovitch; Good Luck, Ivan Power; Indian, James Grimes; Postman, Joseph Hadjelhi; Newsboy, Henry Tucker; Bunyon's Pilgrim, Mr. Gordon Staniforth; Santa, Mr. Bennell.

Among the visitors who appeared in costume were the following deaf friends:—Grandfather, Mr. Harry Upton; Egyptian lady, Miss Winnifred Daankal; Admiral, Mr. H. Armstrong; Gentleman of Leisure, Mr. W. Patterson; Hussar, Mr. H. Carter; Domino, Miss A. Knott; Night, Miss E. Baker; Darkie and wife, Mr. M. Kaufman and J. Barry; Tobogganing Girl, Miss L. Kaufman; Canadian Boy, Carl Mergler.
—G. A. Snowdon.

February 11th, 1911.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

HOME NEWS

1910 1911

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INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1911.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES R. FORD.

The sun is getting stronger

The bears did not see their shadows on Candlemas Day.

Miss Hunter returned after spending a short visit in Toronto last week. She wears a broad smile since she came back. She must have had a swell time in spite of her short visit.

The pupils have been enjoying coasting, privy enjoyment of the real sense and they are very nice. Will not be my valentine?

Mr. W. W. Scott, who was here for a number of years, is enjoying his farm life and expects to work hard on his father's 80-acre farm this coming spring. He is a steady farmer.

The happy shouts echoed their sweetness in building snow-huts like the Eskimo huts in the Far North. Some of the inmates of these snow-huts have been heard to say that they were always happy in spite of their fancy homes.

The people who live in the Northern part of Ontario, must have a snow-time with the big snow-storm. some in some places, have ten feet high. I do not know how the mail-men keep alive. Every year some "old-timer" inhabitants say we have the worst snow-storms we ever had. I wonder if the snow has been increasing every year.

About a couple of Saturdays ago he scalar boys in charge of our head janitor, Mr. Noble, went to the lay, but when the ice was smooth and hard on it, but they made a big mistake for the ice was very rough on account of the rain, followed by the cold weather. They fell down in different styles. They came back somewhat disappointed.

Mrs. McFee, now Miss Gibson, formerly a teacher in our staff, visited us one day last week.

Our little boys enjoy the snow. They have an opportunity of making snow huts and houses. Already they have completed several of them.

We must thank our friend, Mr. Bigden, of Toronto, for the loan of the fine set of slides representing the Ten Commandments, from which we made a profitable Sunday evening lecture. On Sunday, 5th, we shall use the slides in the Y. M. C. A. in the city, and on the following Sunday afternoon were over in the afternoon, the boys gathered at the Palace theatre and the pictures thrown on the screen and sawyer Shorey gave the boys an instructive address on the subject.

An American paper, many years ago, gave, under flaring headlines, an account of the death of Mark Twain, and the genial humorist wrote the editor a characteristic letter, in which he averred that the report of his death was greatly exaggerated. Mrs. Terrill, formerly of our staff, has had a similar experience, the February Falls *Review* having given a brief notice of her death. We are glad to inform our readers that Mrs. Terrill is still in the land of the living, possessed of good health, and has every prospect of enjoying yet many years of happy and useful existence. The mistake was an unfortunate and, it seems to us, an unreasonable one.

Mr. Bills has had an attack of La Grippe but is well again.

The Teachers' Association held their monthly meeting on Tuesday, 7th inst.

Miss Bray, Miss Willoughby and Miss Hunter spent the week-end in Toronto.

—We are getting on towards spring now and it will soon be time to look out for the first robin.

Miss Bull has the warmest sympathy of everyone at the Institution became of the death of her brother, which sad event occurred recently in British Columbia.

The rink has been in excellent condition during the last few days, and the boys and girls spent their spare time skating. We are convinced that open air rinks are very healthy.

We can sympathize with our friends of the Belleville school. The measles have been rife there, following an epidemic of scarlet fever. The disease has taken a mild form and is confined to a few cases.

The boys and girls, accompanied by several of the lady teachers, spent last Saturday evening on the rink. The ice was good and the variety of electric bulbs gave a good light, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Electricity is a wonder lighting power have been placed in the sitting rooms, to be used at night study and are very helpful. The changed light have also been changed to a higher power, a much better lighting being used.

Plans are being laid to give the pupils a pantomime entertainment some Saturday evening in the near future. To carry this out the boys and girls will have to work steadily in their spare time for practice if it is to be made a success.

The snow storm which, last week, blocked things up in the west did not strike us very hard here. It gave the boys a little lively work with the snow-shovels and furnished the small boys with plenty of material for snow houses and forts.

Part of the boarding apparatus at Albert Ulrich's rink was burned down one night and studies were in part suspended. About twenty-five of the students took advantage of these fires and went over to see us, spending an hour or two here.

We were sorry to learn of the misfortune with which Mabel Smith's parents have been afflicted. They live in Toronto and the snow which fell during the great storm was followed by fire. Considerable damage was wrought upon Mr. Smith's home and household furniture by the water and smoke.

Both boys and girls have been having plenty of skating lately during the noon recess and in the evening after study. The boys have been let out of the shops at 6 p. m. every Wednesday; the girls have part of Saturday afternoon and also often at the rink after 6 p. m. during the week.

During the afternoon recess (even-ings also) the boys have been having plenty of sliding lately and though brief, the morning was most cordial. Mr. Shelborne looks as well and jolly as ever and never forgets to enquire of the old friends.

Miss Maggie Ensenigger, of Markham, late of Hamilton, has secured a home with us, she will be with us for the winter.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 29th last at Alton Hall Mr. F. Brigden treated the large assembly who were there for a magic lantern talk on "A Globe Ring and his Master" and it was a very helpful lesson. The subjects thus shown and discussed were Atlas and his bond of being able to carry the world and his subsequent discovery of the fatal knowledge of the telephone and Abraham Lincoln, in the roll of peace makers and great nation builders, through Divine help, and the difficult and diplomatic career of Napoleon Bonaparte whose self boasting soon demolished the world that "Pride goeth before a fall." Following this came the aftermath of the great flood, the rise and fall of Babylon, through Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar. A big part of King Nebuchadnezzar's early reign was also given. Then Miss M. O'Neil rendered the beautiful hymn, "Standing by a Purpose True," and after the story of Daniel was given. Miss M. Waters recited the hymn, "Watch and Pray."

Mr. A. W. Mason, while in Windsor on his recent visit, thought of his dear old friends in Detroit so over the border he made his way and found them all well and prospering. What struck him most was the large number of former Belleville girl graduates now living happily in that city across the river, who have since been captured in the matrimonial nets of our American cousin.

Miss Arlie M. Chestnut entertained about 25 of her young friends at her parental home in the east end on the evening of 2nd ult., to a social party and there they all were made perfectly at home. They enjoyed a good time in playing parlor games of many kinds and a splendid lunch was served, after they thoroughly the evening and on leaving for home at the late hour after enjoying a dainty repast declared they had a swell time.

Mrs. Jas. Lightfoot and son Charlie have returned to her mother's home at Niagara Falls, N. Y. State. Mr. Wm. now left alone in the Mountains of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wm. says he does not like the place there but he will stay there as long as he can.

Mr. Herbert Kerslake got ill and was up in our mess room one Sunday not long ago.

Arthur Wilson had for a month or a modern refrigerator in his neighborhood and his long service deserved more substantial reminder than a mere verbal thanks. Saturday evening, Feb. 4th, was the occasion and it took the form of a social gathering at which a number of friends assembled with some of the boys and girls, and as a token they did not Arthur a gold locket and chain. Mr. Arthur Wilson has been employed at Hamilton, was a pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Peirce for a couple of days lately.

Mr. Brigden is now with us for a month or two and is busy with the boys and our Bible class meetings on Sunday afternoon. He is a welcome visitor and is deeply taken up with the subjects that there is now much interest in these meetings. H. W. J.

OTTAWA NOTES

From our own correspondent.

Engagements and marriages are the topic of the day. Miss Lizzie Ryan, of Ottawa, will marry Mr. Hall, of Montreal, not engaged, that is if I am not mistaken. Congratulations.

Dr. Bayne gave a lecture part of his day of friends at the residence of Mrs. Bayne, on Feb. 2nd. It was a very pleasant and good evening and to say they had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Kirk of Peterborough, is at present in Ottawa and we are informed that he is a regular fixture there as the next resident of the capital.

Miss Mabel Hodgins, of Ottawa is in Ottawa for a few days at present the first week and possibly she is now on her way to the south of the U. S.

Misses Hodgins and Stephens left on the 2nd inst. They were Montreal Ottawa a few days ago.

Mr. Allen was also down visiting old acquaintances in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are on their honeymoon trip through the west. Ottawa and had for visitors Miss Mary Cunningham, of Montreal and Mr. Rankin, of Toronto.

Mr. Frank Waggett was married a few weeks ago to a Presbyterian girl and of City town. They have set most their time in Toronto for their future happy married prospects.

Mr. Hodgett, Ottawa son of an old friend, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgett, of Deerfield, was two months in this country visiting his numerous relations here.

Your scribe while doing to the city and Deerfield, while on the return on a business trip into the country.

The recent Blizzard did a knock up the road here, but we are informed that further back there are in some places impassable.

Mr. Gray is at present drilling for another Well in the place he has had drilled. We trust he will have better luck this time than formerly. Mr. Hagen had a well drilled and had 78 feet deep and has a sufficient supply his residence is being pumped this year.

Mr. Bayne's brother, Timothy with his family, went on a three months trip to California. Health is the inducation of the western provinces. We expect them home soon

WANTED

COMPANIES and helper in house work. Young deaf girl preferred. For particulars address MRS. A. WINGHAM
Box 42, Wingham Ont.

A good strong boy or young man to learn carpentering, to work on the farm for the coming summer. Address
DAVID M ALEXANDER
Lumber Dan

A GOOD MAN to work on farm. He must be a good milker. Address, for particulars
ALFRED LEE
City View P. O.

Some Queer Customs.

Korea is near China and Japan. The people of Korea look a little like the Chinese. They skin is yellow and they have slanting eyes. Their hair is black and straight.

They have many queer customs. Their houses are made of wood or clay. Sometimes the roofs are made of straw.

The walls between the rooms are made of paper and the floors are made of stone.

There are no stoves or fireplaces. There is a cellar under the floor. It is like an oven. A fire is made in the cellar and it keeps the rooms warm. Sometimes the stone floor becomes so hot that the people can hardly walk on it.

There are no chairs. The people sit on mats on the floor. Poor people also use the mats for beds, but the rich people have mattresses. The mattresses are laid on the floor at night and in the morning they are taken up and put away.

They sit on the mats on the floor when they eat their meals. They have very low tables. They do not use knives or forks. They use chopsticks.

They are very fond of rice and eat a great deal of it. The Chinese and Japanese are very fond of tea, but the people of Korea do not drink tea. They drink rice water.

The family do not eat together. The men eat first and the women wait on them. When the men have finished, the women and children eat what is left.

Their money is different from ours. There is only one kind of coin. It has a hole in the middle.

The people do not have pocket books. They put their money on strings and carry it around their necks.

They have a funny way of selling eggs. They place the eggs end to end in a row and put straw around them. Then they tie the straw between the eggs. This is called a stick of eggs. When people want to buy eggs, they ask for a stick of eggs or for as many sticks as they want. One stick of eggs costs less than five cents. *Companion.*

Dot And Her Dolls.

Dot is a little girl. She has eight dolls. Some of them have no arms or legs. Some she have the best. One doll has no head, and Dot says that one has the head ache. Dot has a funny grandpa. Once when he came for a visit he got her a new doll on his knee and trotted it up and down. This pleased Dot. So she brought all her dolls, even the one with no head, and he trotted them all on his knee and sang to them. He had to put his arms around them to hold them on, and oh, how Dot laughed, it was such fun.

This is what Dot's grandpa sang to O! the dolls of little Dot.
What a funny, bumpy lot,
Eyes of brown and eyes of blue,
Flaxen hair, and curly, too,
O, how many dolls she's got
Happy, darling little Dot.

Dandy.

Dandy is a seal. He has a real sealskin coat of a soft, dark brown color. He is very fond of the man who takes care of him and has taught him several tricks. Sometimes he sits in a chair and plays on a banjo. He wears a large pair of spectacles on his funny little nose, and looks very wise and knowing. Of course Dandy cannot really play a tune. His trainer ties one of his flippers to the strings of the banjo, Dandy knows that he will get a big piece of fish after he has played. He wants the fish, so he pulls the strings. The people in the audience think that Dandy is playing. But the tune is really played by someone behind the curtain.

Tim and the Pear.

A ripe, juicy pear had rolled off a fruit stand, and was lying upon the sidewalk.

One little hand was reaching for it. Two bright eyes were looking at it. They belonged to Tim, the bootblack.

"That is a fine pear," he said. "I'll get it when the man isn't looking."

Just then a gentleman walked up to the fruit stand.

"Now is my time," said Tim, and he picked it up.

"You are a beauty," he said, "and I'll take you home to Kitty. How her eyes will shine when she sees you. She will say, 'O, Tim, how good you are! Where did you get that pear?' And then what shall I say? She will be sorry if I tell her where I got it. I must give it back to the man, for Kitty will say it is best."

So Tim walked slowly to the fruit stand and gave it to the man.

"You may keep it," said the man Tim said, "Thank you," and was running away when the gentleman called to him. "Come here, my boy," he said. "I saw you pick up that pear, but was sorry you waited so long before you gave it back."

"I wanted it for Kitty, sir;" said Tim and he told the gentleman about the little crippled girl.

"She wants me to be honest, and that is why I remembered that the pear wasn't mine."

Take these grapes to Kitty for me, said the gentleman. "I am glad you have such a sister, and hope you will always be honest."

"Thank you; I will try to be," said Tim, and he ran home and told his sister about it

Kitty was pleased with the pear and the grapes. "But, dear Tim," she said, "I am most pleased because my brother was honest." *Mt. Airy World*

Billy's Joke.

Billy was a shaggy white goat. It was hard to tell who owned him, for all the boys on the street played with him and he seemed to feel that he belonged to them all. Every day, as soon as school was over, they hurried home as fast as they could to hitch Billy up to his little cart, and that meant a jolly time until dark. But when they were all away at school Billy got lonesome and wandered about, getting into all sorts of mischief.

One morning grandmother, who lived on Billy's street, was out in the kitchen getting ready for little Florence, who was coming to spend the day. All at once the doorbell began ringing in queer, jerky ring, and grandmother cried. "That is Florence, I know, because that is the way she always rings!" But it wasn't Florence, and when grandmother opened the door, there stood Billy, with the knob of the bell in his mouth, pulling as hard as he could! How funny he looked. When he saw her he scampered away, nearly falling down the steps in his hurry, and he never knew that he had played a joke on anybody; but Florence often teased grandmother about going to the door to let the goat in.—*Ex.*

Michael Angelo.

More than four hundred years ago there was a little boy in Italy named Michael Angelo. It was named "Michael the Angel." He did not like to play with other boys, but spent his time in drawing pictures and making things out of clay, and cutting stone into pretty shapes. His father used to beat him for this, for he thought he was wasting his time. A great man named Lorenzo was pleased with and got teachers for him and Michael Angelo was very clever and made some beautiful things by cutting them out of stone. He was called a Sculptor.

A True Dog Story.

A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days in the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate, deliberately walked up to it and lay down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he laid his head and his shoulder over his shoulders at the grate; still feeling no heat he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, and every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the persons in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortune. That dog had run as well as instinct. *Troy Times.*

Johnny's Curls.

Johnny was a little boy. He had yellow curls. He did not like them because the boys teased him and told him that he was a girl. So one day he took his mother's scissors and ran out of doors. He sat down under a tree and cut off his pretty curls. Then he ran off to play and left five long curls lying on the ground.

Two birds were building a nest. They wanted something soft to put inside the nest. They saw the soft yellow hair on the ground. They flew down and picked up one of the curls and carried it to their nest.

When Johnny's mamma saw him, she was very sorry because he had no beautiful curls. She asked him where they were. He told her that they were on the ground under the tree.

After a while she went to find them but they were only four curls. She could not find the other curl.

Several weeks after that, Johnny's papa saw a nest with some little birds in it. He looked up and looked down it and there saw Johnny's curl. The yellow hair made a pretty soft bed for the little baby birds. *Messenger.*

Tommy at the Farm

Tommy was a little boy who lived in the city. When he was five years old he went to his grandpa's farm to spend the summer. One morning he went into the barn to hunt for eggs. His grandpa had told him to look for them in the hay. He rolled and tumbled over the hay but could not find a single egg. At last, close up against the wall, he found an old white hen. The hen scolded and scolded but finally Tommy drove her away. Sure enough there was a great white egg. He put the egg in his basket and ran to the house. When he gave it to his grandmamma she laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. The egg was a glass one that grandpa had put in the nest for a nest-egg, but Tommy didn't know that.

The Quarrelsome Boys.

Charles and George were brothers. They often quarreled.

One day they saw a cord lying on the ground. George picked it up. He wanted to make a whip with it.

Charles wanted the cord himself. He said that it belonged to him because he saw it first. He took hold of the cord and tried to pull it away from George. Both boys pulled hard.

At last the cord broke and the boys fell on their backs. The ground was wet and they got their clothes dirty. Their mother was very much displeased. She scolded them and sent them to bed.

It is foolish to quarrel.

A Lesson in Ship-building.

Jack is a little boy whose home is near the sea. His grandfather is a ship-builder. Jack often comes to visit his grandfather. He likes to watch the men at work in the ship-yards. He plays in the sand too, when the tide is low, and sails his boats in the water near the shore.

One day, Jack tried to make a little boat for himself. He could not do it very well, so he went to the ship-yards for help. He found his grandfather busy with an old boat that was high on the shore.

"Will you show me how to fix this, Grandfather?" he asked.

The old man took the boat and looked at it. "See, Jack," he said, "you did not cut it straight. Boats have to be made very carefully or they will not sail well. I will help this one, and then you can try again."

Jack soon learned to make good boats. Then he and the other boys had great fun, working in a little ship-yard of their own.—*Sel.*

The Young Robin's First Bath

One morning a robin was taking a bath and she tried to get her little baby into the water

The baby sat on the edge of the dish and the mother bird would splash some water on it, but it would not go into the water.

At last the mother bird flew away and left it on the dish. She came back with a worm in her mouth.

The young robin was hungry and when it saw the worm it began to flut ter its wings and cry for the worm Then the mother bird jumped into the middle of the water and stood there, holding the worm. The young bird wanted it and quickly hopped into the water. She fell it and then began to splash the water about it. The baby robin found that the water would not hurt it, and after this it took a bath every day.

Marion's Friend.

Maude had come to spend the day with Marion. They quickly flowers played "hide-and-seek," and took their "Teddy Bears" for a walk in the woods. Then Marion said, "I want to show my pet lamb." She stepped by the bars and called "Jack! Jack!" A pretty brown horse raised his head and gave a soft little whinney, then came trotting up to the fence where the girls stood waiting. "Shake hands, Jack Marion said, and up came Jack's big right foot. Marion patted it gently Then she gave Jack two lumps of sugar and let Maude give him two. "Isn't he a dear horse? Mother and I have lovely rides now, for she can drive Jack any where. He isn't a bit afraid of automobiles. Father taught him to shake hands. He likes to do it, for he knows he'll get a lump of sugar for it." —*The Messenger.*

Something about Cranberries.

Did you ever wonder when you eat cranberry sauce where the cranberries come from?

It is a small red berry that grows on little bushes about six inches tall. We get our best cranberries from Cape Cod, where the ground is very sandy and swampy. When there is danger of frost, the fields are flooded with water which can be drained off, and the ground will be all right for picking in a couple of hours. Many of the eastern states grow them, also Michigan, Wisconsin, several of the southern states and the states of the western coast. The cranberries are picked in October and November, mostly by women and children and sometimes by machinery. They are crated and sent to market.—*The Ohio Chronicle.*

Abide With Me.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens. Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

The Scarecrow.

Mr. French had a large field, and last spring some corn was planted in it. Then Mr. French put a scarecrow there to frighten the birds. Mr. French had a little dog, and one day he went into the field, and saw the scarecrow. He said to himself, "The man will send my master's corn." He rushed to the scarecrow, and began to bark at it. Then he seized the leg of its trousers in his teeth, and the scarecrow fell to the ground. He felt rather ashamed of it, because he was cheated by it. And then Mr. French came into the field, and the dog hung his head, and crawled to him. Mr. French said "Good dog!" Then the dog barked, and skipped about.

1 What is a scarecrow for?
2 How is it made?
3. What harm do the birds do?
4 Of what use are birds?
5. Why did the dog bark at the scarecrow?
6 What did he do to it?
7 Why did the dog feel ashamed?
8 Did the dog help Mr. French?
9 Why did Mr. French praise him?
10 How did the dog show that he was pleased?

An Elliptical Story.

Mr. James, a farmer who ——about nine ——from town, had a farm, on ——mental —— stock, left to — by his father. He thought he —— not need to——much as he was—— off. He formed the ——habit of lying in bed ——in the morning, and so his work ——often neglected. At the time of harvest he——would sometimes be spoiled as —— were not cut soon enough. By and by his farm did not ——prosperous as those of his neighbors. The barn and stables (omitting the fences——to be tumbling down); ——weeds were growing in his crops, and everything appeared to be neglected. In a——years he was poor and had to——his farm. He ——why he had not prospered, but his neighbors knew that it —— on account of idleness and neglect.

Direct. Indirect.

Change the following from Indirect Narrative to Direct:-

Mary told Annie that her father had bought a new doll for her.

Annie asked Mary if she would let her see it. Mary said that she would show it to her if she would come home with her after school. Annie said that she would be glad to go and see it.

That afternoon, when Mary's mother saw them, she told them that she thought she knew why Annie had come home with Mary.

Question:—What do you think Annie said about the doll.

Some Questions.

1. If you were going home, what would you buy before you got on the train?
2. Where would you buy it? From whom?
3. What would you do to your trunk before you got on the train?
4. Who checks your trunk?
5. How many parts are there to a check? What is done with each part?
6. In what car would you ride?
7. In what car would your trunk go?
8. Who takes your ticket on the train? Should you give it to anyone else?
9. From whom would you get your trunk when you arrive at your destination?
10. How would he know that it is yours?
11 Would you have to pay anything when you got your trunk at your destination?

Trees.

1 What is a tree?
2. Name the parts of a tree.
3. What part of a tree is sawed into lumber?
4. What part of a tree grows in the earth?
5. What is the trunk covered with?
6. What flows through the trunk?
7. Where do the roots get the sap?
8. How does sap taste? What is made from maple sap?
9. What tree is the emblem of Canada? Why?
10 Name some hard wood trees. Name some that have soft wood.
11. Name some evergreen trees.
12. From what trees do we get very valuable lumber?
13. What tree has the largest leaves?
14. Name some trees that do not grow in Canada?
15. What tree grows very tall and slim, with no branches except at the top?
16. What tree do we get acorns from?

Combine.

Combine each group of small sentences into a single sentence:

1 I see a bird. It is in a cage. It is a pretty bird. It is a little bird. It is a yellow bird.

2. That cat is fat. It sees a bun. The bun is in a box. It is Tom's box.

3. The pigs are near the gate. Tom will keep them away. Fido will keep them away.

4. A bug is in the jug. It is Annie's jug. The bug is big. It is red.

5. The man had a cane. Thomas hid it. He hid it behind the door.

6. The man is old. He is also poor. He cuts wood. He works all day long.

7. The woman was old. She gave me some tea. The tea was in a cup. She gave me a piece of cake too.

Change to Indirect.

1. John: "Will you go to Belleville with me on Saturday to see some moving pictures?"

Willis: "I would like to go but I cannot because I have no money."

2. Mary: "Will you come to see me next summer?"

Annie: "I am not sure, but I will if my mother will let me."

3. Mr. Munro: "John, you should shovel help to clean the snow off the sidewalks."

John: "I cannot shovel snow today because my arm is sore."

4. Nora: "What did you do with the bank that I lent you?"

Ruth: "I put it into my trunk, but I will go and get it if you want it."

Some Geography Questions.

1. In what county is this Institution?
2. What body of water is south of it?
3. What direction is Belleville from here?
4. How far is it from Belleville to Toronto?
5. What railway runs through Belleville?
6. What new railroad is being built?
7. Where does it run?
8. What county is on the other side of the Bay?
9. What river flows through Belleville?
10. Where does it empty?
11. How do people cross the bay in the summer?
12. How do they generally cross in the winter?
13. Is there a river or creek near your home?
14 In what county do you live?
15. What direction is it from here?
16. On what railway do you travel home?
17. Do you change cars? How, where?
18. Stratford is 203 miles from Belleville. How much would a railway ticket from here to there cost?
19. Name some farm products of Ontario.
20. Why will oranges and bananas not grow in Ontario?

Rules for Capital Letters.

1 The first word of a sentence should begin with a capital letter.

2 Every proper name should begin with a capital letter.

3 Every title, and the words *uncle* and *aunt* used like a title, should begin with a capital letter.

4 The names of the days of the week and of the months, should begin with capital letters.

5 The word *I* should be written with a capital letter.

6 Every line of poetry should begin with a capital letter.

7 The first word of a direct quotation should begin with a capital letter.

The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.
5. Honour thy father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
10. Thou shalt not covet.

Names.

Name: ( )
1. Four things good to eat.
2. Four building materials.
3. Four musical instruments.
4. Four birds.
5. Four domestic animals.
6. Four wild animals.
7. Four playthings for children.
8. Four occupations for men.
9. Four occupations for women

A Puzzle Exercise.

Re-arrange these words so as to make sentences:

1. John, lesson, night, studied, last, his.
2. Ingo, beside, the, the, playing, were, river.
3. caught, large, Tom, fish, a.
4. season, a, pleasant, is, spring.
5. sheep, from, wool, we, get.
6. were, flowers, girls, the, picking.
7. to, gone, lord, have, children, the.

A Boy and a Squirrel.

A boy went to the woods. He saw a squirrel on a tree. He threw a stone at it but did not hit it. He threw another stone at it and hit it. The squirrel fell down. The boy ran to it and took it up. It was dead. He carried it to his home and gave it to the cat. The cat ate it.

1. Was this a good little boy? Why?
2. How did he kill the squirrel?
3. Where was the squirrel when he saw it?
4. What did he do with the dead squirrel?
5. What color are squirrels?
6. What kind of tails have they?
7 What do squirrels eat?
8. How do they get food in the winter?
9 Are squirrels good to eat?
10 Is it right to kill animals?

Somebody Nobody Anybody.

I I heard ——knocking at the door.
2. Mr Coleman thought ——was knocking at the door. He opened the door, but there was ——
3. My father went to Toronto last week, but he did not see ——he knew.
4 ——broke some of glass in one of the closet panes in my house.
5 ——went out yesterday for as it was stormy.
6 Elsie asked I had seen her father.
7 Lorne said I wish ——would write to me.
8 Mamma lost a pencil ——has found it. She is about it as this class is also.
9 Karl told me a secret and said I must not tell ——else.

Who?

Who are those:-
1. King George V.
2. Karl Terpe?
3. The Duke of Connaught
4 Sir Wilfred Laurier
5 Sir James Whitney
6 How. R. McBride
7 How. Dr Pyne
8 In Colquhoun

Why?

1 Why does Mr Pepp insist on the class rooms every morning?
2 Why did the farmer sprinkle sand on the sidewalks the other day?
3. Why do you come to school?
4. Why do you go to school each day after school?
5 Why do we have Breakfast?
6 Why do the boys flood the rink?

Supply Verbs.

1 Horses ——wagons
2 A cat sometimes —— a bird
3 Peter ——an apple
4 Women ——dirty clothes
5 A horse —— water
6 A hen was —— a cow. The cow —— the pail and —— the milk
7 A man —— a horse. An automobile —— the house and it away
8 A horse —— over. I heard the fireball —— and saw the firemen to the fire on the hose wagon

The knights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night

The Soldier of St. Augustine.

Sowing and Reaping.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his sight?

O no! We live our life again
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim
The pictures of the Past remain,
Man's works shall follow him!

John Greenleaf Whittier

The Friends Beneath

BY THE REV. ROBB LANING

Blessed is he who has friends the more friends, the more blessed. True wealth is measured by the number and depth of one's friendships. I think it is pertinent to observe and profitable to consider the fact that no people have ever limited a conception of the field of friendship. Friends can be found in three directions though many reckon in only one.

There are the friends beneath, the friends of inanimate nature—the brook, the rock, the sod, the mountain and grass and flower, the animal world above that. Now these all be friends us, but in those undertakings of God's creation there are myriads of voices calling to us meaningful words—nature is not less perverted than dead and properly interpret these songs of love

The beauty of nature's friends lies in that they are constant and true. Poets are assured that when the fall shall come, so surely will the trees if the fir and beech and hemlock appear. There will be no failure, no delay. And when the year is young, and springtime is upon the earth, so sure will be the flowers of the field will every from their hiding, the birds will build their nests and all nature bid us good morning. And then, as the seasons come and go, each, with its own troop of unfailing friends, will present itself for a renewal of affectionate relations. The friends of nature never break their engagements with man.

These friends, though beneath us, lift us up, and in this they obey a law of God's nature. He delights to confide in beneath The burden must rest upon the shoulder and the shoulder one becomes the easier it is to receive and carry the load, as the camel kneels to receive his master

I knew a young man who invariably betook himself to the fields and woods when tempted, troubled, or in sorrow. With great strides would he traverse the fields, with an evident confidence would he enter the portals of the forest, and there, within his native home, he would he commune with his better self and with God. Often, with cheeks wet with tears of sorrow, would he press his hands against a stalwart tree-trunk and feel the thrill of blessing and from the shadow of the trees he never failed to come with his eyes filled with the gaze of confidence in God and in himself

Christ doubtless appreciated these friends, for oft he turned his back upon the multitude that he might be with them. When he went into the wilderness, it was a wilderness from the human point of view merely. To him the bird, the beast, the rock, the cloud, surrounded him, and he communed with these as friend with friend.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, clean forespent;
Into the woods my Master came
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him.

And the little gray leaves were kind to him.

The thorn tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came

Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo him last

From under the trees they drew him last,
'Twas a tree they slew him last.
When out of the woods he came,

How Roy Played the Game.

(Continued from first page.)

pitched steadily and confidently pitched as no one had ever dreamed he could pitch.

Sidney did not even see first that inning, and Newton came in from the field with renewed hope. But the Sidney pitcher was desperate, and the first two men struck out before Newton hardly realized what was happening. Edd Nelson, who usually struck out on he came to bat, was the next man up, and something like a groan went up from the Newton side of the diamond.

Eddie was so hopelessly scared and made such awkward passes at the ball that two balls that the tired pitcher relaxed his vigilance a little. It was a fatal mistake, for Eddie drove a hard roller out between shortstop and third base, and made first easily. Roy seized the bat eagerly and stepped up to the plate The pitcher put all the forces of desperation into those last few balls. The first went wild, but the next one swung in over the plate and the umpire called a strike. A wide outcurve followed which Roy reached for and missed.

The next two went wide of the plate, and Roy braced himself for the crucial moment. There was no pulling him and both sides were holding their breath as the pitcher wound up his right arm for the final throw. Roy took a quick step forward, and with all his might and strength behind the bat he struck—and was off for first, while the ball went sailing far out over the heads of the centre fielder. The fielder picked it up almost before it stopped rolling, and turned to throw it in. It was a mad, inflient throw and it stopped Roy at third

The next man struck out and the next one, too, but Eddie Nelson had scored the day for Newton. The ball players and some of their fathers, and a few others, were standing around in an informal meeting out in the middle of the diamond after the game. It was unanimously agreed that the boys should be allowed a half holiday every Saturday afternoon on those occasions that they play no more on Sunday

"I'm sorry, Roy," said Eddie Nelson as it made you," said Ralph, as he slapped Roy on the back. "Sidney may as well go out of business. Epworth Herald

With Both Hands Free.

"Why is it they let Kate help, and won't let me F" complained a visiting boy who had offered to carry his aunt's friend's fancy kitchen and been told there was nothing he could do. "I'm sure I'd be my more anxious to help than I," she mourned, as she took another stitch in her embroidery, "and I have been left out and hurt and tense."

"Because it is for an honest plaint, the older woman made a reply that will bear thinking of for its applicability to many other situations.

"My dear, perhaps if you went out into the world failing to grasp and hold, you would find the chances to help more quickly."

But it suddenly understood. And the next morning, going into the kitchen with Kate before breakfast and carrying a piece of fancy-work, she made no direct request to help in work that she cheerfully ready to take up a knife, or fetch an egg-beater, or beat the cream that day, quietly and happily, she found a dozen chances for really helpful, happy work.

Don't we often expect other people to let us help them in some way, by work or by sympathy or by care, when they are evidently pre-occupied, our hands are full of troubles being so full of our own affairs that the more offer in words means nothing? We must set aside self if we hope to serve another. —Wellspring.

Make yourself indispensable, and your success is assured the thought that you are to be your sole guide, and your failure is complete.

Being funny has its purpose in the scheme of life, but to make a joke out of tears it is someone's duty to cry them.—Miss Fay Templeton.

The man with the various and unenviable temper is like a storm-tossed, dismantled vessel in a fog—liable at any moment to run upon the rocks.

If some other fellow's actions don't suit you, you can relieve your feelings sometimes by saying just what you think of him, but it is generally best to say this to yourself.

The power of small things depends largely upon their location. A grain of sand upon the seashore is insignificant. What a ship it helps to carry upon the continent your undivided attention.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION
Went.—4.15 a. m.; 4.50 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.
East.—12.30 a. m.; 1.55 a. m.; 7.30 a. m., 10.30 a. m.; 11.50 p. m.; 3.50 p. m.
TRAINS ARE PUNCTUALLY REACHED 4.30 a. m., 10.30 a. m.; 8.20 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

THE BOOK
"From Far and Near"
Can be procured at any time from the Publishers
MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY,
TORONTO ONTARIO, CANADA
The price to schools for the Book is thirty five (35) cents, and to the postage To all others it is fifty (50) cents, Post, ten (10) plus the postage.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

By Prof Alexander Graham Bell. Prof Bell has made a profound study of the mechanism of speech, and has invented a system whereby deaf mutes have been taught to speak, and by the aid of a telephone. Deaf persons are thereby enabled to hear. This is a most fascinating book and highly instructive. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents. 128 pages. $1.00 net. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY 44-60 East 23rd Street New York

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription ran out. We always send the paper to continue for three months after these dates unless we are notified to stop it. Please look at your address label and see if the date for subscriptions will run out before you receive the next issue, kindly renew your subscription at once, as we hardly think any paper can do better for the Deaf than when subscribers are good enough to renew promptly as ours then and no delay

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Please write your name plainly and your address in full to avoid mistakes

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Remit by Postal Note, Express Office Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter. It is dangerous to send money in ordinary stamps. Address.

THE CANADA MUTE,
Belleville Ontario.

LETTERS.—PACKAGES.—BOXES.

Parents or friends need letters, packages or boxes to pupils address as follows:

Name of pupil
In HOSP. FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONT

All prepaid packages whose weight exceeds 4 pounds in all cases

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in the Association Hall:

Ephphatha Mission Hall, 57 Adam Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church at 11 a. m.

Bernice Bible Training School, 74 Gerrard St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Ephphatha Mission Hall.

Meeting of Ladies' Guild every second Friday at 322 Berkeley St., at 3 p. m.

Miss J. H. Prime, Missionary, 322 Berkeley St.

Mr. F Robinson, Superintendent, 188 Howe Ave.

W. LAMBERT,
THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

DARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Institution for the Deaf will find MR. LAMBERT, THE CARMAN, at the Grand Trunk Station, will be always in waiting for the Deaf and Dumb, and charged moderate rates, as follows: time to Institution, 25 cts.; station or Institution to or from Institution to city or G. T. station, each way, 25 cents. Children, half fare. Mr. Lambert attends all trains. 'Phone or Telephone 91.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the name and post office address of all deaf children of deaf children not attending school, to be sent to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Particulars concerning the Institution and its methods will be sent to all whose names and addresses are sent me.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Industrial Training of the Blind, established by Statute of Ontario, 1872, is conducted on the Combined System, combining Literary, Musical and Industrial Instruction.

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

Sunday School.—From 9.15 a. m. to 10.15 a. m. with recess from 9.30 to 10, during which time the pupils have the playgrounds. Preparatory classes dismissed at 10 o'clock.

Assembly.—The Physical Exercise in the close recess in the morning each teacher will accompany her class to the playground and assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in regular and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and their presence is to be noted before the time for the assembling of pupils.

Evening Prayers.—At 4.30 p. m. Saturday reading hours for senior pupils from 4 to 5 o'clock.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 5.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations at present in the Institution attend the services conducted by the pastors in charge.

Rev. Canon Worrell, Church of England; Rev. T. W. Mossman, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Drysdale, (Presbyterian); Rev. H. Greenfield, (Methodist); Rev. C. K. Smith, (Baptist); the Rev. Father Brennan, (Catholic).

Bible Classes, Sunday morning at 9.15; International Lessons. Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. George F. Mercer; Assistant, Miss Mary Ross; Librarian, Miss Ethel Ross; Miss Lucy and Miss Stella.

Lectures.—7th July, Rev. Canon Worrell, subject on Sunday morning from 9.15 to 10.15 a. m. Lectures are delivered by the Teachers. Mr. Ingram and Miss McArdle

As Clergymen of all denominations are invited, they will please make a visit at any time

Industrial Departments:

Manual Training Room Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, from 1.30 to 4. Girls' Industrial Classes.—Under the management of each teach from 2.15 to 4 o'clock

The Printing Office, Sewing Room and Cloth Room are open every afternoon, from 2 to 4.30 except Saturday afternoon. In the evening from 7 to 9.30 for the junior pupils and from 7.30 to 9.30 for the senior pupils. Mr. Wood, Foreman of the Printing Office, will be in charge and from 6.30 p. m. no one will be admitted to the Printing Office or the office and those will be closed at once.

Dentistry.—Mr. Lambert can be seen by appointment from time to time.

The Sewing Class Room are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 5 p. m. to those who do not attend school in the afternoon, and from 7 to 9 p. m. for those who do attend school in the afternoon. No sewing Saturday Afternoon.

The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Room and Cloth Room are closed at 4 o'clock on each day when work ceases in a class at that particular time.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow visitors from the City to enter the Institution with the permission of their names.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution will be welcomed at any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturday, Sunday or Holidays. The last time for a before an ordinary school days no visitors will be admitted after 4 p. m.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents unable with them to take them to the Institution they will be received at every opportunity, and the pupils will be taken in charge by the matron. No clothing will be provided except in certain cases at the Institution. Good supplies of clothing are necessary. As the Quiets Hotel, Kyle House, Anglo-American Hotel and Grand Trunk Station are near.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of children to the Superintendent, and to the matron in charge. Any letters from parents and officers or employees under any circumstances must be addressed to the Superintendent upon such occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be duly forwarded to guardians. If the absence of LETTERS OR TELEGRAMS BE NOT RECEIVED IT WILL BE TAKEN AS A SIGN THAT ALL IS WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home letters once a week and may write oftener if they wish; letters will be written by the teachers for little ones who cannot write, stating as nearly as possible their progress.

No medical preparations that have been prescribed by physicians will be given to pupils unless will be allowed to be taken except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness in the cases out of a little they are frauds an only want money for which they give nothing. Consult the Superintendent of the Institution for the treatment of deafness and be guided by his counsel and advice

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D.,
MINISTER OF EDUCATION TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

R. COUGHLIN, M. D., *Superintendent.*
W. CUCHRANE, *Bursar.*
W. BRYCE, M. D., *Physician.*
REV. K. A. WILLOUGHBY, *Matron.*

Teachers:

A. H. LOCKHART, M.A., Miss SYLVIA L. BAIRD,
Head Teacher. Miss ADA JAMES.
Miss J. A. MITCHELL, Miss A. M. HUTTON.
Miss ISABEL R. A. MACE, Miss LOLA HUTTON.
Miss F. BRADLEY, Miss NORA MACARDLE.
Miss L. DUNCAN, Miss MARGARET KYLE.
Miss S. TEMPLETON, Miss A. FINN.
Miss MARY HALL, Miss L. CAMPBELL.
Miss GEORGINA LOVE, Miss I. B. PALES.
Miss FLORENCE I. GOSS.

A. L. INGRAM, *Teacher Manual Training.*
Miss MARY BURK, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
Miss K. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Dress-making.*

Teacher of Physical Training Mr. INGRAM.

Miss B. A. MCLEOD, JOHN T. BURNS,
Stenographer & Clerk. *Bookbinder & Printer.*

J. E. NURSE, ALEX. MORRISON,
Assistant Storekeeper. *Master Shoemaker.*

W. S. MIRES,
Supervisor of Boys, &c. MRS. J. PEEVE,
Engineer.

Miss L. DEARSLEY, Miss DOWSLEY,
Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.

Miss A. MORRISON, *Assistant Nurse and Dressmaker in Home Nursing.* J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

WILLIAM M. LAKE, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford unto deaf mutes the means to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partially or totally wanting in every means of education.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of this Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of two months each summer for the summer of each year.

Parents or guardians of pupils who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $30 per year for board, washing, lights and fuel and medicines will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE SAME are admitted free. BOARD WILL BE ALSO FURNISHED FREE, bedding and bed furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Housework, Knitting, Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, Fancy Work, Millinery, Type-writing, Machine and Hand Sewing and Fancy Work are now to be added. Manual Training and Physical Culture for boys and Physical Culture for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mutes children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the last Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission will be given by the Superintendent or application may be made by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS DESTINED and not distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if not in box at office door, will be sent to city post office at 5.30 p. m. and at 4 p. m. of Saturday and Sunday. The letters and papers will be delivered to pupil before or parents, or relatives or friends present at post office, as the case may be, unless the same is in the locked bag.

MIZPAH.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another (Gen. 31 ch.

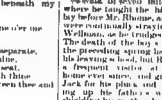
Go thou thy way, and I go mine.
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The paths we where we are.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
This is my prayer
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine will be,
If mine will lead through parching sands,
And thine beside the sea,
Yet, "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,
And keep us near.
Whate'er fear,
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth or fame perchance be thine,
And my lot lowly be;
Or you be sad and sorrowful,
And glory be to me;
Yet, "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
Both be His care.
One arm round thee and one round me,
Will keep us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
And share this day and be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.
I'll hasten thee both beneath my wings,"
This comforts dear.
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me
Lo, we are near.

And though our paths be separate,
And thy way be not mine,
Yet trusting to the mercy seal.
My soul will rest with thine
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
I'll whisper there.
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,
And we are near.



The Wellman Pecan Trees.

BY MARTHA GRACE POPE.

"Did you ever have a fit of the blues in all your life, Mr. Rhone?"

The lawyer slowly shook his head. The boy's healthy, red-brown face was so very dolorful that he repressed a smile with some difficulty. "No, Jack; I never gave way to the blues in my life, and hope to continue thinking of doing so. Cheer up, Jack. Broken arms don't last forever. Young as you are, you'll be all right by the middle of winter again. You will not know you ever had a broken arm."

Jack Wellman looked from the helpless member tightly bandaged across his chest to the teacher's pleasant, animated face.

"The middle of winter I" he exclaimed in disgust. "That's just it. All the fall work to be done, with only mother and the girls to do it, and me helpless and a great, overgrown fellow like me lying here like a log! It's not a very cheerful outlook. I call it a mean shame!"

"Well, it can't be helped, boy. Of course I know how you feel," Mr. Rhone said, with real sympathy in his voice. "But perhaps something can be said to raise the money. You say it is due in three weeks? Anyway, two hundred dollars is not so much after all."

"It looks like a million to us, Mr. Rhone. We have sold two cows and all the turkeys. There is scarcely enough hay to carry two horses and one cow through the winter. What I hate about it is that we raised the two hundred dollars by unstripping the two horses. You see, father was sick so long there was no help for it. But he got such store by those horses we can't bear to see them go. If crops had not been such a fair failure this year, we'd be all right." Then he added with a dismal shrug at a laugh, "Failure of pecans would come in very well now."

"Pecans? How is that?" inquired the teacher, getting up from his chair beside the boy's couch.

"Nothing but a sort of joke," Jack replied. "You know how slow pecans are in growing. Well, you see when we were little things father set out a whole grove of tiny pecan trees on a piece of land of ground down in the river bottoms. He used to say would be glad to see the pecans when he were grown. I'd be glad to sell them now instead I think if we live my. Most you're going?"

Yes, Jack, I must. Pecans are a fine crop. Burton & Company are shipping them to the Northern states every week. They pay good prices, too."

The neighbors used to laugh at father—poor grove," said the boy. "They called him a fool for planting as big Van Wellman when the nuts came. I have not thought of them for years. I do not know what brought them to mind now. People had a way of calling father a dreamer and enthusiast."

A cloud lit up the teacher's thought ful face. "Dreamer and enthusiast," he said quietly, as though speaking more to himself than to his companion. "He wasn't of the world's ways has been done by some."

He sat seven miles to the town where he taught the high-school class of the boy's father early in the preceding spring had necessitated his leaving school, but Rhone had been a frequent visitor at the Wellman home ever since, and greatly admired Jack for his plans and energy in taking up his father's work and thus shielding his mother from all responsibility as far as lay in his power.

A half mile from Jack Wellman's home Mr. Rhone suddenly turned he braced his steps for a considerable distance over the highroad, then leaped the straggling worm fence and made his way through a tangled undergrowth of old vines and shrubs to the lighter land by the river bank ons.

He had been able to get the pecan trees out of his mind.

The evening air was cool and bracing Under foot there was a thick carpet of red and brown leaves, and the soil beneath was soft and yielding, rather than wet, he walked. Bright-eyed squirrels flashed in the trees around, occasionally a rabbit scurried through the leaves, displacing the dead leaves, so light was its tread. After his studious years at Vanderbilt University, how the young man enjoyed the rustic scene!

However, it was not because he was overcome by the beauty of things around that Mr. Rhone suddenly stopped with an exclamation of surprise mingled with delight. It was because he found himself standing on the edge of a grove who're a great number of young pecan trees were growing in regular rows, and waving their well-laden branches to the light autumn breeze. The deep, deep of the sun upon the dry leaves beneath was heard and seen.

It had been a bad year for crops, certainly, but the harvest of nuts had not failed.

Rhone walked through the grove, thrusting aside the leaves as his feet. The ground was fairly covered with the large, finely-flavored nuts.

"The dreamer and enthusiast has his place in life, it seems," Mr. Rhone said to himself, as he leaped the fence and gained the highroad once more.

The following afternoon following the teacher's visit to his former pupils only the girls trooped out of a room at the close of school. All the boys had been invited to remain while they were only too glad to. Mr. Rhone had invited them to a picnic on the unprofitable Wellman's spot for Saturday. They were eagerly discussing it small to another

"Boys, hegan he instructed as soon as the last girl had swung back sting had disappeared through the door, "I have called you to meet here Saturday to the country for a picnic."

Every hand went up. Mr. Rhone's plans were popular at once.

I think you all heard that Jack Wellman broke his arm a week ago. And, coming events cast their shadow before, he is unable to do anything on the farm just now. It seems his father planted a great many pecan trees, and he knows of a spot where the nuts are very plenty. Jack's poor father is unable to get about much yet, and the boys are dead kindly inclined to assist him.

He paused to note the effect of his announcement. Nothing but eager interest was to be seen upon the bright faces before him.

Hurrah for Mr. Rhone! called somebody.

Hurrah for Jack Wellman! was echoed another.

Three cheers for the pecan picnic! shouted Hunt.

My father let us have a team and wagon! exclaimed Joey at the back of the room.

I'll fetch the old sorrows.

The boys were all talking at once and the next morning house up with excitement. It was the Saturday expedition.

Next day it was all the boys could do to keep it all into a edge of the pecan grove. Mr. Rhone and Jack's mother agreeing that there was no reason to be disappointed on the subject.

Saturday was a delightful day for Jack Wellman, who was feeling his power to use his left arm once more. When, they four the morning of the picnic he broke up in his arm in the afternoon, he sent a message down to the same to wait for his own pecans of which he had a few. He was almost to see a carriage and a horse coming straight to wards the house.

Several couples the horses gaily decorated with ribbons and bells, were in the, and a most delightful ride through the fall scenery with their yells, shouts and songs reached a neighbors, and a house poured forth a throng, eager to share in the mirth of the occasion.

As the procession of drivers became near and the slightest noise was taken in the same area he waited so frantically out of the window. Now a head was turned in his direction.

Straight down the house and into the highroad that led to the pecan grove flashed the spanking Jack he made the specialty of the strange proceeding until he fell asleep in the middle of the road. Then he had to do a cannon's check for two hundred and fifteen dollars and fifty cents.

Accompanying the check was a carefully prepared letter written in the hand of the boy, of course, and a time, informing John Wellman, Esquire, that the proceeds of the sale of his pecans were forthwith handed him. It bore the signatures of all the boys who had helped, and was a prized possession of its very grateful recipient.

Your own importance may seem very insignificant to other people. In fact, you are quite likely to discover this fact.

The sculptor was working on a statue of Melancholy. "May I ask what you are doing?" inquired the visitor. "Cutting a story figure," said the sculptor, scowling at him. *Chicago Tribune.*

Grandpapa's Spectacles.

Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, round and round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents to the one who will find them today."

Then Henry, and Nelly, and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said, "I'll look for them grandpa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair,
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat

Then down on all fours, like two good natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
Till quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,
He believes that those glasses are not anywhere

But Nelly, who leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they could be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her voice shining brown ones grew big with surprise

She clapped both her hands all her dimples came out
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

Selected.

Ben and His Dream.

Ben was a very lazy and naughty boy. He always had dirty hands and a dirty face, and he was often very cross.

There was a deep river near his home. Sometimes Ben caught little kittens and threw them into the river.

He was very cruel. He liked to tease dogs too. He would tie tin cans to their tails and laugh when he saw them running and trying to get free.

One day Ben was lying down in the yard on the grass. In a short time he went to sleep. He had a dream. He dreamed Ben up to the moon and stepped upon it.

He saw many animals there—bears, horses, dogs, cats and many others. They did not like Ben.

The bears and to the other animals, "I do not want Ben to live with us. He likes to tease dogs and cats. Let us chase him away."

Then the lion tied a tin pan around one of Ben's leg, and all the animals chased him.

Ben ran fast. The pan knocked against his legs. It hurt him very much, but he was afraid to stop. He came to the edge of the moon. The animals began to bite him.

Then Ben jumped off the moon and fell down far and fast.

He screamed very loudly because he was afraid and because the pan hurt him so much. When he reached the earth he had an awful bump.

Just then he awoke and found he had been dreaming. He was glad it was a dream. He decided never to be cruel to dogs and cats again, and he became a good, kind boy.—*Michigan Mirror.*

An Old Story Retold.

It was bright morning in the old city of Rome many hundred years ago. In a vine-covered summer-house in a beautiful garden two boys were standing. They were looking at their mother and her friend, who were walking among the flowers and trees.

"Did you ever see so handsome a lady as our mother's friend?" asked the younger boy, holding his tall brother's hand. "She looks like a queen."

"Yet she is not so beautiful as our mother," said the elder boy. "She has a fine dress, it is true; but her face is not noble and kind. It is our mother who is like a queen."

"That is true," said the other. "There is no woman in Rome so much like a queen as our own dear mother."

Then Cornelia, their mother, came down the walk to speak with them. She was simply dressed in a plain white robe. Her arms and feet were bare, as was the custom in those days, and no rings nor chains glittered about her hands and neck. For her only crown, long braids of soft brown hair were coiled about her head, and a rose or two nestle lit up he noble face as she looked into her sons' proud eyes.

"Boys," she said, "I have something to tell you."

They bowed before her, as Roman lads were taught to do, and said, "What is it, mother?"

"You are to dine with us today here in the garden; and then our friend is going to show us that wonderful casket of jewels of which you have heard so much."

The brothers looked shyly at their mother's friend. Was it possible that she had still other rings besides those on her fingers? Could she have the gems besides those which sparkled in the chains about her neck?

When the simple outdoor meal was over, a servant brought the casket from the house. The lady opened it. Ah, how those jewels dazzled the eyes of the wondering boys! There were ropes of pearls, white as milk and smooth as satin; heaps of shining rubies, red as the glowing coals; sapphires as blue as the sky that summer day, and diamonds that flashed and sparkled like the sunlight.

The brothers looked long at the gems.

"Ah!" whispered the younger, "if our mother could only have such beautiful things!"

Cornelia, however, the casket was closed and carried carefully away.

"Is it true, Cornelia, that you have no jewels?" asked her friend. "Is it true, as I have heard it whispered, that you are poor?"

"No, I am not poor," answered Cornelia, and as she spoke she drew her two boys to her side, "for here are my jewels. They are worth more than all your gems."

The boys never forgot their mother's pride and love and care, and in after years, when they had become great men in Rome, they often thought of this scene in the garden. And the world still likes to hear the story of Cornelia's jewels.

The Little Man and His Wife.

Once upon a time there was a queer little man. He lived by himself in a funny little cottage. He made baskets and he made brooms to sell. He was poor and none living by himself. He decided that he would go to town and get himself a wife. Now, when he had got a wife he would not get a carriage to take her home in. So he took her in a wheelbarrow. The road was rough and the little man was careless. By and by the wheelbarrow broke and his wife got a fall. The little man was vexed and his wife had to walk. But the little man was happy because he had company.

The Earth.

The earth is an immense round ball rolling around through space. You have seen a boy throw a ball high up in the air and it turns round, and also travels through the air.

When you are on a train and it goes very fast, the trees and fences seem to run backward. Of course we know they really don't. You can not feel the earth move, and as you watch the sun it seems to come up in the east and move upward over us and down to the west. The sun is really standing still, and the earth is spinning around from west to east. The earth also travels very fast through space around the sun. It is somewhat like a boy with a string tied to a pail and he swings it around his head. So the earth flies around the sun. It turns around three hundred and sixty-five times in travelling once around the sun. So we get three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. The earth is very large. Around the middle from east to west it is nearly 25,000 miles. It turns 1,043 miles in an hour, or seventeen miles a minute. Fast though the sun only one mile a minute. In the United States, when the sun finally shines on San Francisco about half-past six in the morning, at the same time it is half-past seven in Denver, and half-past eight in St. Louis, and half-past nine in Pittsburg.

The earth also travels a long way around the sun. The distance is about 570,000,000 miles. Whew! is not this long? We will call the path of the earth its orbit. The path of the earth does not go straight ahead and under the sun. The path slants a little north of the sun above and a little south of the sun beneath. The earth travels in this path one year. Every year it goes from west to east. It travels about nineteen miles a second through the air. The sun is a very large ball of fire and it shines in all directions. The earth is a cold ball of land and water. We would need 1,300,000 earths to equal the sun. The sun looks small because it is so far, far away. It is 92,000,000 miles from the earth. The sun shines on half the earth.

Coffee.

Coffee grows far away in the warm countries. It does not grow on large trees, it grows on shrubs. They are about fifteen feet high. The shrubs are called coffee plants.

The coffee plant has beautiful green leaves and very sweet blossoms. After the pale blue blossoms become ripe. When the beans are ripe people pick them, and rub off the outside to get the seeds.

Some people who live in the warm countries where the coffee grows put the coffee seeds into large coarse bags and send them in ships to England, America, Germany, Russia, France and many other countries; and then the men who have stores buy the bags of coffee beans and roast them, and grind them, and then they sell the coffee.

The coffee seeds are light green before they are roasted.

The best coffee comes from Mocha.—*The Messenger.*

The Dog and the Loaf.

A man had a clever dog. Every morning he gave the dog a penny. He took it in his mouth and went to a baker to buy a roll for his breakfast. One day the baker tried to tease him. He gave the dog a very hot roll. The dog tried to pick it up, but it burnt his tongue. He tried a second time, but it burnt him again. The dog felt angry. He went to the counter and took his penny and ran out of the store. Every morning afterwards he went to another baker to buy his roll. —*The Companion.*

Interesting Information.

The population of Bombay is now about 1,000,000.

Australia raises nearly 10,000,000 acres of wheat a year.

The earth's fertile area is estimated at 24,200,000 square miles.

India now ranks next to the United States as a cotton producing nation.

Rain in Great Britain do damage to the extent of over $70,000,000 a year.

The gold output of Alaska since 1880, when placer mining began, is $161,000,000.

Over six million acres of land are under tobacco cultivation throughout the world.

Carborundum, the product of the electric furnace, is the hardest substance known.

Five o'clock in the morning is the coldest hour of the 24 in nearly all seasons of the year.

A single spider has been known to yield more than two and a quarter miles of web filament.

In the British museum library there are more than thirty-two miles of shelves filled with books.

Cuba consumes 600,000 barrels of potatoes a year, more than one-half of which it gets from Canada.

The lead pencil makers of Nuremberg, Germany, use about 700,000 tons of American cedar each year.

A fire caused by an exploding lamp may be quenched with milk, water only spreading the burning oil.

The hide of a cow produces about thirty-five pounds of leather and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

A message in going from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other consumes about three seconds of time.

Paris has thirty-two miles of underground railways and the construction of twenty-three more miles has been authorized.

In Russia the average price of agricultural land is $7 per acre. In England land fam land ranges in price from $60 to $120 per acre.

There are enough freight engines and cars engaged in the traffic of the United States to make a string one thousand miles long.

The sound of thunder may be heard for twenty or twenty-five miles; with the ear to the ground, much farther Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles.

There are over 15,000 square miles of peat lands in Canada. This would supply fuel equal to five billion tons of coal. Peat is an excellent fuel and is much cheaper than either wood or coal.

It has been discovered that the human eye, acutely trained, can distinguish 100,000 different shades of color. It is said that only two colors—red and yellow—are ever seen in our dreams.

A great sequoia-tree recently cut down in California was fifteen feet in diameter, two hundred and seventy feet high, and no less than two thousand one hundred and seventy-one years old. It began to grow when Rome was still a republic and more than two hundred years before Christ was born.

There is no need in sandpaper. It is a powdered glass that does the business. That's where the broken bottle go to. The glass is powdered into half a dozen different grades, with an even layer of hot glue. Then, without loss of time, the glass powder is spread over it. Then a wooden roller is run lightly over the sheets to give them a good setting.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written February 23rd.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

Mr. Vanzandt, who lived in a white house near here, died last week. The funeral was held on Feb. 17th at 3.30 o'clock. When my mother was here, she stayed at Mrs. Vanzandt's house for a few days. She heard that her son was very sick in the Belleville Hospital with his mother, so his aunt was alone. My mother said that she wandered how he was getting along and I told her in a letter about his death. We sympathize with Mrs Vanzandt on account of her son's death.
S. Hazlitt.

Some days ago, I read in a newspaper that a wild man had lived in the forest for four years. He killed many animals and ate raw meat. None of the people were much afraid of him pretending through the forest and I thought he was a giant. His hair was about fifteen inches long and there was hair all over his face. He was also sheep's skin and a black, soft hat. He was strong and could split the paths men very hard when they tried to catch him. They put him into a jail. I think that he walked around the woods and become that some years ago, he became wild. - F. Smith.

The heroism of a quick witted young man whose name was Cleveland prevented a tragedy about one o'clock on Feb. 20th, at the mill of Mr. Hyde, he rescued two young boys who drifted out on the lake on a large cake of ice at Toronto. D. Hazlitt.

I got an interesting a letter from my sister, Ilene last week. Some one of I had read in the papers about Freddie Wilson, 7 years old, who lived at Northcote St. in London near the Thames River. He went outside one day, nearly two weeks ago, and from then on heard of since. Some people think he got drowned in the river and some think he is lost in the country, but he cannot be found. His father did all he knew how to do to save nearly crazy about it. The time offered $100 to any one who could find him, but no one could find him yet. It is very, very sad about the getting away of Freddie.

Last Saturday evening we went to Napel, Mr. Ford explained about The Zeit" and Mr. Nurse explained boat his trip to London, Eng., and Scotland. We were very much pleased with the lectures. Would you like to visit England and Scotland when you have money? I would. R. Pollock.

I heard on Feb. 19th, that Pope Pius X., who lives in Rome, was suffering from a slight attack of influenza and was confined to his bed. The lowest had affected his throat, causing considerable hoarseness. I hope and will bless him and that he will recover soon. - W. Kennedy.

There are many people who have tubonic plague in Southern Manchuria. It is waging in Harbin and the authorities are trying to check it by destroying the houses. - E. Jackson.

Last Saturday evening Dr. Gough intended to allow the pupils to have a carnival on the ice but they were disappointed because it rained on Friday night and the rink was wet, so they could not skate on it. I went to the carnival, Mr. Nurse lectured to us. He is staying in Harbin and the carnival again next Saturday evening, if the rink is good. - J. McLaren.

Mr. Campbell told his pupils that a man, 97 years old, was run over by a milk sleigh had died suddenly while on his rounds just before noon on Feb. 11th. He was found sitting on the seat of his sleigh. - D. Buchan.

I received a letter from my brother, Willie yesterday at noon and he told me that Walter Charlebois had a good job at the Ackerman's harness factory in Peterboro. I hope he will be successful. - W. A. Kennedy.

- We are pleased that the spring is coming soon. I hope it will be warm in spring. I know we would enjoy walking outside for pleasures then, because the air will be fresh. - Lena Carpenter.

MR. BAILS' CLASS.

The plague has killed more than 70, 000 people in China. The Chinese are burning their dead. Masked men gather up the bodies in the streets and carry them to carts waiting at the gates, which t the them to the burning place. There they are piled on wood soaked in oil and burned. Houses and old hospitals where the plague has been are also burned. Men are stood before the stoves with atomizers and spray everyone who enters with some bulic acid solution. They are having a general clean up.

Mille Tomlinson's, daughter of a poor widow in Toronto, was ill and the doctor could not help her. The widow not want to become helpless and dependent on her mother, so she swallowed some carbonic acid acid and killed herself. James Ewart Hall.

Mr. Hall told us about Edmund Dantes in our class-room and he lectured a long time, and we were pleased with his lecture. Edmund was quite old and was clever to escape from prison. He became very rich. - J. McLean.

The Chinese are establishing many medical schools to teach the Chinese doctors how to fight the bubonic plague.

The King, George V. visited sum are still with the measles at Buckingham College

Four people had been killed and eaten for food in one Chinese village.

King Nicholas of Montenegro was slowly beginning to death from a rapid internal disease in his head.

We very much enjoyed Mr. Nurse's story about his life in the Far Country. It was very interesting and some of us had been to England when we are due with school.

The newspaper said that two lumbermen were getting out timber near Chapera, Pontiere County, Quebec, when they thought they heard groaning. When the tree was felled they called the boss and his dog to see if it was true. He could not find them away the snow and he stooped down a frozen hand. He pulled the fingers, he just jumped a big bear and struck him with its claws on the side of his face, nearly tearing off his ear. The bear goes came running to help him while the dog was fighting the bear then struck at him with his axe but slipped and fell, and the bear tore down his back and left arm, taking his clothes off and tearing his side badly. At last another bear hit the bear on the back of his head and killed it. The boss was very proud of having the skin for a rug. - Edmund C. McArthur.

I worked in the shoyd shop last Monday afternoon. Ingram told two or three boys to go to the blacksmith and bring some small iron pieces of machinery. I suppose that is why they are stylish and I would like to be stylish like them. Some boys made an umbrella-stand. Perhaps I will make one too. I made the letters shown on the picture frame.

The sloyd shop and asked Mr Ingram for a small picture frame for a photo of Miss Rose(Mrs. Forrester.)

The weather is very cold and the wind blows quite near zero. The snow is not very deep but the ice is laid on the sidewalk. People sometimes fall on the slippery walks because the ice is hidden. - Tom Brown.

The Rink was not started for the spring is coming. The boys and girls will skate on the rink for the last time next week as the snow and ice will soon melt, in March. I think they have had more skating there in March. I am glad if the snow will soon be gone and the grass come up. - E. W. Edmund.

I got a letter from my mother a few days ago and showed me that my family have a new plant and electric lights at home now. I never saw electric lights at home, but I will see them when I go home.

We intended to skate on the rink for a skating carnival last Saturday but we did not do so that evening, because it rained on Friday and the rink was wet. We were disappointed not to have a skating carnival. I think there will be a carnival on Friday and the rink will be good. - Ivan Sloan.

Many people had a skating carnival in the rink in Belleville last Friday evening. I think they enjoyed themselves. - Ernest Kinsley.

- Some boys will go the rink and skate next Saturday night. They will have a carnival. Mr. Ingram came to his class-room and he taught some Catholic boys their catechism. Some Catholic boys and girls went to church. They saw a policeman raise his hand to salute Edmund. The policeman lives in a frame house near Mr. Irvine's. - Edmund Meloche.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

We felt disappointed because we did not have a carnival on Feb. 18th as it was raining and the rink was wet. Mr Nurse invited us to the chapel and he asked Mr. Charles Ford to tell us a story which he read in a story book. It was about two brothers and a wolf. Mr Nurse told us a fine story about going to England. We laughed hard because it was a funny story about being fooled by the war Bureau in London, England. We stayed in the chapel from 9.30 to 9.30 o'clock. We all were very much interested with both stories. M. C. Biddle.

The changeable weather The pavements are dangerous because they are slippery. The roads are rough. It rained last Saturday morning and the ground was wet. It is frozen now. Mr. Ingram's carnival in Belleville last Friday evening.

The west boys flooded the rink before supper this evening and perhaps the boys will skate on it after the evening lesson.

The Ottawa team defeated the Quebec team at the big hockey match The score was 7 to 2. They played on the Quebec rink. The Ottawa team were strong. The Ottawa and Renfrew team will play hockey on the Renfrew rink on Feb. 28th T. L. Ring

A man in Cape Nagon, Denmark escaped from a funeral into at once a drop during a night That death damage. The government gives him permission for catching them. James Green

On Sunday morning we went to the Methodist and a teacher told us about Jesus. When he had finished he invited three of us on the platform and we signed the names to the pupils. I have never signed a name to them before. This was the first time. K. McDougall

The water was turned off in Belleville on Saturday and now electric pumps were put in the engine room of the waterworks were taken out of. The electric pumps are cheaper. The water is brought from the Bay of Quinte

People are killing and eating others in some parts of China because they cannot get any food. Four persons were killed and eaten in one village. They were starved to death. - Miss Charlie Bowkett.

Queen Alexandria's baby dies was and all up to date and is with her. King George V. mother. Her husband died a few years ago and she is a widow.

That is true in Ottawa there are six hundred cases of typhoid fever and several cases of small pox

There was a water famine in Toronto on Feb. 20th. The water is brought from L. Ontario in a large pipe and the new stopped it - so the Americans were drawing drinking water to the people for drinking and washing. - H. Hall.

Miss McArdle went home last Friday and her friend was married She came back on Monday. We hope that she had a very nice time

Last Thursday Ethel Nelson got a letter from her aunt Louise and she asked Dr Coughlin to let her go home for a few days. We sent some flowers to her Uncle, Mr Nelson Thompson, was dead. She came back to school on Monday morning. - Eva Langhorne

A Visit to the Conservatory.

My teacher, Miss Templeton asked us if we would like to go to visit the green-house and we said that we would like to go. We put our coats and caps on, and went to the green house on Dundonald St. in Belleville. We stayed there about half an hour It is west of Dr. Coughlin's house. The Dr. has a kind of vineyard and bark. The upper part and roof are made of glass. There are flower-beds along the sides and ends and in the middle. There are two tanks under the middle flower-bed. They are full of water for watering the plants. It is heated by hot water in pipes. The flower-beds on the north side. There are two entrances to it. It has a coal shed. We saw many flowers in bloom and many flowers growing in pots. There are white, muslin curtains on the roof to protect the plants from the sun Then the weather is cloudy Mr. Payne draws the curtains off the roof. The flowers will grow in the ground at the outside of the green-house. Some of the flowers are roses, calla-lilies, hyacinths, geraniums, nasturtiums, begonias, carnations, cigus-plants, etc. It is a lovely green-house. Mr. Payne is in charge of the conservatory. We would like to go there again. G. V. Sours.

MISS LINN'S CLASS

Arthur and I went to the woods in the evening and he took his gun with him. We went through the woods and I saw a fox near a hole Arthur shot the fox's leg and the fox barked but it ran into the hole Arthur could not find it because it was in the hole Arthur and I then dug it out but it had many stones in the hole Arthur and I came back home and he was very cross. - J. Wilson

I held a rope with my hands and my cuffle pulled the rope with his teeth. He pulled me a lot go. My cuffle was stubborn. He would not go. He pulled me and I was also pulled down the hill - Bills.

Hanna was a Newfoundland dog He licked many people. He licked and sprang at tramps. The tramps ran away. Hanna died a few months ago. Bruno left sorry for a while. The kitten stayed with Bruno. I was fond of Hanna. - E. Bruce.

I got a long letter from my sister two weeks ago. I laughed at my brother because he sings about three blind mice. I was so excited to see the spring come and now that I know we are getting it so early once before once. I think the coughed Lizzie Borden.

I got two pictures from My brother Bill has a camera and he took the pictures. He made one of me in our house and I liked it so much that I asked him to make one of Arthur. In the other we were in the house and two dogs. The house was in Toronto. Their names were Carlo and Rover. Alfred Allen. - E. Evans.

Alfred Allen is my friend He took the picture of me and I liked Alfred. The dog's name is Pete

MISS MCARDLE'S CLASS.

A long time ago. He was a old man He was born was February 22nd birthday was February 22. He was born was kind and good. He gave out of his money to the poor. He was a good man. - E. Mcarthur.

I answer grandpa last Friday Feb. 21st. He was very glad to hear from old. He used to carve a boat and he would have it sent to me. She is sorry. We are sorry for Uncle Lawson

Dear uncle, I received your kind letter. He said he was pretty Valentine. I received your letter and I was so surprised. My Pet was a rabbit. The dog was in the house. I asked him to give me a egg. I guess he said yes. Because me off and gave me one and I thanked him. He was laughing at the gate and the dog was barking. He was dressed in clothes I can't remember. Miss McArdle and Miss Barber pupils have a new baby. Every greenhouse has a portions of the house I did not have any.

Last Saturday I went to a sale with Clara Hattery and we passed Mr. Stewart's house I saw that the garden looking up some old papers I found here. And he is looking the fire and he said he asked me to keep himself warm and we laughed at him - E. Bell.

I read in the newspaper that two men were killed by a snow slide on the C. P. R. near Revelstoke. The names were Bale and Whitmark. They lived in Revelstoke. Bale's wife and three sons were taken down by the heavy snow and the track was blocked in many places. - H. Lloyd.

On February 24th, the girls of Mr Stewart's class visited the print shop. I went with him and I liked to see it. He showed us the presses, paper cutters, type, etc. Mr Bowes and C. Ford were printing THE CANADIAN MYTE. Mr Stewart showed us how the small letters were set. I would make it go with his foot on with the bell. The large press is run by water power. We saw Mr Stewart set a line of type and Eddie Fishburn set up Nevers and Eleanor's names Alma Hamilton

There was a water famine in Toronto for a few days last week. The intake pipe was blocked with ice and no water could be pumped until the ice was removed. About eighty water carts were employed. Nora Toll

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

AIMS AND MEANS IN VIEW

First—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they have advanced.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils, and especially the deaf.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cents per the school year payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year, but only January and July numbers are mailed to order.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us that missing numbers may be ordered without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each wrapper or a wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is respected from any friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to retard the progress of any one will be admitted if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL STAFF

JAMES H. TYNDALL

GEO. F. STEWART EDITOR

INSTITUTION MOTTO "The greatest happiness is found in man at short happy."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1911.

Various Viewpoints.

We have pleasure in reproducing below a few extracts from some of the Institution reports recently received. As the contain the matured views of some of the most experienced and capable educators of the deaf, they should be of interest to our readers.

In the report of the Clarke School at Northampton we find the following remarks relative to the character of the books that should be put into the pupils hands to read:

"In language exercises in all grades an increased use has been made of those stories which have become classic. There seems no good reason why so much language may not be acquired by a child, through familiarity with a historic or semi-historic tale, which has won a place in literature, as through a like amount of labor and thought spent upon a story which possesses no permanent value. With the great mass of excellent supplementary reading provided, which is now offered for use to the children in our public schools, there can be no longer any need that time be spent on insipid or valueless material for language work. Certainly a familiarity with fables, folklore, myths, biographical and historical tales, explains and illuminates all later reading, while from them lessons of heroism and chivalry cannot fail to be gained. The acquisition of language occupies many consider able share of the time devoted to school work. It necessarily, instruction the subjects of school course depend absolutely on previously acquired power to comprehend and use the language in which these subjects are presented. If, then, so much time and attention must be given to the subject of language teaching, it is of the greatest importance that as far as possible the thoughts presented during all these hours be of an elevating and ennobling sort both for the moral and intellectual good of the pupil."

The Superintendent of the Western Pennsylvania Institution has this to say relative to the Rotary System:

"Brief reference was made in our last report to the adoption of the rotary system of recitations in advanced classes. Sufficient time has elapsed since its introduction to enable us to form a correct judgement concerning its merits and disadvantages, for like most systems it has both. By this plan one teacher conducts all the recitations in one subject and at the expiration of the periods sends his classes to other teachers, one teaching history exclusively, another arithmetic and so on. This plan has upon the whole worked well and fully justified its adoption. Not only does it afford the pupils greater range in reading, which was thought at first to be its chief merit, but it has permitted an adjustment of the course of study that affords greater uniformity and unity. When one person teaches all the branches of a grade he is apt to combine his efforts to these subjects, going from one to another, for example, from arithmetic and unintentionally neglects large fields of knowledge that lie without these branches. This knowledge is acquired by hearing children in their intercourse with older persons or from their daily reading, but deaf children are shut out from these source of information and have to depend on their teachers for it. In order to be sure that they get at least a slight insight into those usually neglected subjects and in order to introduce them to the elementary principle of natural science, our course of study has been extended to embrace a variety of subjects, somewhat unrelated, and of greater or less importance, though all are necessary to a symmetrical education. Emphasis is still laid on the branches usually taught in the public schools and to the study of the English language, but to these have been added periods for the consideration of such subjects as literature, transportation, mythology and legend, classical stories, plant life, etc."

The advisability of having mentally deficient children educated with those of normal intellect is a question that requires careful consideration. The Superintendent of the Rome School for the Deaf has decided, and, it seems to us, very correct views on this subject. In his last report he says:

"Too much stress cannot be placed upon the proper classification of deaf children if good results are to be obtained. A mentally deficient deaf child has no place with the bright deaf child, nor has a child with perfect hearing, but not mentally strong enough to learn to talk, any place with semi-deaf or semi-mutes of good mentality and capable of development. Each child has its proper place in a well classified educational system and such is capable of some development, but to place them in the same room or under the same roof with "normal" deaf children does more than retard the progress of the child and the character of development that it has a right to expect, and may, as has been proven in many instances, cause harm to the bright deaf children. To relieve the condition of mentally deficient deaf children at the expense of bright deaf children is not great economy in the long run and energy and too great a sacrifice of character, but to uplift mentally deficient deaf children, under proper conditions with suitable environment, is a work no less interesting or inspiring than the work of educating normal deaf children. It is the duty of the State to make proper provision for their education and support."

Odds and Ends Exchanged

The Empress of Japan has ordered a large school for the deaf to be built at Osaka, Japan. He has given $250,000 of his own money to erect the buildings.—*Cal. News.*

Mr. H. J. Bowen, who was a student at the Virginia School many years ago, died recently. In his will he requested that his farm be sold and the proceeds given to the school. The farm was recently sold for $3000.

The entire object of true education is to lead people not merely to do these things, but enjoy the right things and not merely industrious, but to love industry -not merely learned, but to have knowledge -not merely pure, but to love purity- not merely just, but to hunger and thrist after justice. —*Beecher.*

Mr. R. O. Johnson has planned a series of receptions for the girls of the upper classes for the purpose of acquainting them with the forms and formalities of social functions in public society. The first of these for this year was an afternoon "Tea" given in honor of the three members. It was held in the large double-rooms. The guests were the older girls in school, the teachers and others. It was introduced as a "formal" affair for the purpose of giving the pupils a idea of the manner of such. But while this was the manner of it, the girls enjoyed a very social and are anxiously awaiting the next "formal" affair, from both the standpoint of pleasure and profit.

"At Home" cards were sent out by the members. *Silent Hoosier*

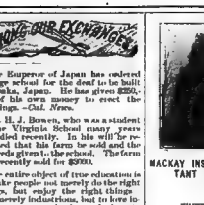
In a recent literary meeting at the Minnesota school the subject of reading was discussed. The difficulty of reading the pupils generally to read books was deplored. A remark by Dr. Booth upon the subject is significant. He said " it was his belief that the main reason why deaf pupils did not read more was that they had not enough language to understand what they read. If we can improve their language they will read more. How many of us teachers, who studied Latin years ago, could read it with interest or pleasure if we had to do it slowly and painfully, with frequent recourse to the dictionary?" That is getting at the kernel. The remedy is to post English into the pupils mentality. No officer, teacher or employee should ever agree to use in ordinary communication with them unless it is real necessary. Another essential is that teachers must take an interest in the reading of their pupils and see that they are given such books and papers as they will with reasonable effort understand and be interested in. *The Silent Hoosier*

The schools for the deaf in some of our new States are richly endowed with lands. North Dakota forty thousand acres, from which it derives a revenue of over fourteen thousand dollars a year. The schools in Montana, Idaho, Utah and New Mexico are no better, all endowed, the latter having ninety-five thousand acres. These lands will some day be the sup wrotten sister schools practically independent. Our school has a land endowment, given to it years ago by the State, but the funds from it are available only as appropriated by the legislature. But our possessions are a mere bagatelle to those of some other schools.—*The Lone Star.*

A Large Buffalo Head.

Medicine Hat, Alta., Dec. 8.—James Fleming, of the American hotel, today acquired a curio which may eventually rest in the British museum. It is a perfect head of a buffalo with horns 24 inches by 8 feet. It has been marvellously preserved in an alkali formation for over 25 years. The entire carcass was found by Sam McKay, in a dried up alkali lake some miles south of Medicine Hat. He chopped off the head with an axe, and brought it to Mr. Fleming. The bushy pate is as soft and pliable, and resemble soiled pelt. The eyes and ears wrinkle and contract in a manner to actually fix the expression on the animal's face. H. McKay is credited with killing the last buffalo in the district in 1882, since a band of forty head was exterminated in the exact location in which this carcass was found.

"God does not believe a man is all he ought to be when he has his Sunday clothes on.



MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

Miss Kingman, daughter of our Vice-President, Mr. Abner Kingman, treat all the pupils to ice-cream and cake on her wedding-day, Feb. 16. Miss Kingman was a friend of the blind she came out to read to them for many years. Every year she treated them to a tea party of ice-cream, cake and other good things that children love.

Miss Jessie Dow gave ten dollars which will be spent on maple sugar for the pupils.

The children enjoyed very much a large box of the oranges from Mr and Mrs. Mowry.

Addison Wells, a former pupil of the school, paid a visit here last week and his aunt, Mrs. Wells, entertained some of the senior pupils at dinner.

Hockey matches were played between the Beavers and St. Gilles, the first match resulting in victory for the Beavers, score 2 to 0; the second match also a victory for the Beavers, score 3 to 1. The members of the Beaver Association who play are all former pupils of the school.

One of the craziness of our last magazine which was worn by Pauline Lavoie's work Time at the Loom. Mr. A. A. Rink Camiral that was held in the rink was a great success and was up by Miss Cunningham, our able supervisor.

Every for a new Hall, class-room, new dining-room, etc., have been asked for by the Provincial Board at the last before the Board at their next meeting All these rejoice at the contemplated addition to the building.

We were glad to notice in the last number of the Canadian Mute the contradiction of the report of the death of Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, late matron Superintendent, Mrs. Ashcroft Mrs. Terrill is in the best of health and is attending to her duties as Dr. Fowler, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, Brockville.

Two new pupils are expected, and little Grace Robinson is to return as soon as the cold weather is over. Grace is too young to stand the severity of our climate in winter. M B P S

LONDON NOTES

From our own Correspondent.

Dr. Forster having been appointed to the Superintendency of the asylum at Brockville has moved away from our midst. They were always good friends of the deaf here and we shall miss them. Mrs. Forster is a daughter of Mr. Terrill, late principal of the school staff.

Considerable sickness has been among our deaf people lately. Mr. D Clark's eldest son has been seriously ill of pneumonia.

Mr. Geo. Moore, who has been ill with a bad attack of grippe for sometime has left for his home in Forest where he will engage on his brother's farm.

Mr. Simpson has left Mr. Ward's employment and has gone into the coaling business of his own at his father's house.

We were all pleased to see Mr. Brigden, of the Toronto Mission. He came on Feb. 5th and remained over Sunday While here he visited the deaf friends at Tallonville, and on Sunday afternoon conducted a large meeting of the deaf in the Y. M. C. A. On Sunday evening he preached to the deaf at Mr. Geo. McDonald's home where another meeting was held and all felt that his visit was a pleasure and spiritual blessing.

Mr. Geo. McDonald was in Brantford recently to judge of the prospects there he has conducted that London is the best place for him and will remain here

Mr. J. Crawford was in Ingersoll lately on a visit to friends there. He is engaged steadily at the soda biscuit factory here.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1911.

McBride-Greene

On Wednesday, February 22nd, at five o'clock, there was solemnized the marriage of Miss Minnie May Greene to Mr. Hamilton McBride, of Westmouth, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Greene, of Diamond in the presence of a few friends. Rev. F. H. Dresser was the officiating clergyman and in impressive words he pronounced the young persons husband and wife. The bridal party took their stand beneath an arch of evergreens and white roses. The bride was tastefully dressed in white silk with sequin ornaments, she also wore a wedding bridal veil and white roses and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden's hair fern. The only ornament worn was a valuable gold watch and chain, the gift of the groom, after the ceremony and congratulations, the guests repaired to the dining-room where a sumptuous repast was served, ably doing justice to the good things provided, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Next morning the happy couple took the train for Ancaster and Caledon, which latter place is to be their future home. The bride travelled in a neat suit of grey chiffon cloth with hat to match

Misses Hough and Herman were in town a few days ago and came out to the Institution to see their old school mates.

As all know, Miss Hunter is a tall young lady and when she makes a slip she quite a distance to fall. An unfortunate tumble on the ice the other day resulted in a sprained wrist, and it being her good right hand we are sorry to tell of her help in our local columns at this time, which accounts for the paucity of news.

We are glad to hear that Anna Welch, who left us last May to take a place in the shoe trade with Mr. Armstrong, at Revelstoke, B. C., is getting on nicely and is much pleased with his prospects in the west. It was a misnomer to go there and we are sure he will soon find if he keeps his health and sticks steadily to work.

It is with very deep and sincere regret that we chronicle the death at Joplin, Missouri, of Marie Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Coleman. This sad event took place on February 26th, and was entirely unexpected. The remains were brought to Belleville, and were interred on the 28th. Many beautiful floral offerings evinced the sympathy of their many friends, among these being a handsome sheaf of roses from the Institution staff. This sudden and untimely duties was a great shock to Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, and they have the warmest sympathy of all at the Institution, and of the deaf throughout the Province.

—John Crough, graduate of the Ontario (Canada) School for the Deaf and a resident of Brandon in Winnipeg, is an athlete and has won laurels in various sports—rugby and association football, hockey, lacrosse, baseball, basketball and in wrestling matches. Probably no other deaf mute in the world has a record that can equal that of Crough.—*Gallaudet News.*

Owing to the placing of new machinery in the pump house of the city water works, the plant was shut down all day on the 28th. We cannot do without a large quantity of water here, and our steam pump plant would be a big grant of loneliness if it were not forthcoming, and it is convenient for us that we have our own pumping plant to fall back upon when necessity arises. We kept it going until the city plant was in operation again.

The people of Weyburn will be sorry to know that Mr. Alex. Lethbridge is leaving town on Saturday next. Mr. Lethbridge during the last twelve months has been connected with the Weyburn Herald, and he now leaves to take up a similar position with a first class newspaper firm in Edmonton, Alta. He will be greatly missed by the young men of the town on account of his fine social manner and natural ability in all kinds of sports. As a lacrosse and hockey player, he was a shining light and it will be hard to fill his place in this respect. We wish Mr. Lethbridge and his wife every success in their new home.—*Weyburn Review.*

Last week we received a letter from Miss Fraser, announcing the many years of absence. Our old boys will remember John as the "Jumbo" of the school and Miss Fraser knew she was rather proud of as a compliment to be so. John has been living in Carberry, Man., for many years and has prospered well. While at school John was a favorite with all, for he always has a shop where he both sells and repairs and he has a fine flour, lumber and feed. He has a twelve horse power engine and reindeer, able to grind up thirty-five bags of grain per hour, and he grinds for the farmers around. He has been home once since he left school but feels he must soon get a visit to Ohio. Now he is married and has a family of five. Any time his old friends are passing Carberry he will be glad of a call from them.

ALBERTA JOTTINGS.

From our Occasional Correspondent

Here is an opportunity for me to make good by sending to your paper some news concerning Alberta as regard to our old acquaintances I had the pleasure of visiting in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook are getting on very finely in their life-work - teaching at the Deaf-Mute School for the Deaf. They have a cosy home just a few blocks from their place of work. By the way, the scarlet fever epidemic was just exhausted at the school through there being a few cases of measles but not of a serious nature.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Labelle are hale and happy, as of yore. Noah is getting on nicely in his work - harnessmaking; he is the only deaf boy in the house, and a credit to the school.

Mr. Cooper comes in for much notice as a regular sport. He has changed some in size and looks since he left Ontario. He will be all the more interest in sports, either as a participant or a spectator.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, old pupils of your school, enjoy the same measure of success as formerly. Mrs. Duncan is the way of health and other good things. Mr. Duncan is on the *Free Press*, daily paper, getting about twenty-seven dollars per week. It is all night work.

The deaf mutes now in the Winnipeg post-office, are doing very well and are contented with their work.

I got a few points from Ontario other, amongst observation on the weather. Upon my leaving Dresden, it was mild, the snow thawing out but when I reached Winnipeg it was freezing at the immensely, in quantity of snow and cold. Indeed, it was over three feet high on the level. The snow tapered down in depth toward the Rocky Mountains, the greatest depth obtained through to Winnipeg, where I was exceedingly glad to see snow-shoeing was just the right thing. It was pretty cold, though I did not suffer any from a shivering feeling which I had experienced upon arriving at Toronto.

In Saskatchewan, I came across an unusual sight, that of dense clouds of drifting snow wafting over the prairie wherever winds took a fancy to blow. They were about three feet high, and looked very much like smoke hovering over the surface. These curious phenomena are unknown in Alberta. No wonder a person easily gets lost on a prairie; drifting snow soon obliterates all marks left by either sleighs or horses, thus leaving no signs for pony and man to rely upon in his travels.

Upon entering Alberta, patches of ground began to be visible, the snow being thin, and which condition the warm winds were to blame. But getting north from Calgary, the snow began to come in thicker and thicker, just in proportion to willows in their increasing intensity, which I believe prevent warm winds from blowing so much snow out of existence.

Now I have to turn on the air brake, as it were, hoping to send another letter to you ere long.

I. P. S.

TORONTO TOPICS

From our own Correspondent

We all sympathize with Mr. Thomas Reed, whose home he has sustained by the death of his brother Robert who died very suddenly on Sunday morning last, Feb. 12th, in his sixty-third year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tetrell were in Newmarket a couple of days, whither they went to attend the funeral of their brother-in-law, Mr. Pooley, who departed this life on Feb. 15th. The bereaved relatives have our sincere sympathy.

Mr. Frederick Logie at the Bible class on the 15th sat as on the 7th and 8th of last year—23rd chapter of Isaiah.

A delightful party was given on Feb. 18th by Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harris at their home. It was intended to be in the form of a surprise for Miss Gertie Hodgetts, and had not quite materialized as well as had but breaking this motive it spread wide the net and as well. All the Bible class were present with the impromptu debate was next in order and Messrs. Ward and William McKay opposed each other in saying those who married in public favor, day or night Mr. Ward was for night and Mr. McKay for day. The latter won by seven votes to seven, after which a few nifty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Harris and others who contributed to the enjoyment and hearty guests and after a few words of good cheer the party ended Miss Hall all went home happy.

Mr. William Hogan, of Berlin was visiting friends here on the 19th of last week.

Robert McMaster, of Warton was visiting friends on the city for a while lately.

A new departure in connection with our Sunday meetings has now come in force. It is the assistance given by some of our young gentlemen to the choir. They come with the song, service, and so far they have made a hit. Those who are in are Messrs. Fred Tetrell and H. W. Roberts.

A pleasant surprise party was given up by Mrs. I. Pettifour at her home on Feb. 6th and a most say it was a successful one. The person thus surprised was her own husband, and the pleasant hours and fellowship afterwards was in honor of his natal day. The evening was occupied in playing games and refreshments took place. After helping each other to a new treat of icecream and cake, Fred Perry took a flash light photo of all in a group.

We have one more addition to our numbers in the person of Edward Cuddy, of Ottawa who now works in the printing office here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason were at home to a goodly number of their best deaf friends on Feb. 16th, the occasion being getherer a birthday anniversary and being the recipient of many very useful presents. Ambrose is always very popular.

The genial and silent barrister with his relentless sickle has made us another call and has taken one of our beloved friends has gone to that mysterious region from whence no one returneth, and now Mr. William Saddler, who was among us yesterday, is no more, while a devoted wife and loving son are left grief stricken and alone.

A week before he passed away he went to work, but had hardly got started when he was overtaken by a paralytic stroke and was at once taken home, but a few days later was removed to the Western hospital. Here he was thought he would recover but the nurse was the case for pneumonia set in and he gradually sank until Saturday morning, 18th ult., when the vital spark fled. He was in his fifty eighth year. His remains were removed from the Western hospital to Holton's undertaking parlors on Queen St. West, from whence the funeral took place on Monday, 20th ult., to Prospect Cemetery. A large number of the deaf were at the funeral to pay their last respects to their departed brother. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Morrow, and Mrs. Pettifour sweetly signed "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." The deaf of Toronto sent a very beautiful wreath, and the deceased's fellow employees who were at the funeral with all his employers. The pall bearers were Messrs. A. W. Mason, G. Hill, Stamer, Samuel Pugsley, F. H. Red bone, George Beebee and H. Broome. The pulpits at the T. B. T. S. and Alton Hall were draped in mourning on Sunday, 26th and the Sunday services for the day made solemn reference to the one who was no more. The Kid die was a man of the stable disposition always exuding kindness and sympathy for others—humorous and jolly in conversation and always having many little deeds of kindness. I miss the cane more and Mrs. Kidder also herself dangerously ill with pleurisy when her husband breathed his last—and though the end messages to her was not exactly what had been hoped for she underwent the operation for the removal of the fluid developed out—but had Mr. Hodgson and he did so after first consulting her physician. The result was strong in the affirmative, for Mrs. Kidder braved the ordeal with a good deal of courage and methods and. He better, and Mrs. Thompson is not out and about as usual—is known among deaf circles into tears—of sad relation—as well as the deaf in general, for the deceased passed quite popular.

Miss Hoffman's many friends will miss Miss Hoffman's cheerful face much longer and we hope it soon will be fully restored. Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mrs. A. W. Mason, Mrs. Sam Pugsley and Mrs. Geo. Beebee are to be congratulate of all for their success in their art and more so Mrs. Beebee. Mrs. Hodgetts is also to be congratulated on her splendid appearance at the Bible class on the 15th ult. and we are sure there will be other relatives in our line soon.

Miss Gertie Hodgetts had been home for a week or so, off to-day to Hamilton on the 20th ult and on account of the illness of her father.

On my way I am glad at last and Mrs. Cook, Saddletown to the mill pond after eight inches of ice, and on the 21st ult. we were to see if it would bear us, but we were disappointed as it was my self were there and the ice was one of the most enjoyable outings of the season. Mr. Cook was also present and he was a good skater. Mr. Cook is known as a good skater and we were sorry we could not see their good speed on account of ground all around being so pleasant. Mr. Cook is also a good hand at making sleds and all parties in the vicinity of Caledon in the winter send their dressmaking and their sleds to Mr. Cook.

A full report of Mrs. R. Kidder's accident party which took place on Feb. 14th appeared in our issue of March 1st.

Mrs. Herbert McKenzie of Yonge St. was calling on old friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Chapin made a flying visit to Man. calling on Mr. and Mrs. I. Pettifour on Feb. 18th. Leon was on his way to Ottawa, to spend some time and trip in various parts of Western Ontario. The bride was formerly Miss Matilda Hall, of Toronto. To-morrow they will pay and have us a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason attended the Bible meeting of the latter's sister, Ed Beebe on the 20th ult.

Mr. Bigelow subject of the Bible class on the 22nd ult. was the 23rd of the New Testament and in the old Testament. It is defined as Jeremiah 33 ff. to end. 31 and more the chapters about it. H. W. R.

The Machine Without Thread.

I like to see when there is no thread in the machine it runs so easily and a little girl one day

Exclaimed with many jewels I'll go an pretty fond of running the machine without thread.

When I hear a boy talking very largely of the grand things he would do, if he only had the means, things and circumstances were quite different and I have sought very diligently and long avoiding work and lessons. I think he is running his race without thread.

When a girl says she can't read pleasant abroad, ready to do anything but at such things she is without thread she is in her home, she too is running her race without any thread.

Ah! This sewing without a thread a very easy indeed, and the life machine will make a great bungling but labor time and bower will in the end be far worse than had The Friend

The lazy man is always hoping that it won't snow very much next winter, and that if it should the snow shovel crop will be a failure.

The Boys and the Bees.

Many, many years ago the people in Germany lived in little towns with high walls all round them. They built walls around their towns because they had quarrels with other towns. The walls protected them against their enemies.

Sometimes people kept bee-hives on the high walls. The bees would fly away into the fields outside to gather honey. There were not many flowers inside the city to get honey from.

One morning two bakers' boys were hungry. They had to get up very early. Some fine rolls had just been taken from the oven. The boys thought it would be fine to have some rolls and honey.

"Let us go on the walls and get some honey out of one of the hives," said John.

"But the bees will sting us, answered James. Besides, the watchman on the walls might see us. Then we would be in trouble of another kind."

John, however, persuaded James to go. The two boys stole out of the shop, and ran across the street. In a few minutes they were creeping up the stairs that led to the top of the walls. There was no watchman to be seen. He had got sleepy probably, and had gone somewhere to sleep. But there was a noise coming from somewhere.

The boys listened, but all was quiet again. They made their way along the wall till they came to the hives.

Then they entered their faces and got ready to rob the bees of their treasure. John was lifting the top from one of the hives when he heard another strange noise. He dropped the hive hurriedly.

The noise seemed to come from outside of the wall. The boys looked over, and saw a small army. It was the people of Linz, who came to attack the town.

Both boys were frightened at first. They saw however that something must be done to save the town.

"James," said John, "run run yonder and ring the bell. I will tumble the beehives down on their heads."

James did as he was told. John pushed a hive over the wall. It fell on the leader's head and went to pieces. The bees were angry at being disturbed this way. They flew at the men and stung their hands and faces, so that they were glad to run away.

Another beehive came tumbling down and then another. And the angry bees put the whole army to flight.

By this time the bell had called the people out to defend the town. But the army had already departed. The two boys and the bees had saved the town.

The boys were not punished. Instead, the people praised them for their wise acts. It was decided to erect a monument in their honor.

One of the boys afterwards became master of a city. The other was also known as the most famous baker of his time. -Hitne legends from "Child Lore."

Tea.

Tea is the dried leaves of a plant which grows in China and Japan. The plant is about the same size of the coffee tree, and like it is kept cut down to five feet so that the men can easily pick the leaves.

The plant is an evergreen that is, the leaves are green all the time.

They are picked four times a year, in April, May, June, and August.

The leaves picked in August do not make very good tea.

The leaves are first dried in the sun, and then in a pan over a charcoal fire. When the leaves are very dry they are packed in boxes and sent to the country and all over the world.

Sleeping Beauty.

One time a king and a queen had a little daughter. They had no other children and they loved her very much. When she was one year old, they gave a party for her and they invited many, many people to come.

There were thirteen fairies in that kingdom. The king did not like one of the fairies and he would not ask her to the party. She was very angry. She said that she would come any way.

At the supper the fairies all made gifts to the little baby. One fairy said that she would be beautiful, another said that she would be very good, another said that she would be rich. Eleven of the fairies wished good things for the little princess, then the wicked fairy jumped up. "When the princess is fifteen years old" she said, "she will stick her hand in a spinning-wheel and die." The king and the queen and all the guests were very much frightened. Then the last fairy came forward. She said, "The Princess shall not die. She shall sleep one hundred years!

The years went by. After awhile the princess was fifteen. During the meantime had taken every spinning-wheel in his kingdom. He forgot one. It was in a room of his castle.

The king and the young Princess went to that room. She had never seen a spinning-wheel. She looked at that one and then she began to play with it. She stuck her hand on it. She fell down on a bed in the room and went to sleep.

At the same moment every body and every thing in the castle went to sleep. The king, the queen, the servants, the horses, the cows, the chickens, the birds, all went to sleep.

There was a hedge all around the castle. In a few hours it grew so high that nobody could see the castle behind it. After awhile people forgot that a castle had been there. The years went by. One day a brave hunter cut his way through the hedge. He was very much surprised to find a castle there. He went into the hall and found the king and queen asleep in the servants. Then he found the Princess. She was very pretty. He kissed her. Then she woke up. At the same moment the king and the queen, the servants, the cows, the horses, the chickens, the birds, all woke up. They had been asleep one hundred years.

They were happy to see each other again. They thanked the brave hunter. The king married the princess to him. There was a large wedding supper but they took great care not to let the wicked fairy come.

The Ostrich.

The ostrich is a queer looking bird with a long skinny neck. It is from six to eight feet high. It is very strong and can carry a man on its back. It lives in Africa. The people who live there call it the "Camel of the Desert."

It has very queer feet. It has only two toes. One of these toes is twice as long as the other.

The ostrich is fond of stones and sometimes it swallows stones as large as hen's eggs. These stones help to grind up his food. It eats snakes, birds and rats. Sometimes people tame them.

It has very beautiful feathers. Its wings are very short, and it cannot fly. But its wings help it to run. It has very long strge and can go as fast as a train of cars.

The ostrich's legs are very thick and strong and it can easily knock a man down with them.

The ostrich's egg is equal to twenty-five hen's eggs. It is very heavy and weighs sometimes as much as three pounds.

The ostrich makes her nest in the sand. It is four feet wide. She lays fifteen eggs. The eggs hatch in six weeks. Both of the parents take care of the young ostriches until they are almost grown.

Most hunt ostriches. They want their feathers.

Some men have large farms. They keep ostriches. They sell their feathers. They make much money.

Ladies use ostrich feathers on their hats -Ex.

A Boy and A Wolf.

A man lived in a small house in a great forest and he had a wife and one little boy. The man went into the forest to cut down trees every day and once the little boy asked his father to let him go with him. He let him go. He looked at his father working for a while and then he became tired. His father said that he could go home. Pretty soon he felt tired and went fast asleep on the dry leaves. His father worked till night and then he started to go home. By and by he saw a wolf leaping for the leaves on something. He stopped and the wolf ran away. He went to see what was under the leaves and he saw his own boy lying there. He caught him up quickly and carried him home. He took his gun and went back, and again heaped the leaves nicely. He climbed up a tree and soon he saw some wolves howling around the leaves but they found nobody there. He shot them. John Buchan

The Scarecrow.

A farmer had a fine cherry-tree. It was covered with blossoms. He was afraid that robins would steal the cherries by and by. He wanted to keep the robins away. He made a scarecrow. It looked like a real man. Early one morning he set it up in the cherry-tree. A pair of robins wanted to make a nest in the cherry-tree. They watched the scarecrow. It did not move. They were not afraid. They built their nest in the scarecrow's pocket. Soon there were some little baby birds in the nest. They grew fast. Their father and mother were very busy hunting worms and bugs for them.

By and by the cherries were ripe. The little birds and their parents ate many of them. The farmer did not know there was a nest in the pocket. He often wondered who stole the cherries.

A Smart Pig.

Once upon a time a dog and pig lived on board a ship. They were good friends, but liked to play tricks on one another. The dog had a nice kennel, which the pig would try to get into in stormy weather, but as it was large enough only for one, when the pig got in first the dog had to stay out. One day it began storming and piggie went to the kennel, but found doggie already there. Piggie thought a little, and then went to the dish out of which both were fed, and began to make a noise with his mouth as though he was eating. Doggie picked up his ears, came out of the kennel and ran for the dish. when piggie ran for the kennel, and got snugly fixed there before doggie had found out the trick.

Letter Enigmas.

My first is in foot, but not in hand;
My second is in master, but not in hand;
My third is in breeze, but not in blow;
My fourth is the same as my third, you know;
My fifth is in nose, but not in cold;
My sixth is in iron, but not in gold;
My seventh is in gemin, but not in rye;
My eighth is in pig but not in sty.
My whole denotes cold.

A Birthday Party.

It was Annie Smith's birthday, and her mother said she might have a party.

She was eight years old, and she invited eight little girls to come to her party. In the centre of the tea-table there was a lovely big cake, all white. On the cake were eight pink candles, and these had pink paper shades on them. When they were lighted and burned up brightly the table looked very pretty. There were many other nice things to eat, and they had cocoa to drink. The girls all counted the candles, then they knew just how many pets on the back to give Annie in honor of her years. After tea they played games until it was time to go home. When they said "good-night" to Annie they thanked her for the happy time they had spent.

Sarah's Cat.

Sarah had a large gray cat. Its name was Bob. One day it went into the kitchen. There was no fire in the stove and the stove door was open. Bob walked into it and lay down.

He went to sleep. After awhile the cook came into the kitchen. She did not see Bob in the stove. She shut the stove door. Then she made a fire.

The cat was quite hot and Bob waked up. He cried and cried but he could not get out of the stove. Sarah and the cook heard Bob but they did not know where he was. They looked a long time for him. After awhile Sarah opened the stove door and Bob jumped out. He was very happy to get out of the stove. Ex.

A Surprised Goat.

A goat was eating grass in an orchard. A swing was tied to one of the trees. The swing was made with a long rope and a board was in it for a seat. The wind blew the swing back and forth gently. The goat saw the swing moving back and forth. He did not like it. He ran at the swing and butted it with his head. It flew up, then it swung back and hit him in the face. He was very much surprised and very angry. He ran at the swing again and again it struck him in the face. He did the same thing many times. At last the board fell out on the ground and the rope did not hurt him. Then he shook his head and walked away.

The Girl Who Disobeyed.

Mary was five years old. A boy named Tom lived near her. His mother told her not to play with him because he was a bad boy.

One day her aunt gave her five pennies. She went out doors to show them to Tom. He told her to plant them and five trees full of pennies would grow, and then she would be rich. So she planted them in the garden. That night Tom came to the garden and dug them out of the ground, and put them into his pocket. The next morning Mary came to the garden to see how her pennies were growing. They were gone. She was sad. She was a disobedient girl.

A Bear that Fished.

Some men were hunting in a forest They walked along the side of a river. They were watching for bears in the forest and the men were looking for them. One of them saw a large black bear standing on a rock in the river The men watched the bear. It looked into the water. There were fish. It put one paw low down into the water under the fish. It threw the fish upon the river bank. It caught a number of fish. It saw the men. It wanted to fight them. A man fired a gun at the bear and it ran away. The men took the fish and cooked and ate them.

March.

The merry, breezy little March;
Dear children gathered here,
I hope you all are glad to greet
The third month of the year.

There's so much work for me to do!
Old Winter's stayed so long;
And I must blow him north again,
With breezes swift and strong.

Then I must melt the snow and ice,
And waken little Spring,
And from the warm and sunny South
Must call the birds to sing."

When.

Re-arrange the clauses in each of the following sentences, so that the word *when* is in another position:

1. When the night is clear, we can see many stars.

2. When the night is cloudy, we cannot see the stars.

3. When John went to the station, he met a little girl who was coming to school.

4. When Jane forgot to bring the books to the class-room, she asked her teacher if she might go and get them.

5. When Tom wanted to write his lesson, he found that his lead-pencil was dull.

6. When we resist the beginning of evil, we show wisdom.

7. When the bat wanted to help the birds in their battle against the beasts, they would not let it, because they thought it was a beast.

8. When night came on, the birds went to sleep, and the beasts of prey began to prowl through the forest.

Supply Pronouns.

1. Henry bought a pair of new boots. He said that ——— hurt a little when he wore ——— the first time or two.

2. Hattie's mother sent her a piece of warm ghoo. Hattie wrote a letter thanking ——— for ———.

3. Miss Dennard wanted a pair of ——— that were on the sewing-machine at the window, and asked one of the girls to bring ——— to her.

4. Jack got a pair of cuff-buttons in a parcel from home. When he opened the parcel he found that one of ——— was broken. He said that he would take ——— to a jeweler to be mended.

5. I bought a pair of fowl on the market last Saturday. A friend, ——— met me, asked me how much I paid for ———.

6. Willie bought a pair of spectacles because he could not see very well without ———.

Days——Months——Seasons.

1. There are ——— days in a week.
2. The first day of the week is ———.
3. The fourth day of the week is ———.
4. There are ——— months in a year.
5. ——— is the shortest month.
6. ——— of the months have thirty-one days each.
7. ——— ——— and ——— have thirty days each.
8. There are ——— seasons.
9. Days are long in ——— and short in ———.
10. When the days are long, the nights are ———.
11. When the days are short, the nights are ———.

To Eat.

1. I like to eat ———.
2. Fish like to eat ———.
3. Horses eat ———.
4. I saw a cat eating a ———.
5. Birds eat ———.
6. Dogs like to eat ———.
7. Cattle like to eat ———.
8. ——— ——— and ——— are good to eat.
9. Squirrels eat ———.

Combine.

Combine the sentences in each group, in the way that you think is best:

1. My sister came here. I was eating my dinner at the time.

2. I heard a lady saying, "I do not like to go out much. It is so cold."

3. Sparrows do not leave here in the fall. Robins leave here in the fall.

4. Tom and George went to the city. James did not go.

5. Henry hurt his foot when he was playing hockey.

6. Tom hurt his foot while he was playing. Charles hurt his hand while he was playing with Tom.

7. William fell on the ice. It was slippery. He was careless.

8. A train was passing through a village. It ran into a sleigh. Many people ran to the place. They thought they might help the people who had been in the sleigh.

Fill the Blanks.

1. ——— it raining now?
2. ——— it raining yesterday?
3. ——— it rain to-morrow?
4. ——— you want it to rain?
5. ——— it rain last night?
6. ——— you draw?
7. ——— can you draw?
8. ——— drawn very nicely?
9. ——— you go down town last Saturday?
10. ——— are your books?
11. ——— will you have dinner?
12. ——— is school going to close for the summer?
13. ——— do you go in the summer?
14. ——— do you live in?
15. ——— do you live in?
16. ——— you fly?
17. ——— is a spider?
18. ——— is a cat?
19. ——— cats scratch sometimes?
20. ——— what are birds covered?

Adjectives.

Select the adjectives in these sentences and tell the word modified by each:

1. These apples are sour.
2. These are sour apples.
3. The rose is a beautiful flower.
4. This is a long lesson; but its contents are quite well study it.
5. Mary did some splendid writing in her copy-book.
6. Children should have clean hands and pleasant faces.
7. Tolstoi was a Russian author.
8. There were two ripe, juicy pears on the desk.
9. That is a pretty picture.
10. Those pictures are pretty.

About Vegetables.

1. Name as many kinds of vegetables as you can.
2. Name two kinds of vegetables that are generally eaten raw with salt.
3. Name same other vegetables that are generally eaten raw.
4. Name some that are generally cooked before being eaten.
5. What vegetables are used for making pickles?
6. What vegetables grow on vines?
7. Name some vegetables of which the tops are used for food.
8. Name some vegetables of which the roots are used for food.
9. What kinds of vegetables do you like best?
10. Name some that you do not care for.

Comparison of Adjectives.

1. John said, "I have a ——— fishing-rod."
2. Alex. said, "My fishing-rod is ——— than yours."
3. John, Alex., and Andrew were going fishing. Alex. looked at the fishing-rods and said, "Mine is the ———, and I hope I will catch the ——— fish."

The Beaver.

1. Is the beaver a wild or a tame animal?
2. Describe a beaver.
3. Compare the fore limbs with the hind limbs.
4. What kind of a tail has a beaver?
5. What do beavers eat?
6. What damage do beavers sometimes do?
7. When do beavers work?
8. How do they build dams?
9. Why do they build dams?
10. Tell something about their houses?
11. How do they enter their houses?
12. Why do they enter them in that way?
13. How do beavers cut down trees?
14. Why do people hunt beavers?
15. Are there as many beavers now as there used to be?
16. Are people allowed to kill all the beavers that they can find? Why?
17. How much is a good beaver skin worth?
18. Is the flesh of a beaver good to eat?

Fill the Blanks.

We saw a ——— of hay being taken to the barn.

The farmer was driving a ——— of horses.

John had a ——— of pot at dinner and a— - of eggs.

Mary went to Ritchie's and bought a ——— of cotton, several — of thread, some — of pins, a few ——— of needles, three or four — of yarn, and a ——— handkerchiefs.

A boy went to the grocer's and bought five ——— of bacon, six — - of corn, three — of laundry soap, two ——— of toilet soap, a —-of honey two ——— of sardines, and a — -of vinegar.

A farmer took to market thirty — of ducks, ten ——— of potatoes, several ——— of pickles, some — -of strawberries, and a few ——— of apples.

Kinds of Sentences.

Tell whether these sentences are declarative, imperative or interrogative:

1. I go to school every day.
2. Let us go for a skate on the rink.
3. Do you know who lives there?
4. I think the rose is the most beautiful flower.
5. Were you at school yesterday?
6. Study your lessons carefully.
7. Is Annie better to-day?
8. Do not chase that little squirrel.
9. Do not go with John.
10. Where are you going?
11. Tom did not go.
12. Spring is the most pleasant season.
13. We get most of our coal from Pennsylvania.

Grow Into

1. Boys grow into— —
2. Girls grow into - —
3. Colts grow into— —
4. Calves grow into —
5. Lambs grow into— —
6. Goslings grow into— —
7. Chickens grow into —
8. Kids grow into— —
9. Cubs grow into— —
10. Minnows grow into——.

Comparison of Adjectives.

Write six sentences, each containing an adjective in the positive degree. Also six in the comparative degree, and six in the superlative degree.

A House on Fire.

A house was on fire and the fire-bell rang. Tell what you think you would see if you were near there.

Two Little Thieves.

Mr Norman had a friend named Captain Ives. He was very fond of mince pie. One day Mrs. Norman invited him to dinner. She said, "I will give you some mince pie. Captain Ives was much pleased, and replied, "Thank you, I shall be happy to come." Mrs Norman told her cook to make two nice mince pies. The cook made them, and put them on the window-sill to cool.

Mr. Norman had two puppies. One of them was Buster Buster and the other puppy saw the pies on the sill and ate them. Pretty soon the cook came to get the pies, but they were gone. She ran to Mrs Norman and said, "The pies are gone. Mrs Norman was much surprised and said "Perhaps the puppies ate them." She went to the yard, and saw the puppies. They were lying under a tree. She said, "Naughty dogs, did you eat the pies?" They did not reply but they looked very much ashamed.

1. Who were the two thieves?
2. What did they steal?
3. Where did they find the pies?
4. Who put them in there? Why?
5. What kind of pies were they?
6. For whom were they made?
7. What did the puppies do after they ate the pies?
8. What did Mr Norman say to the dogs?
9. Why did they feel ashamed?
10. Did they know that they had done wrong?
11. What are mince pies made of?
12. Name some other kinds of pies.
13. What is your favorite pie?

Geography Questions.

1. Name the four largest cities in Ontario.
2. What is the largest city in Canada?
3. What is the largest city in North America?
4. What is the largest city in the world?
5. In what province is Hamilton?
6. What province is on the Pacific coast?
7. What river connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario?
8. What ocean is north of Canada?
9. What ocean is south of Canada?
10. What rivers are west of Ontario?
11. What river is between Ontario and Quebec? Where does it empty?
12. In what provinces is most of our wheat grown?
13. What is the population of Belleville?
14. Where in Ontario is salt produced?
15. Name some mineral products of Ontario.
16. In what three countries are most of the tea grown?

Fill the Blanks.

1 Twelve eggs make one ——— eggs
2. Twelve inches make one ———.
3. Ten cents make one ———.
4. Sixteen ounces make one ———.
5. Four quarts make one ———.
6. Sixty minutes make one ———.
7. Twenty four hours make one ———.
8. Fifty-two weeks make one ———.

Pronouns.

John said that he hurt his foot while he was skating.

1. Change "John" to "Annie."
2. Change "John" to "John and Annie."
3. Re-write the sentence in Direct Narrative, then make the changes asked for in (1) and (2).

A Hymn of Peace.

Two empires by the sea:
Two nations great and free.
One anthem raise
One race of ancient fame.
One tongue, one faith we claim.
One God whose glorious name
We love and praise

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now tranquil passion cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice
Underlie the sword

Though deep the sea and wide
Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand
So be the gulf between
Gray coats and island green,
With bands of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

Now may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
Both east and west
Let love make barrent glow,
As peaceful ages go
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing all blest.

George Huntington.

Running a Thinking Machine.

BY CLEM V. WAGNER.

Columns have been written telling of the part accident has played in the field of invention and discovery. Most frequently, however, the accident has been secondary and incidental. The single factor has been some individual who was keen-eyed enough to see and quick enough to improve upon what the so-called accident presented itself. Thus, the invention of the telescope was due to the fact that two Dutch children, while at play in their father's workshop, found that by placing different lenses in certain positions, objects at a distance seemed to be brought nearer. But all this might have occurred and no invention resulted, did not the father have thoughtful enough to follow the discovery to its wonderful possibility. The virtues of Peruvian bark, we are told us, were discovered by a South American Indian who was speedily cured of an illness by quenching his thirst at a pool into which a cinchona tree had fallen. But the series of incidents leading to this discovery would have meant nothing had not the quick wisdom of the Indian asked for the reason back of his cure. And so it is in every realm of life. The train of circumstances, the opportunity, come. They mean more or little, accordingly or nothing, accordingly as they are noticed, interpreted, or turned to account.

Not long since a scientist in the employ of the Smithsonian Institution visited a locality in the West in search of specimens for the great museum. One day a boy from the town where the man of science was stopping, while looking through the latter's portfolio of drawings and specimens in the hotel office, suddenly pointed to the colored picture of a gigantic moth.

"There are lots of those butterflies up on the hills," he said.

The professor's eyes opened very widely, for the insect was an carved-angle moth, and his department had long sought specimens of it.

"Are you sure they are like this butterfly?" he asked. "Tell me about them.

And then, to his surprise, the boy proceeded to give a description of the color, flight, habits, and manner of feeding of the moth, that indicated close study and observation.

"And do you know the Smithsonian offers a reward of two hundred dollars for a well-developed and perfect specimen of the butterfly?" said the scientist.

It was the boy's turn, now, to open his eyes widely.

"Do you mean I'll get the money if I bring you the butterfly?" he asked, eagerly, fairly starting for the door, before his question was answered.

"I mean more than that," replied the professor, "if you will help me to locate the insect, and assist me in capturing a specimen, I will see that you are rewarded."

A trip into the hills with the boy proved that the latter's observation was not at fault. At the end of a week the scientist had added to his collection three individuals of the rare insect, and in due time the young investigator received the promised reward. In addition to that, the man was so impressed with the lad's intelligence and habits of investigation that he offered him a position as laboratory and field assistant, where the education commenced so humbly could be carried on amid more favorable surroundings.

In these practical days the world is full of opportunities for the youth who has learned the habit of going about with his eyes open, and who records observations with ready, unprocrastinating thinking. The demand to-day is for results, and he who can produce these is quite sure of his reward.

In a Western city recently a firm of contractors was engaged in making an excavation for a building. Several of the employees was a lad of sixteen, whose duties were to carry water for the men, to run errands, and do other light work, as his services were needed. In the intervals of his employment he sat watching the progress of the work.

One day the boy went to one of the partners of the firm, who was standing in the temporary office nearby.

"Think I could take the name and men how a lot of time?" he asked, abruptly and a little enigmatically.

"What's that?" asked the employer, in turn, waiting for an explanation.

"How time they spend on their time waiting," answered the lad. "Just watch, and you'll see."

Looking out, the man saw that a teamster with an empty wagon had just driven up and halted under a tree for a rest. Below, a loaded wagon was just starting out, and the empty vehicle must wait until this was out of the way. Then, when the loaded wagon was ready to be loaded, the empty one must be backed into place to receive its load. And during all this time the gang of men in the excavation stood around idly leaning on their shovels. If it had been the time of one man alone it would not have mattered so much. But when the contractor reflected that it meant the time of that man and those

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. P.
Minister of Education Toronto.

Officers of the Institution:
R. COUGHLIN, M. D., *Superintendent.*
COCHRANE, *Bursar.*
W. BOYCE, M. D. *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY *Matron.*

Teachers:
R. COLEMAN, M. A. MISS SELINA L. HALES, *Head Teacher* MISS ADA JAMES.
J. CAMPBELL, MISS A. M. HURRE.
JAMES C. SLAIE, B. A. MISS LENA HOLMES.
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MISS FLORENCE LYONS.

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MISS L. DRAWBRIDGE, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.* JOHN BOWSER, *Master Carpenter.*
MISS A. MORRISON, *Trained Nurse and Instructor in Home Nursing.* J. N. BOYD, *Master Baker.*
WILLIAM H. LEMON, *Farmer.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford, without charge, advantages to all the youth of the Province, who, by reason of deafness, are practically deaf or blind, unable to receive instruction in the ordinary schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, whose parents are residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vocation of twenty years, but the time can be extended or shortened.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be required the sum of $100 per annum for each pupil. Books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable TO PAY THE $100.00 REQUIRED will be received WITH OR ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed at General Housework, Dressmaking, Fancy Work, Sewing, Knitting, the use of darning and mending, Plain Cooking, Laundry Work, Use of Sewing Machine, Manual Training in needlework for boys, and Kindergarten work for girls but it has been introduced.

At the Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me or any other authority.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED.—Unclaimed without delay in the pupils' mail, whose they are addressed. Mail matter is on arrival, if not in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 11.30 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to wait between the delivery of each number at post office for delivery, for any one whose box name is in the locked bag.

POETRY

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are watered for and side,
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
Over each fair sleeping brow;
She had—oh! joyful thought of light,
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his cloak round his breast
On a blood red field of Spain.

And one, alas! her myrtle shower
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with songs the hearth,
Alas for love, if thus wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Proving.

BY T. S. STRIBLING.

John Kerryman, President of the N. A. & Q., sat in his little pen-like private office dictating to a stenographer. Presently he turned to the words: "You may go now, Miss Devon."

Miss Devon arose silently. With a deft turn she piled the scattered letters on the dark mahogany desk, and at the same time managed to get several newspapers into a formal heap on the little side table; then this element of order vanished from sight.

The president sat silent, his strong, deep-lined face brooding. His thoughts were really pleasant, mingled with a little doubt; but Kerryman's face was not adapted to showing pleasant thoughts.

The plan had opened. The president looked up.

"How are you, dad?" exclaimed the newcomer in sunshiny geniality, coming forward with eager, open hand.

A dark shadow of delight crossed the old man with pride.

"Fine and dandy. How's everybody? I haven't been home yet."

The father made some pleased answer to the question about college. Henry? Do just know, boy, that I've just been wondering a bit how you'd be when you made it through? Of course I saw you six months ago, and I was actually over a bit by your last change; but I was just sitting here waiting for you. Never mind about college myself, you know, boy, and I didn't know what sort of a houseguest they'd be for the lad."

The young man laughed gaily: "I'm all here anyway."

Kerryman leaned back in his swivel chair and put his feet up on his shining desk, after his habit. The son seated himself opposite.

"Now, dad," began the father. "You have a number of letters after your name now, I believe."

The boy smiled. "I might put them there if I wanted to, but the only thing I really want to write under my name is 'President of the N. A. & Q.'"

The old man threw out a big hand impulsively. "Good land, boy! That's what has been on my mind. I had never asked you, but I always thought you would take to the road. While I haven't exactly built the road myself, son, I know I've helped along. I wanted to say to take up the work, of course."

"And since we are on the subject what am I going to do first? What position are you going to give me?"

The old man leaned over and took a letter off a pile on the desk. Suspend it a bit, then had it aside. "Some I'm not going to give you a position. I'm not even going to give you a job. I'm going you the real study jobs you the difference between a position and a job. One as I understand it is on an office with a pen, the other, on the track with men and picks and engines. What I started with was a job and that's where I'd like you to start, but I want you to get it yourself."

"I see, I see," mused the young fellow. "I shouldn't be surprised if that's exactly what I wanted. Would you advise me to get a position around the office here somewhere, or off some where on the road?"

"Suit your own pleasure, boy, that's one you can find an opening. I'll know where you are. I have a pretty good idea of where every man on the road is going to be, and I'll be looking for you."

"All O. K., dad. Keep your eye on the pay rolls for a while, and when you see Henry Kerryman making the company for a dollar an hour you'll know he is."

The door opened once more. "Your aunt's downstairs," interrupted Miss Devon, discreetly. "And she expects you and Mr. Henry at home for lunch. The motor is at the door, sir."

The two men arose and walked out.

Mike Lavery, boss of Section 9, was in his office one morning when Henry Kerryman, President of the N. A. & Q. of a job you're after?" demanded Mike.

"I'll work into it in a very short while," drawled the young man.

"Work into it from? repeated Mike, accenting the slurs as of the college in the right direction. Well, I'll take a look at the bottom in my gang. You can help pump water boy or cut it out when you mind."

"All right," I'll begin at the bottom. Put me down as water boy. Where are you buckets?"

Mike Lavery sat down pondering the cut putting in some new flues. Ask Jim Bailey to show you where the spring is. Then Henry walked off.

"Hold on. What's your name?" called Henry Kerryman.

Mike wrote it down, and after it wrote "Lavery." Fifty cents a day."

The spring was about a quarter of a mile back in the hills from the railway and Henry made his new working. The boy was given two big buckets, between two twelve hands wearing in the deep, red clay cut on Section 9, and Henry thought he never saw men work more heartily as did these. The remainder of the day he plodded back and forth almost steadily, watering the men. On his way to and from the spring he noticed a pile of heavy spikes, and soon piled up about a hundred yards from the track.

"Bailey," he asked, when he was with the men again, "do you know to whom those beans belong?"

Bailey didn't know; none of the men knew.

Within a day or two Henry knew the men, and was liked by every one. He had brought him a little quiver as a water boy, because he asked a constant stream of questions about everything. Within those few days he learned practically everything about Section 9. He knew all the sidings and signals, he knew the station master and operator at Wrenville, a little village located on the section. His acquaintance embraced the engineers and conductors that ran over the road and these the latter group favor fellows and promptly beat out of the water boy and held all heavy arms to the stalwart young man that their engines were hurtling by.

Within about a week Henry's arms made a regular feature of the work in going. Even Mike Lavery, a surgeon well with the hammer and drill and pointing shot to a mixed hole would talk to Henry.

In the week and the next Henry found that the company was behind hand more than common in his loading of spoil and when Mike Lavery into a conference, asked if he could help more effective here.

The day Mike put on a men frog and switch in the for two of his section. He said Henry up.

Do you know anything about putting in a switch?" he asked.

"I've studied it out."

Then I guess you can. Take the men down and put it in."

Section 9 was a long one, and Mike Lavery a mechanical genius than Henry's. The gang on Section 9 had learned in the days of the first camp, near the city, to work when silent and to work when watched by a foreman, the old plan was used down the track and the week.

Tracking, Knights-Rod came upon a headed. An engineer and a fireman were in front of the engine and Henry Kerryman heard himself the trains when they saw the coolies They waved their hands and shouted and taunted for extra vitals up and down the track. Knights-rod had taken respect and was now a big man, and mingled together splintered in keen, ing of having been a water boy. Some were running and lighted the Henry's cabin.

The men were amused with audacity, looking it easy, then there was a Henry had his first taste of real the work.

Mike Lavery stood, deeply engaged foreman. "If I have to wait for the wreckers to come and attend to it."

"I'll put the N. & Q. on a move tight, Lavery," asked Henry, "just to amuse. I like part of jams."

Sure if we can't move it."

Henry looked at the 7 o'clock in the west, and figured that he could about fifty yards of track to build the other side of the wreck and do it before morning.

"What are you going to do with the cars?"

"Blow them off with dynamite."

"Let's move them," he cried.

By this time the boss of Section 10 was standing by the two. I'm willing to help you out, but I don't like his way. Lavery. The wreckers are not going to stay up the road. I don't handle this log stuff any other way.

"I'll talk with your job, Brown, warned Lavery. Then, turning to Henry "What do you know about wrecking, anyway?"

"I've studied it a little."

Lavery's mouth gave a humorous twitch. "Let her go," he cried. "When this young fellow has studied anything a little, he can usually deliver the goods.

(Concluded on last page.)

The First Cuckoo-Clock.

A great many years ago, there lived in the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland a clock-maker and his little son Max. The mother had died when Max was a baby and as he had neither brothers nor sisters he and his father were great companions. The two spent many happy hours together at the work-bench while the clock-maker showed his boy how to make wonderful, delicate clocks, for Max meant to follow the same occupation some day

His lessons did not all end indoors, however. His father early taught him to learn from Nature and to love out-of-door life. Among other things he became acquainted with the pretty birds and was able to tell one feathered friend from another, to discover the nests where they kept house, and to imitate their sweet trills. The clock-maker used to have long talks with his little son about being kind to the birds and explained what a wicked thing it was for boys to steal their nests or throw stones at the little creatures.

"But, father," Max said one day while they were out walking together, "can I take one of the birds home, if I promise to be good to her? I will make her a wonderful cage that will be far better than her rough nest of straw and threads. Surely that would not be wrong?"

Perhaps not exactly wrong, said the clock-maker answered, but how much kinder to let the birds live their lives in their own way! Do you think they would enjoy being imprisoned even in a pretty new house after being able to fly wherever they pleased?"

Now that was the last thing Max knew his father was right, but he still kept insisting a bird for his very own. One day not long after this the had to take his self-will alone, for the clock-maker was busy finishing some work that must go off that night.

As Max was strolling all through the woods, trying to himself he suddenly heard the call of a cuckoo. Guided by the sound, he soon found the bird on one side of the road on the lower branch of a large oak and on the ground that he was able to touch it by standing on his toes.

Strangely enough, the bird that Max found in the nest did not attempt to fly away She only made a little mournful cooing noise, as much as to say, "Please go away, Max, and leave me alone."

And Max should have known by this a good boy, but just at that moment it came to him like a flash that this was his chance to capture a pet. The words of his father were entirely forgotten; he threw his cap over the cuckoo, clutched her gently, and lifted her from the nest.

The poor little bird made a feeble cry of surprise but Max scarcely heard her, so anxious was he to get home and build her a cage.

The clock-maker had gone out and Max was not exactly sorry at not finding him, for suddenly he remembered what his father had said about cages up birds in the house. What should he do. He wanted to obey his good father but at the same time he longed—oh, so much!—to keep the cuckoo for his own.

He took the bird to his father's shop. In the centre of the room was the long work-bench covered with bits of wood and shavings and bobbing all kinds and sizes of clocks. Some were just begun, others nearly finished, while still others were all ready for sale.

Max lifted his cap and placed the bird on the bench. At first the little prisoner hopped about curiously from clock to clock, then she settled quietly on one end of the bench and looked up at him with big, reproachful eyes, that made him feel very uncomfortable.

(To be continued.)

Alfred The Great.

Alfred the Great was born in Berkshire, England about the year 848. His father was the king of Wessex, and as he had several sons older than Alfred, it was not thought that he would ever be king of England.

When he became king he was greatly loved by the people. He had a good mother and it is said that it was through her wise teaching that he became a great scholar. One time Alfred's mother promised a beautiful book to whichever of her sons would first learn to read it. Alfred won the prize and ever after that he was fond of study. He was fond of travelling and it is said that he visited Rome twice. So we see that he was fond of learning and travelling. He was also fond of sports, and he often went hunting wild animals in the woods.

All through his early years he must have heard a great deal about the cruel Danes; and when he was yet young he fought against them with his brother.

His reigning, his hunting and his fighting against the enemies of his country, were gradually making him fit to be a great leader of his people.

He became king in 871 and reigned over England for thirty years. For the first seven years of his reign he was engaged in fighting against the Danes. Sometimes Alfred won, and sometimes the Danes. In 878 the Danes were so successful that Alfred had to flee and hide himself from them. He found refuge in the hut of a peasant and his wife. They did not know that he was the king, as he was not dressed like one. Here he rested and laid plans for another battle against his enemies.

When he had his plans all arranged he secretly gathered his army together and marched against the Danes. They were not expecting the English, who took them by surprise, and defeated them at the great battle of Edington. It did not end the war, Alfred long after that to entirely subdue the Danes that were in England.

Although the Danes were subdued, Alfred knew he must prepare for the future; so he formed an army to guard the country if other enemies should come, and he built a great fleet of ships for the shores. That is why it is often said that King Alfred the Great founded the British army and the British navy.

All through the time of peace King Alfred encouraged learning by founding schools, and getting learned men to teach the people. He ever tried to make the country better and to keep behind him a good name.

There have been a great many kings and queens of England since Alfred the Great, but we always like to remember him because he was such a great and good king.

The Miller of Dee.

Once a miller lived on the bank of a little river called the River Dee. He did not have much money, but he owned some land along the river, and on this land he had built a mill. He worked hard all day, and in the evening as he was going home his children used to run out to meet him, and all would go into the house where his wife was waiting for him.

The miller and his garrulous, the miller was happy and contented. His hard work did not make him discontented, because God had given him a wife and children, and had put a heart full of love and misery. He used to sing to himself as he worked, and this is what he sang:

"I envy nobody—no, not I
And nobody envies me."

One day, as he was singing this song, he looked up and he saw before him a man handsomely dressed, sitting on a beautiful horse and followed by his attendants. This man was the king. He was very powerful and rich; and had many people to wait on him; but he was not happy, for he had so many worries that he could not rest. He looked at the miller whom he had heard singing, and said, "How is it that you are so happy, though you are poor and have to work hard?" The miller answered, "I am happy because I can work and earn my bread. I owe no man anything and I have my wife and children who love me."

Then the king said, "Do not sing any more that no one envies you; for I would rather be a happy miller by the River Dee, than the king on his throne." He bade the miller farewell, and rode off with his attendants. It is well to be rich, but it is better to be contented than rich.

Give Heed to Little Things.

One day I saw men were at work in a road where ships are built.

They were getting ready a small piece of timber to put into the ship. They found in it a little worm not more than half an inch long.

"This piece of wood is wormy," said one of the men. "Shall we put it in?"

"Yes, I think so," said the other. "It will never be seen."

"It may be that it will never be seen; but perhaps there are other worms in it. By and by they may destroy the ship."

"No, I think not. It is true this little piece of timber is not worth much, but I do not wish to lose it. Let us put it in: we have seen only one worm."

And so the bit of timber was put into the ship.

The ship was made and launched. For ten years it did well. But at last it began to grow weak, as its timbers were very much worm-eaten.

The captain thought he could get it home in safety. He had many people and a rich cargo of silks and tea on board.

On the way home a great storm arose. The ship was tossed about by the angry waves.

At last there came a leak in the ship. There were two pumps in the ship. The men worked day and night, but could not pump the water out as fast as it ran in.

The ship slowly filled with water. Little by little it sank until at last it went down under the cruel waves.

The rich cargo and all the lives were lost.

How much harm a man can do when he fails to do right, even in little things!
—Jones' Second Reader.

Just a Word Helps.

A young girl was passing an aged aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her head gently on the white head, and said: "How pretty your hair is, Aunt Mary!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the feeble and dependent of the spunster gone little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther today when I remarked that her pretty dress you have on, and how nice you look in it? She almost cried she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would please her so."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man, one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.—Selected.

Items of Interestation.

London has 938,000 houses.

London has 100,000 night workers.

The Russian czar rules over 160,000,000 persons.

The longest mile is the Hanoverian It is 11,859 yards.

London's imports by sea are over 174,500,000 tons a year.

The average English woman is two inches taller than the American.

At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,375 000.

The largest egg is that of the ostrich It weighs 3 pounds, and is considered equal in amount to twenty-four hens' eggs.

An ox bow an object 100 feet high is visible a little over thirteen miles. It is 500 feet high it is visible nearly thirty miles.

The area of Germany is 212,028 square miles and its population was 60,641,278 in the year 1895. There are 286 people to the square mile.

The astronomer Herschel said that a solid cylinder of ice, 200,000 miles long, and forty-five thick, plunged into the sun would melt in one second.

Sheet iron can now be rolled so thin that it takes 13,000 sheets to make a pile one inch between. Light shining through one of these sheets is strongly tissue paper. *—Selected.*

The largest library in the world is the National Library in Paris, which contains forty miles of shelves, holding, 2,000,000 books. There are also 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals.

The the average eye not more than 8,000 miles from visible; some persons having extraordinarily strong eyes can see about 8,000 stars. Through the dark telescope and other powerful instruments about 40,000,000 stars are visible. These are believed to be stars in existence beyond the reach of any telescope yet constructed.

The area of the globe is estimated at 150,000,000, square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000 000, and its greatest depth about eight miles beneath the highest mountain, or five miles. The Pacific Ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 26,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

The longest loaded string of railroad cars ever pulled by one engine passed over the Virginia railroad between Roanoke, Va., and Norfolk recently It consisted of 197 steel coal cars, each 44 ft. long, and each loaded with 50 tons of coal. From the cowcatcher of the engine to the rear of the caboose, the train measured 60 ft. more than a mile long, and the value of the load was $18,000.

Only one merchant vessel flying the American flag passed through the Suez Canal last year; but according to the report of the United States Consul at Cairo, two hundred and thirteen vessels of other countries passed through on voyages from American ports, and a hundred and ninety-two bound for American ports. The greatest number of vessels passing through were British.

And the next were German, and the Dutch came third.

If you go out in the morning, says Eneleven Wurd, and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure, no matter how cloudy, there will be no rain that day. If, however, in the afternoon you see the ants hurrying back to their nest, and the sentinels bunking up the stragglers and urging them on home, you may be sure that there will by rain that after noon or night. How the gants know we have no idea, but they do know.

LOCALS.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

MR. CULEMAN'S CLASS.

Written March 9th.

—The weather probabilities for March 11th: Fair; easterly winds. The sun rose at 6.46 a. m. and set at 6.18 p. m. It will soon be the equinox when the day and night are of equal length. The weather now is fine. Cold nights and warm sunshine make up day. Spring is near at hand.—L. Curtis.

—Today is very fine and warm with strong sunshine which makes the snow and ice melt quickly.

—In March the days are warm and getting longer, and the nights are cold, and getting shorter. It give us all pleasure to have very good skating on the rink this week.

I read in the "Intelligencer" published in Belleville, that an amateur photographer in Hill King Alfonso of Spain, but a policeman captured him in charge of trying to commit murder. I also read that King Manuel of Portugal would be replaced on the throne by the people on account of his subjects desiring to have his rule.

Spring will soon wake up when winter is over! In the sap bush the maple sap is running for us to make maple syrup and sugar, which are healthy and natural products.—Ella Ellis.

Last Tuesday many of us except the little children had prepared costumes in different colors and masks for a carnival, which Dr. Coughlin gave us permission to have, because the rink was in the condition. I represented a Canadian girl and wore a mask. When I skated around on the rink waving a British flag, some onlookers tried to guess who I was, but they failed because the mask I changed my acting from my usual way. Several masters looked funny and odd which assisted me very much, and some looked ridiculous. There were a few beautiful costumes, but the most beautiful one was worn by Annie Patton who was disguised as the Queen of the Gypsies. When our costumes were ordered to be taken off, an ex-pupil, Charles Boyd, took a flash light picture of us all in a group. We had a grand time skating and laughing heartily at others who had dressed in odd kinds of clothes. The carnival lasted for about two hours. Last Saturday we had another masquerade carnival. I disguised myself as the Queen of the Gypsies and put on black curly hair. Many masters thought that I was Annie Brown last year were puzzled as they tried to find out who I was, but failed. When I took off my mask they were very much surprised to see who I was. After a most enjoyable evening we felt tired.—C. M. Verna.

—I heard that there was a water famine in Toronto a little while ago on account of the leaks water pipes under the bay being choked with sand. It caused much trouble and fear, but now it is repaired and the water is plentiful. It is my home and I hope my friends did not suffer.—H. Barclay.

—I read in a newspaper that before o'clock last Wednesday, between 15,000 and 12,000 new settlers will have passed through Winnipeg for homes in the North-west. The bulk is a account of the arrival of the steamship. Empress of Ireland, which brought to a load that required four trains to take to the west.—Ivo Hughes.

—The boys, who work in the carpenter-shop, are glad to see Mr. Downie come again as on the 20th of February he was absent and kept at home for one week. He got better and came back to work last Monday.

—Last Friday evening some senior boys, with permission of our Superintendent, Mr. Milne, went to the city to see the moving-picture show in the Griffin Theatre. They enjoyed themselves.—Geo. D. McLaren.

—I got a letter from my sister, Mrs. Pratt, saying that my mother and the sister Katie are going to Germany to visit my sister Mrs. Simons. I hope that they will have much enjoyment in visiting Europe. When they arrive in Europe they will visit my nephew in Geneva, Switzerland. Oh! I wanted to go with them but they think it is better for me to stay here.—E. Burke.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

The steamer, Mauretania, carried thousands of boxes of oranges from Ireland when it left Liverpool on Feb. 4th. They will go to the United States, and Canada for St. Patrick's Day. My father was an Irishman who was born in Wicklow, Ireland. I would like very much to have some shamrocks on my dress on that day. Would you like to have them, too? St. Patrick's Day? -Evelyn Hazlitt.

—Mr. Campbell told us that he read in the newspapers that a Toronto and College street cars collided at the corner of Spadina and College street in Toronto on account of the fog. It is very seriously injuring three people, and badly shaking up about thirty.—E. M. Gershaw.

On Thursday morning I read in a newspaper that the Westwood played hockey on the Renfrew rink last Tuesday evening. They were much disappointed playing. The play was very rough. The Renfrew boys wanted to defeat the Westwood because they were champions. The Renfrew team won, and the score was 7 to 6. I was very glad that the Renfrew boys defeated the Westwoods. I lived in Renfrew some years ago when I was a little boy.—E. E. Smith.

A few days ago the window was open and Myrtle Moss called to Evelyn Hazlitt through it. The wind blew Myrtle's ribbon off her head, it lit on the branch of a tree. In the evening Myrtle's father saw the snow. She got it in sight. We all laughed at her for letting it blow away.—B. Pollock.

My brother, Mr. Campbell's birthday was on March 3rd. The girls and boys in the class-room gave an address to him. Then he bought a pie for us to him. They gave it to him and he thanked us very much. He also asked him many happy returns of his birthday and hoped the next year will be no more sorrow but happiness to him.—Ed. Pushelm.

I got a letter from my parents in which they told that my sister and my mother and lunt, will likely start for Toronto in beginning of September as with the exception of furniture and household effects, cows and other things. My mother, my brother Donald and Annie will go to Sask. on August 25th. We live at Bell Ewart Station, Sask. My mother would like to see Toronto very much but will have to wait until we go there.—Bertrett.

I read in a Peterboro newspaper, that I got from Miss Beaumont, that Mary Peters, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peters, married Herbert Bruce a few days ago. I was very much surprised. Mary lives in Peterboro. She lives at 302 Parnell St. near my house. She attends the Methodist Church. W. A. Kennedy.

I read in a newspaper that a man, named Mr. J. J. Jones, stole a pair of gloves and a gold ring from The T. Eaton Co. store. He was punished by Magistrate Ingram in jail for sixty days. M. Bentley.

On the 16th inst. some Presbyterian, English, Baptist and Catholic people went to the churches in the city. The Presbyterians walked with their umbrellas going on the road when they were walking on the sidewalk near Mr. Gleason's store. They thought it was very nice day for the squirrels.—J. C. McLaren.

—Mr. Campbell told us that if I would like to go for a walk and she talked to me about where we would go for a walk. I saw an automobile going on the road, as fast as the train, and the driver was in a hurry. I would like to ride in one.—C. Hartley.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First That a number of our pupils may leave type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained while in such a livelihood after they leave school.

Second That such interesting matter for and concerning a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mutes elsewhere.

Third To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils now in the Institution, that knowledge who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cts each for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each month's or wrapper o the Mute when the subscription runs out.

All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A few select advertisements will be inserted Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

EDITORIAL STAFF

GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

PUBLICATION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1911.

A Word to Parents.

We wish to again remind the parents and friends of pupils of the change made this year in the arrangements for the care of sick pupils. The surgery and nurse's quarters have been removed to the hospital, and all pupils sick enough to go to bed even for a day are sent to the hospital. Some parents, when they hear that their children are or have been sick in the hospital, become alarmed or excited, thinking that they must be very ill. Any such alarm or anxiety is entirely needless. Parents are at once notified if a child is really ill, but we do not think it necessary to do this if a child is indisposed for two or three days because of a cold or some other trivial ailment. Parents may rest assured that, in regard to their children's health, no news is good news, and that, in the absence of any word from the office, there is no occasion for a moment's worry or anxiety.

The Double-Hand Alphabet.

Mr. T. O. Forrester, Principal of the School for Colored Deaf at Parkville, Md., and formerly on the staff of this Institution, champions the double-hand alphabet in an article in the *Volta Review*. If Mr. Forrester means that the single-hand alphabet should be abolished and the double-hand substituted, we would emphatically dissent. But if he merely advocates that all deaf children should learn the double-hand alphabet in addition to the single-hand, his point is no doubt well taken and will be pretty unanimously approved. We quote from Mr. Forrester's article as follows: -

"The advantages of the double hand over the single are numerous. In the first place, the double-hand is easier to use and easier to read. Many parents of our deaf children use the double-hand alphabet, though their children use the other system at school. The average man will not take the trouble to learn the single-hand, because it is too difficult, whereas the double-hand is familiar to thousands from childhood, and one can acquire a fair knowledge of it in a very short time. Normal children delight themselves in using the double-hand, and no one can estimate what added pupils gain by talking freely on the fingers with hearing children. Use the double-hand alphabet as a medium and you will go far toward breaking down the barrier between the deaf and the hearing.

"Another advantage which the double hand alphabet has is its superiority for receiving communications. It is possible to read the double-hand at a much greater distance and with infinitely less eye-strain.

"In the double-hand system, the left hand relieves the strain on the right and supports it. Continuous single-hand spelling is a great strain on the arm.

"Physiologists and psychologists maintain that the exercise of one side of the body develops one side of the brain, being true, why, then, should one side of the deaf boy's brain be developed at the expense of the other side? The writer is persuaded from his own rough trial that the use of the double-hand alphabet were given in our American schools it would surely be adopted."

Teachers of the Deaf.

The *Mt. Airy World* gives a summary of the statistics relative to the number of teachers in the various departments of the schools for the deaf. It finds that "the totals for all the schools in the United States give a net gain of 39 teachers, resulting from the dropping of 11 men and the adding of 50 women. There were 13 less deaf teachers, 33 more oral teachers and 11 more indoctrinated. In the Province of Canada there was a net gain of 8 teachers, resulting from the adding of 9 men and the dropping of 1 woman. The number of deaf teachers remains the same. There were 9 less oral teachers and 1 less industrial."

The latter sentence rather surprised us, as this school shows an increase of nine oral teachers. We examined the tables in the January Annals and found that our contemporary was not to blame for the error, which must be to a mistake in adding in the Annals. In 1910 to number of oral teachers was given as 63. The correct total for 63, which is the same as for 1911. Our gain of 9 was offset by a reduction of 1 in Nova Scotia and of 8 in the Catholic School for boys in Montreal.

The program for the Dalcrose Convention has been received. The opening session will be at eight o'clock on the evening of July 6th, and the Convention will continue till the 13th. The program is a very interesting and exhaustive one. Our Institution is represented by Mrs. Bolle, who will conduct a Conference on "Teachers' Examples for Scholars."

We had the pleasure a of short visit on the 14th inst. from Father J. M. Cadieux, C. S. V., Principal of the Catholic School for Boys in Montreal. We regret that he did not arrive till after noon, so was unable to see any of the classes in session, and hope he will some again soon, and stay longer.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Nelson Wood, of Hamilton, dropped in upon us a little while ago.

At usual Stephen R. Edwards again celebrated his natal day on the 26th ult. by a big and most enjoyable party at the home of his parents, and fifty or more guests cannot refrain from saying it was a rare treat and no mistake. Steve knows how to have a good time for his guests. After all the good eats the first thing on the fun was the game of "advertisements." All around the room hung pictures of famous advertisements, we advertising on bill-boards or in the press the name of the article advertised, as we tried to fill in the gaps with the original names. A handsome prize was awarded the one who correctly answered the most. Miss Daisy Brown answered 32 out of the total of 35, so took the "plum" with Theodore Law a close second with 31 correct answers. Next followed the answering of the questions that were type-written on pieces of paper and given to each. They provided so what you can see on a one cent copper, one side having the king's head. For example, "what animal can you see." Answer bull. (bare.) "What never swears." Answer, "two lips" (curses) and so on. The questions, though perplexing in many ways, were of an educational character as well as causing much thinking. Mr. J. T. Shilton answered all O. K. as per his usual, though others said they did twelve the same, but as they were seen to enlist help they put their side the other way. Other amusements filled up the rest of the evening and after lunch the party was enjoyed all left for home, thus terminating one more enjoyable social event, of the many we have had this season.

Now that spring is nearly upon us, house cleaning will be the order of the day, also painting, papering and carpet laying, and if any are in quest of help for this work they should give Mrs. Rogers a call, for he is an expert in decorating and remodelling.

We are lately with much regret of the death of Mr. and Mrs. James Goudband's eldest daughter from diphtheria. They have our sympathy. Also sorry to to hear the children of Mr. and Mrs. John Braithwaite are lately down with this dreadful malady, but we hope they are now all right.

Miss Agnes Native Ida Jane Eagles, but I am unable to say any more for want of further information.

D. R. Coleman, of your school, has also our condolence in the recent death of his mother, Miss Ethel.

The Mission Board met on the 27th ult., but there was very little business to transact that evening, so it was soon over. Mr. Fred Terrell showed that he was a worthy, good and faithful, to fill the office as Secretary, as was seen by his financial performance of their office. Following are the appointments for March: F. R. Brigden in Hamilton; J. E. Byrne to new Hamburg, J. L. Kosbier to Aveniue, C. Mitchell to Aurora, all on March 19th, and J. T. Shilton to Cookstown on March 26th. Brantford and London will be visited when arrangements are ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pugsley got quite a surprise, when on the 2nd inst. a good number of their friends dropped in rather suddenly, just catching them in preparing for the night. After the fun had subsided everyone present went into the various games with hearty good will and kept the fun going for near midnight, when all went home feeling very happy after enjoying a most pleasant time. A flashlight photo was taken of the group.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Wilson entertained a number of their young friends on the last of February. The ancient game of "The Jew" was the chief amusement provided and aroused a good deal of interest, owing to its exciting uncertainly. The game can be traced back to the ages when Caesar was King of the Roman Empire, and though it is of ancestral origin it is as interesting as ever. An enjoyable sociable evening was spent by all and after partaking of a delicious spread they all retired home.

The monthly magic lantern entertainment given by Mr. Bolden came off at Afton Hall on Feb. 28th and was another great treat. Mr. Bolden's well mannered way of explaining the the various slides as shown was really understood by all. The chief interest was centered on King Nebuchednezzar's reign, including his great power and domain, his puzzling dreams, his terrible wrath when no one could interpret it, and his subsequent conversation with Daniel regarding it, of Daniel's humiliation before God, of his martyrdom, of his triumph over death in the lion's den into which he was cast for his insubordination towards idol worship which aroused the wrath of King Nebuchednezzar, and finally of the King's last days as a raving maniac. Miss Eva Elliott then charmed all by her beautiful and graceful rendition of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

It is pleased to say that Mrs. Wm. Kiddle is almost herself again. She certainly had a trying siege, spotted, her on sickbeam and the duty of her husband. Her sister has been with her for a week.

Miss Maggie Essenger was called to her house in Markham on the first of the month owing to the illness of her mother.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Byrne has had a mild attack of chicken pox, but is now convalescent.

The Sunday School session at the Bible Class on the first of the month was—"What was the first thing recorded in the world in the light of God?" It occasioned much scripture searching. "Our corners for His Living Word" was the answer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts entertained about a dozen of their young friends at their home on the evening of Tuesday, March 4th. The time was merrily spent in playing "Pinch" and "Jew." After the enjoyable game of cards and games all went home at a late hour feeling they had spent a very happy time had. One of the boys jokingly threw in a box of chocolates which added to the pleasure of the evening.

On March 7th, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, came into the city to see a sick relative at the general hospital and remained over night, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Chalmers.

Mr. Nelson Wood, of Hamilton, passed through on the 7th on his way west to look after the body of Arthur Clark, who was killed in a peculiar way lately, as Mr. Wood informed us, but at time of writing I am unable to obtain definite particulars.

Mr. Wilson Brown, of Marsville, was in the city on the 9th inst. enroute to Barrie next week, where he will be a bonsetted.

The lecture given by Mr. Brigden on the 10th under the auspices of the Maple Leaf Club will be fully detailed in your next issue, as we were unfortunately part held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kidd on the 10th inst.

Mr. Arthur Clarke, who was killed off the track at Moosomin, Sask., lately, was buried at his father's home near Aurora, on the 14th inst. We understand A. W. Mason represented us at the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts spent from Saturday evening, 11th inst. until the following Monday evening at the latter's old home in Purperville.

Mr. Brigden defined very clearly the meaning of "Thy Kingdom Come" at the Bible Class on the 8th inst. It was much relished and many helpful questions were asked and answered.—H. W. R.

Beaver D. and D. Association, Montreal.

On the 1st. March, the annual meeting of the Beaver D. D. A. was held in the association room. Stanley Hall, to elect new office-bearers. The following were elected:—President, Mr. A. S. Walker; Vice-President, Mr. F. A. Conant; Secretary, Mr. H. Hall; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. King; Committee, Messrs Wm. H. Paterson, R. Robb, and H. Hunter. There were about 30 attendances of members and friends. Mr. Hall took the chair, he opened with a short address. Mr. A. S. Walker, our Secretary, gave us a very interesting report showing the advancement of the Association during his term as secretary.

The next item was by Mr. David Reston, our Treasurer, who gave us a report of the statements for the year, which was a great surprise to us. He showed us by his statements how receipts and contributions amounted to $386.46. The expenses were $348.88, leaving a balance of $106.58, which was very satisfactory.

Miss Ella Armstrong moved that the name of the Association be changed to Beaver Association for the Deaf, but the majority of the members voted in the negative. Our meeting concluded with short addresses from Messrs Geo. King and R. Rolls.

The meeting then broke up with the members feeling that we are gradually going up hill and may it be so.

We have a gentleman from the Rainbow and his name is David Douglas, of Belfast.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

OFFICERS.

Hon. Patron - - R. McKinnon, M.A., Toronto.
Hon. Pres. - - Dr. Cochrill, Belleville.
President - - J. T. Hilton, Toronto.
1st Vice-Pres. - A. Jaffray, Toronto.
2nd Vice-Pres. - Philip Fraser, Toronto.
Secretary - - Wm. Noble, Belleville.
Treasurer - - Geo. M. Kinton, Toronto.

INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President - Dr. Cochrill.
President - - Wm. Nares.
Manager - -

BOYS.

FOOT-BALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS.

Captain First Eleven - W. MacLachlan.
" Second " - E. Kindree.
" First Team - W. MacLachlan.
" Second Team - W. Allen.

DUFFERIN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Hon. President - Dr. Cochrill.
President - - Wm. Nares.
Secretary - -

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1911.

Our Carnival.

The pupils had long been looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to this event, which came off on the evening of Tuesday, 28th ult. They had been quietly collecting materials for grotesque personations for some time before, and all kept their intended disguise secret even from their best friends. The deaf dearly love to mystify others and it furnishes amusement for days after. Most of our boys and girls are exceptionally clever in this abilities in this direction furnished plenty of fun for themselves and visitors.

After supper that evening all were very busy and anyone looking around would have found pupils in all sorts of quiet corners dressing up in their disguises. Thanks to the care of the boys, the ice on the rink was never better, the temperature just right and, the very coziness assumed by some of the girls were very attractive, which could not have been done if the weather had been very cold. At 7.30 p. m. the boys and girls trooped to the rink and the lights were turned on and the hideous array of costumes made it a strange scene. For the next two hours all deported themselves on the ice and acted in realistic fashion the characters they had assumed. Around and around the rink swept the masqueraders, the onlookers trying in vain to recognize by individual peculiarities in walking or action, the closely masked figures. For a time the maskers had the ice to themselves, but the curiosity of the spectators was soon too much for them and they mixed with the others on the ice and tried to penetrate the disguises, and many amusing mistakes were made, which was the best part of the fun for the boys and girls. At 9.30 p.m. all unmasked and the surprises were many. The small boys had to be chased off to bed while the senior pupils remained until 10 p.m., when, like all things, the carnival came to an end and all trooped off to bed tired and happy.

The evening's pleasure will live in the memories of the boys and girls long after their school days are over.

The following are the names of those who took part and the characters they represented :—

GIRLS.

[illegible]—Miss Hazlitt (Green).
[illegible]—Miss Gilbert (Japanese).
[illegible]—Miss Curtis—Valentine.
[illegible]—Miss Cowper—Flower Girl.
[illegible]—Miss Cowcock—Flower Girl.
[illegible]—Miss Nelson—Flower Girl.
[illegible]—Miss Gray—Dresden.
[illegible]—Miss Dobson—Butterfly.
[illegible]—Miss Smith—Nurse.
[illegible]—Miss Hall—Flower Girl.
[illegible]—Miss Hammond—Flower Girl.
[illegible]—Miss Holbrook—Washerwoman.
[illegible]—Miss Hall—Dresden.
[illegible]—Miss Fraser—Fairy Maid.
[illegible]—Miss Burnett—Red Riding Hood.
[illegible]—Miss Smith—Queen of Hearts.
[illegible]—Miss Hall—Nurse.
[illegible]—Miss Kennedy—School Girl.
G. Freeman—Fairy.
G. Parker—Red Riding Hood.
G. Sears—Old Woman.
G. Hughes—Grasshopper Husband.
G. McVean—Canada.
G. Brown—Squaw.
G. Mason—Tramp.
G. McFarlane—Miss Muffet. (Flash.)
K. White—Clown.
G. Brown—Indian Maiden.
G. Hutchinson—Chinese Girl.
G. Cooke—Dresden.
K. Nelson—Toto Boy.

BOYS.

G. Ford—Dude.
G. McLachlan—Doctor.
G. Lowe—Negro Girl.
G. Ford—Negro Boy.
Wm. McAdam—Burglar.
G. Hunter—Spy.
Hall Farmer.
G. Wilson—Tramp.
Newman—Tramp.
Dresden—Clown.
Hutchinson—Sailor.
McVean—Blue-beard.
Smith—York.
Wilson—Farm Boy.
Ford—Jim—Boy Scout.
Brown—Newsboy.
Noble—London Bobby
Buchan—Negro Sack
Ford—Postmaster.
Cole—Sweep.
Brigham—Indian.
Tredaway—Baker
Doescher—Chinese Boy
McLaren—Blackened.
Lazarus—Red Boy
Brown—Brakeman.
Hughes—Negro.
Hutchinson—Old Toper
Hall—Tramp.
Dresden—Miller
Ford—Farmer.
Meloche—Pantaloon
Grasett—Tramp.
Hardwick—Tramp.
McLaren—Clown.
Baker—Laundry Boy
Clubough—Monkey

Mr Burns has had la grippe.

Miss James returned to school last week after a two weeks rest.

Miss Willoughby was on the sick list, but we are glad to see her out again.

Miss Pabst entertained several of the resident teachers very pleasantly one evening last week.

We are getting rid of the snow as fast as we can by breaking up and scattering the big banks.

Rose McIntyre's aunt and uncle called on her last week. They were on their way to Montreal.

Mr. Ford took a flashlight of the girls and boys in costume at one of the carnivals. The picture is a splendid result.

Last week four of our teachers celebrated their birthdays and were the recipients of congratulations from pupils and friends.

Hope shipping is supposed to be a girl's occupation, but while waiting for the ground to dry up the little boys get a chance out of it, too.

Miss McIntosh has returned after spending some time with her aunt, who was very ill, but who, we are glad to hear, is now much better.

Miss McIntosh was recently called to the bedside of her aunt in Arthur. We are pleased to learn that her aunt is recovering, though slowly.

Skating is now over and boys and girls are in just as much hurry to get their skates taken off as but fall they were to have them strapped on.

The "Keep off the Grass" signs have not yet been put up. What the boys are treading just now is the ammunition to keep out of the mud and water.

Some of our boys received a photo of Annie Swick. We are all pleased to learn that he is doing so well and we are all glad to see his face again, if only on a card.

The teachers held their monthly meeting on March 7th. It was one of the most interesting of the session. The paper of Geography was discussed to much advantage.

Mr. Hunter was "under the weather" for a few days last week, but is right again. Her hand, which she hurt a few weeks ago, is still on the invalid list, though she is able to use it fairly well now.

We had two very successful carnivals recently on the rink. The ice was the best of the season but "Old Sol" is proving too much for the Crystal Place and the boys are putting their shades away until next winter.

Many of the costumes at the carnival were well got up and very appropriate, but a few deserve special mention—Wm. McLachlan as Doctor; Miss Pabst, as filper Queen; Miss A. Brown, as Columbia, and Miss E. Hazlitt as Nurse.

PERSONALITIES.

We are glad to report that Mr. Ray Peppin's condition is improving.

Mrs. James, of St. Thomas, came down last week and spent a few hours with her daughter, Ada.

J. Henderson and her son, Gordon, of Tullabelle, enjoyed a pleasant visit for two week with his sister, Mrs. Boulby.

Mr. J. E. Minns, B. A., of New market, has been appointed Principal of the Picton Collegiate Institute. His duties will commence on April first. Mr. Minns, who is a brother of Mr. Minns of our staff, has been very successful in his present position and has won an excellent reputation, which, no doubt, will be fully sustained in the more important and responsible position he is about to assume.

Mrs. R. Wills, late of Orillia, has now moved to Toronto where she will make her permanent home. After her husband's death she felt lonesome without the companionship of the dear one and thought that she would be happier in the city. On her arrival she was cordially welcomed by Mr. Bridges, Supt. of the Toronto Mission, who gave her all information about the meetings, Sunday instruction and on the first Sunday afternoon are urged with a young lady of the Mission to call for her and take her to the Bible Training School, where the meeting was held, and introduced her to the deaf friends there. Herself and father, who was present at the meeting with her, feel deeply grateful for the kindly welcome given them. Mrs. Wills address is now 482 Ontario St.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES S. PUSEY.

The ice on the bay is not broken up yet.

I have not seen a robin yet but expect to come in the near future.

Mr Burns is up after a few days sickness. He is a valuable printer here.

I was invited for tea at Mrs. Mc Few's residence one afternoon last week and had a nice time.

One of our senior boys is modeling a small engine, to take it on a trial trip. He will be a daring aviator

My uncle, Christie, and his wife are away on their tour around the world. They go from Vancouver to Japan, China, India, Egypt, Italy, Spain, France and England, where they will see the coronation of King George V. From England to Ireland, across the Atlantic Ocean in the steamer to Quebec, then to Montreal and Ottawa, where they used to live. Then to my present home at Mountain Station, and back to their home in Vancouver. I hope they will arrive home safely

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mrs. Clay and Messrs Gray and Heyne drove in to Ottawa one evening lately, and spent the evening with Mrs. and Miss Jaques' Metcalfe and had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Gordon Gray, assisting Mr Gray with his farm work. I under stand Mr. Gordon is in Peterborough at present.

Mr. Cuddy, to the regret of all the deaf, has gone to Toronto. He was well liked by us during his stay in Ottawa and we know he will soon win the respect and esteem of our Toronto friends.

Miss Muir, of Ottawa, has finished drilling a well for Mr. Gray. He drilled a depth of 130 feet and at present I understand there is 120 feet of water in it and the water flows in as fast as it is being pumped out. Mr. Gray's stock will not suffer for lack of good water, which appears to be more than the average dweller in the city can procure. The residents on the Richmond road, who are now suffering into the typhoid epidemic, are at present drinking the dairies that supply Ottawa with milk, so I may expect a visit from them any time. As far as I can learn there has not been a single case of typhoid in this neighbourhood.

Mr. Alex. McLaren, of Kemmore, was in in Ottawa the last few days. It is possible he may become a permanent resident of the capital.

Messrs. McLaren and Gray drove over last Monday to see Mr. Bayne and spent the evening with him. As they all received the greater part of their education while the late Dr. Palmer was principal, most of their time was spent discussing events that occurred in the seventies.

We regret that Mr. Link of Aylmer, Que., was seriously ill, but rejoice to say he is at present well but must be very careful to avoid exposure to the element, weather for a few weeks.

Miss Holt is again amongst us and appears to have benefited by her recent sojourn in Kingston, where she says she had a very pleasant time

Mrs. Bourdon, when last heard from, was not exactly well but we trust she is now enjoying her usual health

It is a matter for thankfulness that none of the dead have been taken sick with typhoid during the present typhoid dearth.

We are having very spring like weather at present but sloughing is still good.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL

EDITED BY THE STAFF

Early on the morning of March 1st our whole family left was aroused by a violent rapping at the door, and instant alarming. At first I was feared something had gone wrong with the furnaces, but on further investigation it was found that a shanty on the premises had been discovered to be fire blasting purposes. It had expanded. The back room was already in flames and several windows shattered. Fortunately no one was injured. The fold ren thought that their Xmas gifts came in like a

We are pleased to say President has recovered from his indisposition and is now quite well. We are to accompany the chair at the first board meeting of the management in Mr. Morrice has sent two dollars for the next forty-five copies of THE CANADIAN MUTE for our pupils to read. Any friends interested in our school, Mr. Morrice says, find THE CANADIAN MUTE a very interesting and lively little paper and readers seem to think so.

The monthly magic lantern entertainment was held in the institution last Saturday. Mr. H. W. Ross held a serial story which was in the fifth instalment which he spoke of great interest. The serial was translated by Miss Smith It is the last time night service we shall have during this season, as Mr. Ross leaves for Europe in a short month. A large number of visitors were present Among them were Professor and Mrs. Knott, Henderson, Percy and Baker and Messrs. Du Plue Spicer, Paterson, Upton Cotter, Vanderburg, Rodger Sought and Foster. We were glad to see Mrs. Whitehead here amongst the visitors. Willie was here at Xmas for a few years ago but has since moved, and is now about to enter the grocery line and conduct business for himself. Those of the success of any business is a good pressure.

The pupils who are members of the Church of England are attending the Lenten services at the Church of the Redeemer, accompanied by Miss Daly.

The Sugar circle at improved Miss Sanderson's arithmetic class on the last week and was much surprised and pleased at the progress made in this branch Miss Sanderson who only entered our staff last September gives evidence of being a successful teacher

A letter from Miss McNeish of Brantford informs us that she is now very ill there is quite well and unable to receive visitors. Faith thinks was everybody's pet

Miss Hall went to welcome Eric Shaw back to school after a long absence owing to ill health Eric was a quiet genial lad.

The institution has been kindly remembered this month by Mr. Wood. Mrs. Wood, Dow gave fifteen dollars and Miss Jessie Dow ten dollars.

Chris Bell, one of our pupils, spent last week end at her home in Kingston. Three of our pupils have applied to enter our school, but are being refused till after Easter

The annual promotional informs us that will be on Easter Examinations the week ending on Saturday the 25th and the written examinations take place the list of day. And the inspection of the clergymen appointed by the management. E. A. H.

March 10th, 1911.

Lots of men make good resolutions and then feel so heroic that it does not occur to them to keep them

We should have little to fear from the devil if our faith in God was any where nearly as strong as God's faith in us.

Meddling.

Jack lived in a village. He liked to stop at the blacksmith shop on his way home from school.

He was very meddlesome. He was always picking up the tools and playing with them. If he saw any piece of iron lying on the bench, he would pick it up, screw it into the vise, and file it.

The blacksmith did not like this. He made up his mind to teach Jack a lesson.

One afternoon he put a curiously shaped piece of iron among the ashes. It became very hot.

Pretty soon he saw Jack coming along the road. He took the piece of iron out and laid it on the bench near the vise.

Jack came in and began to look around. He noticed the curious piece of iron. He took hold of it and lifted it. He dropped it at once with a yell and began to dance around the room, blowing on his fingers.

The blacksmith asked him what the matter was. Jack said the iron was hot, and had blistered his fingers. "That is strange," said the blacksmith. "I did not know it could get so hot lying in the sun."

Jack went away very angry. He knew the blacksmith had played a trick on him. He did not come to the shop again for a long time. He had learned a good lesson.

There are many boys and girls like Jack. They like to meddle.

Dishonesty Punished

Once a rich man lost a hundred dollars in a purse. He offered a reward of ten dollars to the person who should find it and return it to him.

A poor man found it and carried it to the owner. He asked for the reward.

The rich man was very stingy. He did not want to give the reward. So he looked in the purse and said, "The purse had a hundred and ten dollars in it when I lost it. Now there is only a hundred dollars. You have taken ten dollars."

The poor man said he had not touched the money, and wanted his reward. But the rich man would not pay him. So he went to the judge and told him his story.

The judge made inquiries about the two men. He found out that the rich man did not have a good reputation. He was dishonest. "Did your purse have a hundred and ten dollars in it?" he asked him.

"Yes" replied the rich man.

"Then," said the judge "This is not your purse. It has only a hundred dollars in it. You must look for your purse until you can find it with a hundred and ten dollars in it. The finder of this purse must keep it until the true owner claims it."

Helpful Elephants.

Two trolley cars collided in New York one day. Some people were badly hurt. The cars fell across the tracks, and other cars could not pass them. One man fell under one of the cars. He was pinned down by the heavy car and could not get out. The people could not pull him out.

Some elephants were in a stable near the place and their owner went for them. He led four of them to the cars. He pointed to the man under the car and told them to lift it up. They pushed against it with their great heads and lifted one side of it. The people pulled the poor man from under the car. His legs were broken and they took him to the hospital.

The elephants' owner told them to put the cars back on the tracks, and they pushed them back. Then they returned to their stable again. The people cheered them.

The Kind Boy.

A merchant in a large city wanted a boy to work for him in his store. He advertised for one.

Two boys saw the advertisement. They went to the merchant's house to see him the same afternoon. The merchant talked with them on the doorsteps.

While they were talking a little girl came along. Her clothes were ragged. She started to cross the street. She fell into a puddle of snow and water. Those she got up she began to cry and to look around for something.

The older boy laughed but the younger one ran to her and said kindly, "Can I help you?"

The little girl told him that she had six pennies in her hand and lost them in the water. She said that she would have no supper because there was no more money to buy bread.

The older boy laughed at him and told him that the girl had fooled him. He did not believe that she really lost six cents. But the merchant was very much pleased with the younger boy. He decided to give him a place in his store.

The boy stayed in the store many years. He was honest and faithful. By and by he became a great merchant.
The Companion.

Francoise and the Wolves.

Francoise and her little brother lived in a small house by themselves. Their cows worked hard every day; besides she kept house, did all the cooking and washed and mended the clothes. For three years the children lived all alone in their little house. Francoise's little sister took care of her cows.

One cold winter day, when the ground was white with snow, an old wolf and three young ones entered the house. Francoise was baking bread. The wolves smelled the hot bread. They were very hungry, and broke through the door.

When Francoise saw the wolves, she seized a stick of wood, and began beating them off. As she was doing this she noticed that one of the young wolves had attacked her little brother. She immediately turned to help him. She pushed him into the cupboard and closed the door. But just then, the wolves becoming more angry, sprang upon her. She fought them bravely, but finally was overcome and devoured by the hungry wolves. She gave her own life to save the life of her brother.

This is a true story, and was told many years afterward by an old, grey-headed man, whose life had been saved by the noble sister.—Mirror.

A Poor Little Boy.

A little boy has smoked fast, and he could not walk very well. He was not a strong boy, but was often sick. The doctors could not help him much. His father and mother were poor, and had not enough money to send him away to a hospital. A kind lady, who was sorry for the boy, gave him some money, and she asked her friends to give some also, and they sent the boy, to Toronto to the Children's Hospital where there are many kind nurses and doctors. They made his legs straight, and the boy got stronger, and after a while he could walk nearly as well as any other boy. The boy was six years and three months old when he went to the hospital and when he came out he was just seven years old. Now you can tell how long he was there. The boy's name was Jim.

The Beaver.

The beaver is about two feet long and weighs about fifty pounds. It has a round head and short ears. Its tail is covered with scales. It has four limbs. The fore limbs are small but the hind limbs are large. There are five sharp claws on each foot. The hind feet are webbed, but the fore feet are not. The beaver is covered with soft thick brown fur. The beaver's front teeth are very strong and sharp.

Many beavers live together. They choose a convenient stream and build on the banks for their house. The beavers are hard workers and always work at night. They can live in the water and on land, too. They build their houses in the bank at the edge of the water.

Their houses are called lodges. There is only one room in a house and the beaver enter it from the water. One house is just large enough for one family.

The beavers build dams across the streams. They cut down the trees by gnawing them with their teeth. They gnaw the trunk of the trees all the way around until it falls. Then they gnaw off the bark and branches. They cut the trunks into lengths of five or six feet. Then they roll them into the water. They place a great many of them across the stream and make a dam. They use the branches, too, and a great deal of mud. The beavers are very good swimmers and in the winter time they swim under the ice.

The beavers eat twigs and the bark of trees and the roots and stems of water plants. When they are on land they sit fruit and corn.

The beaver is hunted for its fur. The Indians used to hunt the beaver for its fur and flesh.

Willie's Kite.

Willie saw the boys flying kites. He wanted one. He asked his mamma for some money to buy a kite. She gave him five cents. He went to the store and bought a red kite. He tied a piece of string to the kite. He put a tail on it.

He went into the yard. He tried to fly the kite. It would not fly very high.

Willie asked his brother John to make him a kite. John took some paper and sticks and string. He made a large kite.

The kite went up higher than the house. Willie held the string. The kite pulled hard, but Willie would not let go.

He watched the kite fly a long time. He was happy.—*The Companion.*

Good Rules.

Let us not injure in any way any tree, shrub or lawn.

Let us not kill or injure any bird, or destroy any bird's nest, or the eggs, or the young.

Let us not throw or sweep into the streets, alleys or parks any paper, fruit-skins or rubbish of any kind, or throw any of these things upon the floor of any school or other public building.

Let us not cut or mark in any way fences, poles, sidewalks or buildings of any kind.

Let us at all times respect the property of others as we would our own.

Thus shall we become good and conscientious.—The Designer.

Eight Longest Words in the English Language.

Here are the eight longest words in the English language at the present writing. Can you pronounce them?

Incomprehensibility, subcontinentalist, philopoganthropism, disproportionableness, velocipedestrianistical, transubstantiationalist, antitranssubstantiationalist.—*West Virginia School Journal.*

Why A Bear Has No Tail.

Far in the north they tell a story of why bears have no tails now. One cold morning a hungry bear wanted some fish. He did not know how to catch them. A fox came along. The bear told the fox he wanted some fish. The fox told the bear there was a hole in the ice on the river. The fox and the bear went together to the hole. The fox told the bear to sit on the edge of the hole and let his tail hang in the water. He said fish would bite the bear's tail and he could pull them out of the water and eat them. The bear did as the fox advised. It was very cold. Soon the ice froze over the hole. The bear's tail was frozen in the ice. When the bear stood up his tail broke off. That is why bears have no tails now. Do you think this story is true?

How Ernest Caught His Pony.

One afternoon Ernest was out riding. He tied his pony to a tree and went into a neighbor's house.

Pretty soon he came out. The pony was gone. He looked around for him but he was not in sight. He went down the road. He ran up to him. But the pony did not want to be caught. He kicked up his heels and galloped away.

Ernest pulled up some grass and put it in his hat. Then he followed the pony and held out the hat.

The pony quietly walked up to Ernest and began to eat the grass.

Ernest patted him and took hold of the bridle. Soon he was riding home.
The Companion.

The Cat and the Fox.

One day a cat met a fox. They began to talk. The fox asked the cat how many tricks she knew. She said that she knew only one trick. She could climb a tree when dogs chased her.

The fox was very sorry for the cat because she knew only one trick. He was boastful. He said he knew a hundred tricks. He told her to go with him to the woods and he would show her how to escape from dogs.

Soon a hunter and several dogs came along. The cat at once climbed up a tree. The fox learned of her.

The fox tried all his tricks. But the dogs soon caught him and killed him.
—*The Companion.*

Care of Library Books.

Teachers, pupils, and borrowers of books should carefully observe the following suggestions:—

1. Never touch a book unless your hands are clean and dry.

2. Never turn down the corners of a leaf.

3. Never turn an open book on its face.

4. Never leave a book in the sun light or on a dusty shelf or desk.

5. Do not mark books.

6. Keep books away from heat and dampness.

7. Do not wet your fingers to turn a leaf.—Missouri Course of Study.

Animals Useful to Men.

For Food.—Sheep, cow, pig, goat, hen, goose, duck, turkey, and wild birds, fish, turtle, frogs, oysters, clams and bees.

For Clothing.—Sheep, cow, goat, silkworm, fur bearing animals and birds.

For Furniture.—Leather, from sheep, cow, ox, goat; hair, from horses; glue made from hoofs of many animals.

Ornaments.—Birds, pearls from oysters; things made of alligator skin.

As Beasts of Burden.—Horse, donkey, mule, oxen, goat, camel and elephant.—Colorado Index.

Hurrah ! for Canada !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Canada,
With heart and voice we sing ;
Hurrah ! for dear old England,
Hurrah ! for England's king !
Good ships be on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores,
Peace, peace within her borders,
And plenty in her stores.

Right loyally we're singing,
To all nations make it known
That we love the land we live in,
And our king upon his throne.
Long may the sons of Canada,
Land ranks the welkin ring,
True to their native country,
And faithful to their king

The Garden.

Walter was twelve years old. One spring he wanted to earn some money, so he asked his father to help him. His father told him that he might have a garden and raise vegetables. He told Walter that he would have to work very hard. His mother said that she would buy the vegetables from him.

Walter bought some garden tools and made a garden. He planted beans, peas and other seeds. He watered the garden every day and pulled up all of the weeds.

In the summer, Walter went to the garden every morning before breakfast. He gathered vegetables and sold them to his mother. Sometimes he sold some to the neighbors.

Walter earned money all summer. He spent some of it and put the rest into the bank.

1. Whose garden is this lesson about ?
2. How did he get the garden ?
3. Why did he want a garden ?
4. What did he raise ?
5. What did he do with his vegetables ?
6. What did he do to make the vegetables grow well ?
7. How often did he water the garden ?
8. How do you suppose he watered it ?
9. Do you think it was necessary to water it every day ?
10. To whom did he sell the vegetables ?
11. What did he do with the money he earned ?
12. Name some garden tools.

A An—The.

VISIT TO COUNTRY.

Harry and Alice went to spend — summer on — farm. — farm belonged to Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was — farmer.

Every day — children got up early in — morning and went to — barn and to watch Mr. Smith milking — cows. There was — cow that did not like to be milked, and she often kicked pail over. — cow's name was Daisy. Mr. Smith had — orchard. Harry often ran to — orchard and picked up apple for Alice, and another for himself. He always gave — largest apple to Alice because he was not — selfish boy. Sometimes — children carried — basket to — orchard. Then Harry climbed — old apple tree that stood near — gate, and shook — tree, and Alice picked up — apples and put them into — basket. Then they carried — basket to — kitchen and gave it to Mrs. Smith and she made — nice pie for their dinner.

— children stayed on — farm until — middle of September, then they went back to — city. They were very glad to see their parents again but sorry to say good bye to — kind farmer and his wife, — naughty cow Daisy, and all — other animals on — farm.

Geography.

Find on the map of Europe :

1. What two countries are separated by the English Channel?
2. What two bodies of water are joined by the Strait of Dover?
3. What two straits lead out of the Irish Sea ?
4. What two continents are separated by the Mediterranean Sea ?
5. What two bodies of water are joined by the Strait of Gibraltar?
6. What two countries are washed by the Bay of Biscay ?
7. What two countries are separated by the Pyrenees Mountains?
8. What two continents are separated by the Ural Mountains and the Ural River?
9. What two countries form a large peninsula in the south-western part of Europe?
10. What two countries form a large peninsula in the north-western part of Europe ?
11 What two countries are separated by the Adriatic Sea ?
12. What two countries form the island of Great Britain ?

A Grocery Store.

1. Make as long a list as you can of things sold in a grocery store.
2. Name some kinds of canned goods
3. Name some things that are sold by the pound.
4. Name some things that are sold by the pint.
5. Name some things that are sold by the quart or gallon
6. Name some things that are sold by the peck or bushel.
7. Name some kinds of dried fruits.
8. Where does tea grow ? coffee ?
9. What is granulated sugar made from ?
10. Write ten or more questions you would ask a grocer if you wanted to buy some eggs, some apples and some maple syrup.
11. A woman bought two dozen eggs at thirty cents a dozen, and a pound of butter for twenty-five cents. How much change should she get back out of a dollar bill ?

Preposition Phrases.

Supply preposition phrases in the following blank spaces :—

1. The little boys waded ——and got their feet wet. They went —— and changed their shoes and stockings.
2. The snow —— melted and overflowed the eave-troughs.
3. Some large icicles were hanging —— and a man got a long pole and knocked them down.
4. A man was walking ——with a gun ——. The trigger caught —— of a tree and discharged the gun.
5. A little girl was wearing a string of beads —— her string broke and the beads were scattered ——.

How They Differ.

Distinguish by one sentence in each instance.

(a) the foot of a goose from the foot of a turkey.
(b) a crow from a blackbird.
(c) a robin from a horse.
(d) an orange from a lemon.
(e) a clock-face from a watch-face.
(f) winter from summer.

Where.

Fill the blanks with words that show *where*.

1. ——is my bodyguard?
2. Is your father——.
3. The thief ran ——.
4. The ship sailed ——.
5. An automobile just went——.
6. A flock of birds flew——.

Either—Or. Neither—Nor.

1. The year is ——1918——1919 but it is ——.
2. We write ——letters —— postcards every Monday.
3. Mr. Caulfield is not ——blind —— lame.
4. Mr. Campbell is ——blind —— lame.
5. ——Tom ——Peter has curly hair.
6. We write ——with leadpencils ——with pens and ink.
7. Today is —— —— Saturday Sunday but it is ——.
8. Today is —— Saturday —— Sunday but it is ——.
9. There are —— five ——mosquitoes outside now
10. James will buy —— a bunch of fire crackers —— a box of paints.
11. People do not eat the flesh of —— the dog ——the cat
12. ——tea ——coffee grows in Canada.

Things That Go Together.

Fill the blanks with words that represent things which go with some other thing mentioned in the sentence :

1 A brush and —— were lying on the table.
2. He put pepper and —— on his potatoes.
3. Tom's cap and —— were beside his plates.
4 Alice took off his boots and ——
5 My pen and —— are on my desk
6 The boys and —— were playing together
7 The days and —— were cold
8. The pots and —— were hanging beside the range.
9 We use a knife and —— when we are cutting our meat

Since. Until.

1. We have seven from 10, 40 11 o'clock
2. It is a long time —— we saw our parents.
3. It will not be long —— vacation
4. The pupils will not go home —— June 28th.
5. A girl has not received a letter —she left home
6. Peel potatoes —— they are satisfied.
7. It is about —— hours —— breakfast.
8. All the pupils do not study their lessons ——they know them.
9. Many pupils have not been ill —school opened.
10. We usually lie in bed from 8. p. m —5.45. a. m.
11. We have been in the room 8.10 o'clock.
12. The evening study is from seven ——eight o'clock.

My Canary Bird.

Pretend that you have a canary bird, and answer these questions. After you have finished, write a little story using your answers.

1. Have you a canary bird?
2. How old is it?
3. What color is it?
4. What is its name?
5. Who takes care of it?
6. What does it eat?
7. How often does it take a bath?
8. Where do you keep its cage?

Where.

Fill the blanks with words that show, *when, how often, how many times.*

1. ——do you intend to go?
2. They came here——.
3. ——speak the truth.
4. Do you—— go fishing?
5. ——be discouraged.
6. ——they come here——.
7. We go the city ——a week.

Anything, Something, Nothing.

One boy asked another if he had in his pockets. He said that he had ——in one pocket but he had in the others.

A man said he was hungry because he had had—— to eat all day.

Mr Jones woke up during the night and thought he heard —— moving about the house He got out of bed and went downstairs, but he didn't see ——.

Mabel went to the city on Saturday, but she did not buy ——.

James asked permission to go to the bedroom to get —— from his trunk

Miss James expected a letter yesterday morning. She opened her letter box and looked in but there was there

Opposites

Write sentences meaning the opposite of these :

1 It is a fine day
2. It is a stormy day
3. Tom is a big boy
4 These apples are sweet
5 That is a long pointer
6. Jack was awake all night
7 The men walked up the street
8 The children were glad to have a holiday
9 We met them when we were coming here
10. Henry ate what was that he is a good boy

Elliptical Sentences

Supply a proper word for each blank

1 did he tell you?
2. is he going?
3. did he tell you to do?
4 will he get off his car?
5 going to the city next Saturday?
6. did Hattie Lathey come to see her last Christmas?
7 there any room on the car?
8. —— your parents living?
9 How —— is your ruler?
10 How —— is it by your home?
11 How —— do you go to the city?
12 How —— were you in school yesterday?

The Singular Number

Write these sentences, using singular words

1 Boys pick chestnuts in the fall
2. Girls skate the best sometimes
3. These books are ours
4. Foxes eat hens
5. We saw wild ducks
6. They are good hens
7 Spiders eat flies
8. Ladies wear gloves
9. Robins steal cherries
10 These geese have webbed feet

How.

Fill the following blanks with words that show *how*.

1. The train moved
2. The wind blew
3. The boy ran
4. The teacher looked up
5. The rain fell—
6. The man wrote

Singulars.

Write the singular of each of these nouns :

branches fruits, churches, watches calves, axes, fairies, journeys, duties negroes, halves, empires, hunches chiefs.

Plurals.

Write the plurals of these words

ball, brush, lady, who, man, tooth, box, fish, city, hero, potato, leaf, wolf, thief, shelf.

The Lost Chord.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the ivory keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Procter

Misinterpretation.

One day some one sent Mr. Whittier a genuine flower pressed between two pieces of glass. Seen from one side it appeared only a blurred mass of something without beauty. But seen from the other side the exquisite beauty of the flower appeared, in all its delicate loveliness. Whether the gift was lovingly or not to the view depended on the side from which one looked at it. The poet hung the gift on the window pane, putting the blurred side out and the flower side toward himself, that he who passed by, without looking up, marked only a gray blur, but if shaded glass, seeing no beauty, but the good, setting within, looked at the flower, and saw outlined against the winter sky all the exquisite loveliness of the flower.

"They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For me the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face to all but those
To the warm tropic of my pain,
As folk on wheels beside the Nile
The hue of blending skies it took.

But deeper meanings came to me,
My half immortal flower, than were thee:
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew.
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side."

Too often we look upon the blurred side of actions—even of people too. We do not see the loveliness that is hidden on the other side. We are all continually misinterpreting others. There is a Seer side to many an act which we condemn because we look upon the blurred side. Let us train ourselves to believe the best always of people and of actions, and find some beauty in everything. -J. R. Miller.

What She Could.

A pretty story is told of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, son of the poet, who revived the industry of lace-making among the Italian peasants.

The work which was done in the homes in the peasant workers was brought to the factory for approval or rejection, and each woman was paid according to her skill and the quality of her work. Among those who attempted the delicate work was an old woman above eighty years of age, who lived with two dependent grandchildren, whose father had been killed in the war. For three months the aged, worn old fingers labored on a piece of lace of elaborate design, which was finally completed and brought to the factory for inspection.

The superintendent examined the work, which was faulty and uneven, and then consulted Mr. Browning, asking, "What shall we do with it?" Mr. Browning took the work, exclaiming: "Pay her for it; pay her for it! She has done the best she could." It was a delicate and thoughtful way of veiling charity, and the worker was happy in the belief that she was providing for herself and these dependent upon her. —Edith V. Bendi.

The Proving.

(Continued from first page.)

"The reason I'm insisting," began Henry in explanation, "is because I know there is going to be a long string of fruit cars through from Florida this morning, and the N. A. & Q. can't be stuck with such goods. The superior told me last night."

So Henry and Larrity set to work on each end of the track: while Henry, with four or five men, began removing the ruined wreckage. All night long fire and dynamite scattered the fragments of the wreck. From the centre Henry gradually worked his way toward the lakeward gangs on both flanks. Sometimes the splintered wood would flare up in a huge conflagration, then an explosion would lift a car from the twisted tracks, flinging coals and sparks in the air. It was a dangerous work; but the young fellow in charge brought to his task an enthusiasm and precision that inspired an instant and unquestioning obedience.

As the morning dawned the last of the wreckage was cleared off the track and the two gangs were rapidly approaching each other, laying ties and rails. Before they had finished, however, a little engine with glittering brass, drawing two handsome coaches, came steaming down the track and slowed to meet the workers.

Larrity came round to the young fellow in charge and said: "Say, Jim! Ain't I glad we backed up that job some way! The old man has come; yonder, that's the President's private car."

"Yes, I'd noticed it was—"

About this time the heavy form of the President climbed off the car and came striding over the ties to the workmen.

"Hello, Larrity," he called. "Holding Brown get rid of his wreckage?"

"Yes, sir," cried the old Irishman proudly. "Kept all the heavy stuff and shuffled off in pretty slick time. I'm counting it."

Then the President caught sight of his son in the dim morning light. "And you, Jim, you here? Thought you'd an easier buy?"

The young man forward, laughing. He'been promoted to a regular head man, dad."

A bewildered expression swept over the face of Larrity. "My grandson, Mr. Kerryman's Him you're to, of course he said his name was Kerryman, but I never once—well, I made him water buy all right, then I'll be damned if him a regular head. But to-night me and Brown there knocked off work. Chief Wrecker; and that's why, sir, your car can get through in about ten minutes, sir. —The Book.

Another Waste Product Utilized.

A saga break grumping plentifully in the mountainous districts of Southern Colorado, and hitherto useless, has been found capable of producing nearly five percent. of commercial rubber. As rubber is a substance in constant and increasing demand, this new source of it is likely to be eagerly exploited. A company has been formed to develop the industry, and from this the despised "rabbit brush," which is supposed to hold a large factory rank purpose. Curiously enough, like some other modern discoveries, the rounding of the new industry is twofold, that is the scientific name of the plant, contained rubber was the result of accident. A prospector, lost in the hills, chewed some of the root of the plant to sustain life, and found it to contain a rubber-like substance. On testing back in a large factory this was known the fact to others, and the led to chemical experiment, and the founding of a new industry. Probably our Canadian Rockies produce the plant in quantity on their higher slopes. It grows at an altitude of 7,000 to 9,000 feet.—Christian Guardian.

Lots of men are failures because they never attempt anything.

Shake this feeling from your nature, and put on a face of pleasantness, which makes one to be admired by his fellows.

WANTED

COMPANION and helper in home work, by young Good disposition. For particulars address MISS A. A. MOWBRAY, Box 61, Wingham, Ont.

A good strong boy or young man used to farm work to work on the farm for the season. Address, DAVID M. ALEXANDER, Lansdowne.

A GOOD MAN, to work on farm. He must be a good milker. Address, ALFRED GRAY, Clay View P.O.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

WEST—4.14 a. m.; 1.38 a. m.; 4.39 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.20 p. m.; 5.25 p. m.

EAST—12.30 a. m.; 1.55 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 12.50 p. m.; 5.55 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—8.30 a. m.; 2.45 p. m.; 6.05 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We cannot

publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

THE BOOK

"From Far and Near"

Can be procured at any time from the Publishers, the

MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

The price to Subscribers for the book is 60 cents in cloth cases, net, plus the postage. To all others it is 75 cents, net, less 25 per cent. discount, plus the postage.

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By Prof Alexander Graham Bell. Prof Bell has made a profound study of the human voice and, in this work, has actually taken apart the human voice and all the accessories as if it were merely a telephone. His discourses are full of interest and will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in improving the voice. Bound in cloth, 12mo, 125 pages. Price $1.00 net; postage 10 cents extra. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Publishers, 30 East 23rd Street, New York.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parcels or friends send letters, packages or notes to pupils, address to

(name of pupil)
in HOME FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

Let Prepay postage either on or Freight charges in all cases

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every Sunday:—

Methodist Mission Hall, 9 Allen Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 150 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Right Rev. Mr. Sullivan's, 46 Alpha Avenue.

Maple Leaf Club rooms open second Friday, at Carleton St. Methodist church, at 8 p. m.

Last Sat'day evening social at the Rescue Home, corner of Bolton Avenue and First St., at 7.30 o'clock evenings.

MISS J. R. BYERS, Dressmaker, 388 Bloor St.

MRS. F. BROWN, Dressmaker, 165 Bloor Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CABMAN,

BELLEVILLE.

LAMBERT coming to Belleville to visit his wife (THE CABMAN) is coming for LAMBERT, the CABMAN, to bring him to his home. He is now formerly trained, well behaved, fully and steady. Horses and rigs for all occasions. Special rates for Weddings, Funerals, Excursions or Institutions or from Institution to city or G. T. Station, such as Trunks, Valises, Golf Sets, Etc. Mr. Lambert attends all trains. 24 Telephone 61.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE every person who receives this paper send me the address of deaf children, not attending school, between the ages of seven and twenty years, who are known to them, or think may be known to them. Information concerning the Institution and the terms upon which it will be given to those whose children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

R. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SUNDAY MORNING—From 9.15 a. m. to 1 p. m., with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which lunch is served to the pupils. Preparatory classes dismissed at 10 o'clock.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—GENERAL ASSEMBLY in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will bring the pupils. At 1 o'clock the pupils will be assembled in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed to their respective class rooms.

The programme there adopted for the classes in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the meeting of pupils.

EVENING SERVICE from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading lesson for senior people from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—PRIMARY people at 9.15 a. m. Rev. Mr. Gaviller, B.A., Rector of Trinity Church, at 2.30 p. m. Pupils and Instructors attend their respective churches whenever desired by their parents in charge.

INSTRUCTOR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. H. W. Hamilton, Anglican; Rev. L. H. Irwin (Presbyterian), Rev. H. Urquhart (Methodist); Rev. Father Connolly, Catholic; Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

HOLY COMMUNION, beginning at 8.15; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George F. Worrell. Teachers, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Lee, Miss Hall and Miss Wills. Organist, Miss Hall. Librarian, Miss Wills.

THE CATECHETICAL PUPILS receive religious instruction on Sunday morning from 9.15 to 10.30 a. m. Teacher, Miss Ingram and Miss McArdle.

All Clergymen of all denominations or morality invited to visit us at any time

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING ROOM Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons from 2.30 to 4.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon from 2.30 to 4 o'clock. Miss Lee, teacher.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, STORE AND LAUNDRY.—Hours from 8.30 to 12 noon and from 1.30 to 4.30 p.m. for senior pupils who attend school; for junior pupils from 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m. respectively. Saturday afternoon and Sunday the offices and shops will be closed as usual.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.—Open to visitors from time to time.

THE SHOE SHOP CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. to 4.30 p. m. Pupils are required to work during these hours. No working on Saturday afternoons.

THE Tailoring, Shoe, Sloyd, Sewing, Needle and Dressmaking Departments are open to visitors from 9 to 12 noon, and 2 to 4 p. m. daily condition

All Pupils are required to be in their respective classes or industrial departments, according to arrangements made by the Superintendent.

All Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow outsiders foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their duties

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome to any school room, or to any department on weekdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is from 9.30 to 11.30 a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

Whose pupils are admitted and parents notified, will be received at the Institution, kindly and tenderly treated, and instructed in dealing with their children. It only remains remembered by all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in the Institution without delay will be quickly happy with the others in his home. The time required is few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It is not forbidden, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and kindly allowed the privilege of seeing the greatest work of the school in session. Visitors are not allowed to see certain grades at the Institution, found as exceptionally backward, and will be placed in Outside Homes, up to Xmas, Easter Anniversary and Summer Vacation, if desired.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be entered into with parents and officers or employees under any circumstances, unless through the Superintendent upon such occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of sickness, letters, telegrams or telegrams will be sent daily by parents or guardians. The Superintendent or Matron of Pupils of PUPILS OR FRIENDS MAY BE QUITE SURE OF THE BEST WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so will be required to write home every week. Parents will find it very welcome if they will likewise write to their children every week. Let the correspondence be regular, making as many as possible, their writing.

Let no mistake be made. Deaf children are not at home, or prompted by family pride, visitors will be advised to be quite reserved except with the consent and direction of the Physicians of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against the many quacks who are practising pleas and applications for the cure of the deaf. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of of stumbling deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

No 9 is bound in with

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. D.
MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:
S. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., *Superintendent.*
W. COCHRANE, *Bursar.*
W. W. BUTCK, M. D. *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY *Matron.*

Teachers:
D. R. COLEMAN, M. A., *Teacher of Articulation.*
W. J. G. MCNEILL, *Teacher.*
JAMES L. HOWSON, M. A. *Teacher.*
MISS F. STEWART, *Teacher.*
I. L. INGRAM, *Teacher.*
MISS S. TEMPLETON, *Teacher.*
MISS MARY BULL, *Teacher.*
MISS GEORGINA JAMES, *Teacher.*
MISS SYLVIA A. MANN, *Teacher.*
MISS ADA J. KING, *Teacher.*
MISS A. M. HUSER, *Teacher.*
MISS MARION SCANDRETT, *Teacher.*
MISS ISABEL S. PYNE, *Teacher.*
MISS P. CAMPBELL, *Teacher.*
MISS L. B. PYNE, *Teacher.*
MISS FLORENCE UNDS, *Teacher.*

H. L. HUSER, *Teacher Manual Training.*
MISS MARY BULL, *Teacher of Piano Work.*
MISS E. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training—Mr Instead.

MISS S. A. MORTSON, *Housekeeper & Clerk.*
JESSE T. HUBS, *Instructor of Printing.*

W. R. NUNN, *Assistant Engineer & Supervisor.*
ALEX MORRISON, *Baker Shoemaker.*

W. H. PEPPER, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*
CHAS. J. PEPPER, *Engineer.*

MISS L. DEARSARD, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*
JOHN DENNIS, *Market Gardener.*

MISS A. MORRISON, *Overseer Nurse and Infirmarian in Home Nursing.*
J. N. SMITH, *Master Tailor.*

WILLIAM H. LAMB, *Factory.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty-one, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, are entitled to the benefits of the Institution, which will be afforded as pupils. The regular term of each session is seven years, with a vacation of about three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends of pupils who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $30 per year for each pupil. Tuition, board and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Blind mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount required for board will be admitted free.

Clothing must be furnished by parents or guardians.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Tailoring are taught to the boys, and pupils are instructed in General Housework, Needlework, Dressmaking, Nursing, Knitting, Machine Sewing, Machine and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desired. Pupils are taught to read from the lips, and to converse readily with those with whom they associate.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf children will avail themselves of the educational benefits offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

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The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and continues for nine months. Any information as to the terms of admission of pupils, etc., will be given upon application by letter or otherwise.

S. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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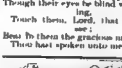
The Easter Message.

BY EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT.

Sweeter grows the Easter story
As I hear it o'er and o'er;
Hearing from the tender meaning
As I dwell upon it more.
For the years have brought me sorrow,
And I scarce can bear the pain,
Save that I have caught the vision
Of the risen Christ again.

I can hear His gentle whisper,
As He tarries by my side,
Speaking, as He spake to Mary,
In the first glad Eastertide.
Breathing words of hope and comfort,
Till my heart grows staunch and strong,
And my grief is turned to gladness,
And my aching pain to song.

O Thou risen Christ! I pray Thee,
As the Eastertide draws near,
Unto hearts bowed down with sorrow
Grant the Vision may appear
Though their eyes be blind with weeping,
Touch them, Lord, that they may see;
Bend To them the gracious message
Thou hast spoken unto me



A Child's Easter Offering.

RESTORED HAPPILY TO HER MOTHER. WHO HAD LONG MOURNED HER FOR DEAD.

The Episcopal Church of St. Mark's in the pretty little town of C—was brilliant in its floral decorations this Easter morning. The christening font was a bank of white roses and lilies. The mottoes over the arches and stained glass windows were artistic combinations of flowers and leaves.

Altogether, St. Mark's holiday attire was exceptionally beautiful, and the congregation in their holiday attire seemed to think so, too.

The gay raying over this scene of light and color, and watching the pleased, smiling faces of the people, would have been struck by a dark shadow and little background, the figure of a lady in the choir gallery draped in the garment of mourning. She was seated before the organ in a listless attitude, but her eyes were fixed on the large, arched window visible through an open window.

There is nothing unnatural in looking through an open window when the sun is shining, the birds singing, and the leaves rustling in the soft spring air. But there was something unnatural in the fixed, rigid look on the lady's face. She seemed to have been stunned by some great shock, and brought back to earth by the peaceful new nothing of the outside landscape.

"Estelle! Estelle!" whispered Rose Garvin to her friend Estelle as the two young ladies bent over a music book. "Come come back to earth, since you went to E—. You see the organist has known you from a child and who knew that her passion is music, persuaded her to take charge of our choir to-day. Signor Bell has been ill. He thought it would rouse her from the apathy in which she has fallen since her terrible misfortune."

"I heard something about her," whispered Estelle, "tell me all you know."

"I thought everybody had heard the story. Only think, Estelle, last Easter she was the reigning belle of one of the most beautiful plantations on the Teche, and had three lovely children. You know there is only a short distance near Morgan City. Before Mrs. Stanhill and her family had their baggage, the floods came pouring through her house.

"There was a skiff ready, and she placed her children in charge of an old colored man, a confidential servant, while she ran upstairs to get some money she had there.

"The house began to rock, and some of the rafters fell, but when she reached the door, the skiff was gone. It had evidently been sunk by some of the falling timbers, for the body of the old man was found very near the spot, much crushed, but the children were never discovered.

"The house was swept away, and Mrs. Stanhill was picked up unconscious among the debris. She had relatives here, and they went for her as soon as they heard the circumstances. She has always had that strange, fixed look since she came.

"Poor horror," Estelle repeated, under her breath, glancing at the white rigid face. "I'm glad there are children."

"Magnificent. She will sing the solo in the 'Te Deum,' and you will judge I know you're a critic."

Her when the thrilling voice arose with its undertone of pain and sorrow, filled her audience to entirety. It was not the song of triumph and rejoicing she had expected to hear.

It was the cry of a suffering human soul amidst the triumph, pleading for the mercy of God. She recalled in listening to this woman's voice how deep she had gone down amidst the black waves of a great anguish.

When the "Te Deum" was over the pale singer took a seat unobtrusively, and, bowed down into the church, seemed to hear nothing, but the old familiar services she knew by heart. The performe of the Easter rites took her back to her home.

Only last Easter, a little year ago, she was standing in the door of her own church, and looking down at her pew where stood dearest hearer Madge was trying to keep little Kate and her little brother Arthur quiet. She could hear the latter's shrill voice ring: "I'se goin' to mamma."

Oh, those children's voices and their laugh! Would they haunt her until she went mad or died?

"Ah, my God!" she groaned, clutching the railing, "when my darlings went out in the darkness of that awful night, did they suffer long before death came to them? Why did I come here? It is no use with me today than it was before."

Mrs. Stanhill, you are wanted for the hymn," she whispered, touching her on the arm. She rose and went back faltering. Had she remained she would have seen a little child enter the church. She was dressed in a clean, but faded, calico, but her shining golden hair was nicely curled, and her face was remarkable for a certain refined loveliness not often seen in the class to which she belonged.

She was apparently about four years old, but not at all timid. She walked gravely up the aisle, taking a survey of the occupants of each pew, but when she reached the one nearest the pulpit, her little lip began to quiver and her big blue eyes to fill with tears. She stood there for little but gazing now nothing of the outside landscape.

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"What do you want, my dear?" she whispered.

"I want my mamma so bad," she said. "I came to church to look for her."

"Is your mamma?

"She child did not seem to understand, but repeated:

"She's mamma."

"Where does she live?"

"I dunno. I want my own mamma bad," slipping her hand in the lady's.

"I'll tell you if you'll take me to my own mamma."

"Very well, little one, stay here and after church we'll look for mamma together.

The child nestled down, apparently satisfied. The lady saw that she had evidently been in the habit of attending church. In one hand was a dirty piece of paper wrapped carefully around something. Her rosy mouth was unsmiling, and grave for such a small creature.

When the plate was being passed around for collection the child slipped from her seat and slipped up to the reading desk, where the rector was standing. She handed him the dirty little package, and said: "It's my lovelist egg for your little children, ain't got no money, but I bringed my egg."

The rector was a nervous old gentleman, very much bewildered by this strange child, but he unwrapped the paper and took out a bright red egg. The child nodded gravely and repeated "For the little children."

"Bless my son," he whispered to the child, who had taken the child by the hand to lead her away which was evidently she was crying. "Let her alone! Where on earth did she come from? Do I start her to screaming."

But the little creature did not seem to such fierce disturbance. She put her finger to her eyes and tiptoed back to the pew. The beat of the day and the stillness only broken by the rector's voice soon lulled her to sleep.

When the service was over and the congregation no paying any attention to downtrodding a man made her way to the pulpit.

I'm after my little girl, sir," she said. "She slipped away a little while ago, and some one saw her come in here. Here she is, fast asleep?

He bent to look at the woman and then at the child.

"Is this your child?" he asked

Oh, no, sir. It's kind of found fing my husband picked up in a boat on the bayou during the flood. There was another little girl and boy in the boat, both dead. We haven't found out yet who the beauties be but we're from Morgan City, and almost have mad nough there to keep going. I must go her folks when we get home.

The rector, who still clutched the astonished woman to the arm. "Go in there quietly," he whispered, pointing to the vestry room. "Don't be frightened, seeing her scared you. It's nothing unpleasant.

He made his way to the door gallery to look after the woman supposed, never by Mrs. Stanhill who was playing a voluntary. He went up to her. "Something quite out of the common has happened during the service today, he said, trying to speak softly. "The strayed little child strayed under church today, and brought an Easter offering in the shape of a red egg. I'm going to the vestry room."

The lady started, and her face pale grew almost ghastly. The next moment she resumed into her usual appearance. Of course there were children present in the world who had been taught to bring an Easter offering. She was not to learn of none of them she never thought of a child again. The recitation was the important feature with her, and she turned again to the instrument. He had his hand gently on her arm.

"Come with me, Mrs. Stanfield," he said. "I am not you to see my little girl and hear her story, for she has a story."

She rose indifferently. She could not be brought to her pale face. "Very well, it would only be one more more she was to the vestry the rector thought. It is true that Estelle had have spared her a cruel disappointment, and the rector of the large little waif if it is, God help the mother to bear so great a joy.

But when she entered the vestry and the child sprang forward, crying, "Mamma, mamma, it's me, own mamma, the poor woman uttered one cry and fell to the floor like one stone dead. When consciousness returned, she only sobbed, "Katie, my Katie," and held the child convulsively to her She did not speak but the rector understood the question in her imploring eyes.

"This one has been given to you from the dead, my dear," he said. "God has the others in his own good care."

(Continued on last page.)

Easter Morn.

Away with clouds of darkness!
For He has given light
Upon the Easter morning,
From Zion's lonely height.

Now let the glad hosannas
Ring out from every clime!
Let all creation worship
At this the Easter time!

New Life to earth's been given
Thro' His own loving name,
The Cross cannot withhold it,
The Tomb shall not contain!

Merle Von Tuger.

The Wise Men of Gotham.

There is a town in England called Gotham. Many stories are told about the queer people who used to live there. Here is one of them:

One day the people of Gotham heard that the king was coming to their town. The news did not please them at all. The king was kind and cruel, and they hated him. They resolved to prevent his coming.

They took their axes and went to the woods. They cut down large trees and blocked the road leading to the town.

Soon the king and his men came along. The king was very angry when he saw that the road was blocked. He could not enter the town. He asked two country boys who had chopped down the trees.

"The men of Gotham," said the boys.

"Well," said the king, "go and tell the men of Gotham that I shall send the sheriff into the town and have their noses cut off."

The boys ran to the town as fast as they could and told the people what the king had said. Everybody was very much frightened. The people asked one another what they should do to save their noses.

A man named Bobbin had a plan. He was the wisest man in Gotham. He suggested that all the people in Gotham pretend that they were fools. He said that no one would harm a fool. The others thought this was a good idea.

It took the king's men a long time to remove the logs from the road. The king became tired of waiting and went back to London.

At last the logs were cleared away, and very early one morning the sheriff and a number of soldiers rode toward the town. They saw a strange sight. The old men of Gotham were rolling big stones up a hill.

The sheriff stopped his horse and asked the men what they were doing. One of them replied that they were rolling stones up the hill to make the sun rise.

"You foolish fellows!" said the sheriff. "Don't you know that the sun will rise without any help?"

"Will it?" said the old man. "I never thought of that. How wise you are!"

The sheriff and his soldiers rode on and soon came to a field where some men were building a stone wall. The sheriff asked them what they were doing. One of them said that Gotham was a bird in the field, and they were building a wall around it to keep it from escaping.

"You foolish fellows!" said the sheriff. "Don't you know the bird can fly over the top of your wall?"

"No," replied the men of Gotham. "We never thought of that! How very wise you are!"

The sheriff next met a man who was carrying a door on his back.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I have just started on a long journey," said the man.

"But why do you carry the door?" asked the sheriff.

"I left my money," replied the man.

"Then why didn't you leave the door at home, too?"

"I was afraid of thieves; and you see, if I have the door with me they can't break it open and get in."

"You foolish fellow!" said the sheriff. "It would be safer to leave the door at home and carry the money with you."

"Ah, would it?" said the man. "I never thought of that. You are the wisest man that I ever saw."

Every one that the sheriff and his soldiers met was doing something very silly. The soldiers thought that all the people of Gotham were fools. They did not want to harm them. So they rode back to London and told the king that Gotham was a city of fools. The king laughed and said that the people might keep their noses.

About Ants.

Ants are very wise little creatures. They can do many wonderful things. There are a great many different kinds of ants. Some ants live in the ground and make rooms with long halls connecting them. Others heap up mounds, which we call ant hills, and others live in hollow trees. There is a kind of ant in South America that builds mounds fifteen feet high.

There are three kinds of ants in every colony—queens, females, and insects or workers. The females lay a great many eggs. After a while the eggs hatch and little white grubs or larvae come out. Soon the grubs spin webs and wrap itself up in a little cocoon. In a few days the cocoon breaks and a young ant comes out. The workers are always busy. They make or find food. They do all the work. They build the nests, gather food, fight all the battles, and take care of the baby ants. On nice warm days they take the cocoons out in the sun. When it gets dark or stormy they take them back into the nests.

Ants are very strong. They can lift things ten times as heavy as their own bodies.

Sometimes a large army of ants will march to the mound of a different kind of ants and conquer them. Then they steal their baby ants and carry them back with them. They take good care of them until they come out of the cocoons. Then they train them to be slaves. They make these slaves do all the work. Sometimes when the master ants want to go traveling the slaves have to carry them. Other master ants carry the slaves.

Some ants have cows. They are not real cows but a kind of plant lice. These plant lice give a sweet juice called honey dew. The ants are fond of this juice and take good care of their cows.

In Africa there is a fierce kind of ant called the army ant. These ants do not build mounds. They are always on the march. They march through the forest like a real army of soldiers. The lines are often many miles long. There are larger ants that are the officers and keep the lines in order. When they want to be sheltered from a storm or from the heat of the sun they dig a tunnel several feet under the ground.

When they are hungry they kill and eat every live thing they can find. They live on flesh. They eat a big large animal in a very short time. Even the elephant is afraid of these ants. They have very powerful jaws.

When the people know that the army ants are coming, they open all the the closets, boxes, and drawers, and run away to a safe place. The ants swarm through the house and eat every living thing they can find. When they are gone there are no mice or bugs in the house. The women like the ants because they clean house for them.—*The Companion.*

King Richard and the Minstrel.

"Many, many years ago," said daddy, beginning his story for his two children, Jack and Evelyn, "there was a king in England named Richard. He was a brave man and very fond of wars and fighting—so fond, in fact, that he went to other countries to fight. One time, returning from a war, his ship was wrecked near the country of the Duke of Austria, who did not like King Richard. Soon afterward the duke caught him and put him in prison.

"For more than a year the people back in England did not know what had become of their king, for in those days it took long for news to get from one country to another. There were no railroads or steamboats or telegraphs or telephones. At last, however, a minstrel started England that King Richard had been made a prisoner in some far away country, but no one knew which country it was.

"Now, in England there lived at that time a minstrel or singer who was a friend of the king. His name was Blondel. He had a fine voice and was a good musician, and he and the king had often sung songs together. When Blondel heard that the king was a prisoner in a strange country he made up his mind to seek the king. So he went to all the foreign countries he could think of, singing wherever he went the songs which he and Richard knew. You see, he thought that if the king heard one of the songs he would answer.

"After many months Blondel reached Austria. He stopped one day in front of a great, gloomy castle kept by a man who was a great friend of the Duke of Austria. There a peasant told Blondel that a prisoner of high rank, whose name the peasant did not know, was kept imprisoned, and Blondel felt sure that he had found King Richard. When the owner of the castle heard that a great singer was outside he invited him in to sing and play and gave him a fine dinner and many presents. Then it was that, as soon as Blondel had the chance of singing outside the castle. He noticed a small window in the castle wall high up, and, standing in front of it, he sang a song which he felt sure King Richard would recognize. You may imagine how happy he was to hear the king's voice singing the second part of the song after Blondel had sung the first part.

"That was all that Blondel wanted at that time. He hurried home to England and told the people the name of the castle in which their king was locked up, and the people of England soon afterward made the emperor of Germany ransom the Duke of Austria to set the king free. When King Richard reached England one of the first men to greet him was his friend Blondel, for this is a true story."

The Bird's Doctor.

One cold, snowy evening, as a doctor was driving home in his buggy, he noticed something dark on the white ground. He got out of his buggy, and saw it was a little bird with a broken leg. Some cruel boys had stoned it, and it had fallen to the ground. The doctor picked up the bird, unbuttoned his coat, and put the trembling little creature inside his coat to keep it warm. Then he drove home as fast as he could.

When the doctor reached home, he called his little daughter and showed her the bird. Then he taught her how to bandage the broken leg. He told her never to be cruel to any living thing, but to be kind to all that needed kindness. This little girl's name was June, and she and her father, the kind doctor, kept the bird for a few days, until the little broken leg was all right, and then they let it go.

Crucifixion and Resurrection.

The Jews crucified Christ on Friday. They nailed him to the cross at nine o'clock in the morning and he hung there for six hours. It was dark from twelve o'clock to three o'clock. Christ prayed to forgive his enemies. He saw his mother crying near the cross, and he told John to comfort her. When he died the earth shook and many holy persons rose from the dead.

Joseph and Nicodemus buried Jesus in a tomb.

This tomb was in a garden.

Jesus had told the people he would rise on the third day. Some soldiers guarded the tomb. They rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb and sealed it.

The body of Jesus lay in the tomb from Friday evening till Sunday morning. Christ arose from the dead on the third day, which was Sunday. An angel came down from Heaven and rolled the great stone away from the door of the tomb. The soldiers became like dead men and ran away.

Three pious women who loved Christ came early in the morning with spices to anoint his body. They found him risen from the dead. They ran and told the apostles. Jesus appeared several times afterwards to his disciples. He showed them the holes in his hands and feet. He stayed on earth forty days after his resurrection. He told his disciples to preach the gospel to every creature. He led them to a mountain, and blessed them, and ascended up to Heaven.—Selected.

Lost His Linen Job.

A. T. Stewart was shown one day by one of the industrial employees an amusing caricature of himself done in pencil.

"Good, good!" he laughed. "That's excellent. Who did it?"

"A young salesman at the linen counter. He scratched it off as you passed the other morning. I managed to get it from him, and he has feared still for fear you'll see it," was the laughing reply.

"Feared still, is he?" said Mr. Stewart, with a twinkle in his eye. "Just send him to me, will you?"

A little later a slim youth entered Mr. Stewart's private office and said with manifest fear he had been sent for.

"Yes," said Mr. Stewart gravely and holding up the sketch, asked, "Did you do this?"

The lad grew pale and stammered: "I beg your pardon, sir; it was only a bit of fun. I meant no offense."

"That's all very well, but you'll have to give up your job, I'm afraid."

The youth humbly protested, when Mr. Stewart burst out laughing and said: "Don't say any more, my boy. I was only joking. Your sketch is excellent, and as it would be a sin to keep a man of your artistic talent behind a linen counter, I propose to supply you with the means to study art."

Mr. Stewart's proposition was gratefully accepted, and it was thus that John B. Rogers, the sculptor, began his artistic career.—*New York Press.*

The Tea Party.

Nell and Flora had very bad colds and they could not go into the yard to play, but got very tired because they had to stay in the house all the time.

One afternoon their mother told them that they might have a tea-party. They popped some corn. They put some apples in front of the fire and roasted them. Their mother gave them some cakes.

They invited all their dolls to the tea-party.

They had a very good time and they forgot that they could not go into the yard to play.—*Ida. Messenger.*

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written April 7th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

Little Red Riding Hood.

Once, in a pretty village, there lived a nice little girl. She had a red hood so she was known as Little Red Riding Hood. Her mother loved her dearly.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made fresh butter, and told Little Red Riding Hood to take the cake and a pot of butter to her grandmother for she was very ill.

The girl was willing and put the cakes and the pot of butter in a basket for she liked to be useful. When the girl reached the edge of the woods, she met a wolf, which said to her good morning, and she did so, too. The wolf would have eaten her on the spot, but one saw choppers [axes in the wood] so he was afraid that they would kill him. The wolf asked her where she was going, and she said that she was going to take the cakes and the pot of butter to the house to her grandmother for she was very ill in bed. He asked her where her grandmother lived, and she said, down past the mills on the other side of the woods. He told her to take a fast road, and that he would take another road, and see which would get there first, but he told a lie, for he knew he was nearer and that he could dash through the woods and swim across the pond. The girl was as fast as he said, and by a short cut got to the old woman's house. When she knocked at the door of the house with her paw, the woman asked him who he was, so he said he was Little Red Riding Hood bringing her butter and cakes. She told him to pull the latch string and the latch would fly up, and he did so, and then in he went, but without a word the wolf at once sprang at her and ate her up. He put on the woman's night dress and night cap.

I went into the grandmother's bed, and laughed to see what a fool he would look. Little girl when she entered this time Little Red Riding Hood was asking him the words.

(Concluded in next number.)

Observation.

Once an Indian resigned to his wigwam and found that somebody had been his relation. He took notice of he was about the place and went to look for the thief whom he reached through the snow. He first saw some paws and asked them if they were bear, a little, old white man with a pitiful dog and carrying a short gun on his shoulder, and they said they said. Then he said that he would never seen him nor heard of him they asked him how then could he describe him so minutely. The replied and that he knew the thief was a little man because he could see his track and stood on it to reach the venison which he had hung in the wigwam. He knew that he was white because he came he turned out his toe which he could but the Indian never does. He concluded the gun was short by the marks which it made by the muzzle on he look of the trees against which he had leaned. His dog was small because its track were small, and he knew he was a hobtail because he saw he was which he made in the sand when sitting and wagging his tail. Nelson.

I have seen a copy of the Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society of Belleville, Ontario, for the past year. The President, Mr. J. Riendeau, in his address said that of the many themselves cases that the Provincial Officer had in past years more than two per cent turned out bad; that our Society in Belleville had only eight cases to report made wards of the Society during the past year, and foster homes were found for all except five at present in the shelter. He said that there was a large class of neglected children, even in Belleville, which they could not reach. They were young boys and girls of respectable parents who were allowed to roam the streets after dark, and were thus being exposed to much evil, with exceedingly bad results.—W. Ellis.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—A few weeks ago as the snow had melted, some boys intended to play football last Saturday, but it snowed again last Thursday, Friday and Saturday and they could not play football. Then the snow has been melting ever since. I think that they will play football next week. J. McLaren.

—Some curious news Dr. Loughlin's office will soon bloom. They will be beautiful and will be white, yellow and blue. I do not know where I got them first Perhaps some of the boys have been very surprising when they go outside to get fresh air. Edward Smith.

—Arrangements were made to hold an investigation in New York, with a view to fixing the blame about the Slocum disaster, of March 26th, when one hundred and forty-four persons, employed in the Triangle Waist Co., lost their lives. They jumped out of the windows, ten storeys high. If fifteen were seriously injured and one hundred and forty-four were killed. None of them were severely injured. All but eight have been identified. These will be buried together today. A fund is being raised to defray them to the cemetery. We are sorry for them. E. M. Greenley.

W Barnett will go to Brockville to live with her aunt and uncle next summer. Her aunt told her that he would give her a good time. She will often row a boat and sail in a yacht during the summer. Barnett will be glad to live with her aunt and uncle because she will have such a good time.

Bessie Pollock

I read in a paper that a little girl, eight years old, skipped a rope 888 times, and then dropped dead. This little girl, eleven years old, skipped the rope 1,000 times and became very ill. Another little girl, ten years old, skipped the rope 1,000 times and died. They were foolish to skip so much as that

—W Barnett.

I heard that Mr. Nurse had lead poisoning in his foot and that he was in the hospital in Belleville. I hope that he will soon get better. I also heard from me that his leg might have to be cut off but I do not think so. R. Pollock.

Percy Bedford has a short letter from her brother Alex. He told her that his sister had died from scarlet fever. She died about a week before Christmas. I had compassion on them because their sister was gone. They have two sisters and one brother left. M Kennedy.

Mr. Greenlaw got a letter from her dear mother yesterday, saying that she will move to 58 Dresville street from 72 Melville street in Toronto, and that her house would be inside her friend, Mrs. Storey's. M. Barker.

I got a letter from Alma Eastman last week. She said that her family have moved from Ottawa to Carleton where they formerly lived. I am glad because we can have a good time together next summer. M.

I got some picture-newspapers in which I saw a fair lady wearing a trimmed hat, and a man with a strange hat. It was a man who wore a hat like a shovel in around the streets. Would you like to see a lady wearing the trimmer-shirt? — E. Hazlitt.

I have been surprised to see it snowing in the night and morning. A man we went to the chapel and Mr. Wilkins preached. He said to the boys "I wish you a Merry Christmas" because it had snowed and looked like winter. That was not true but only just for fun. He told us that when he was a little chip about going to April 1st, he saw a girl carrying her skates. She was surprised that she was going to skate, in the month of April. Would you like to do so? I think it was a fool of April joke.—D. Hazlitt.

—My brother, William Smith, his wife and child had a new house last summer and sold it a few weeks ago. They are moving to Vancouver. I hope that my brother will prosper there and become rich. When I leave school I might go there. I might not go there because I ought to help my father.—E. S. Smith.

—Our examination is approaching. We must study our lessons very hard for it. We don't when we will have it. I hope that some pupils will be afraid of it.

—I heard from my dear mother last Monday and she said that there are two cases of smallpox in Peterboro. I hope God will bless them that they may recover soon.—W. Kennedy.

MR. BALIN'S CLASS.

The coal mines of cruse's east pass are filled up by the strike.

—A passenger on the steamship Southwark, jumped overboard in the voyage to Halifax. The steamer lowered boats and waited and hunted five hours but could not see him. He was drowned.

Ottawa, April 3rd. Edward Miner was drawn into the rollers of a paper mill and crushed to death. All but his head went through. E. Kindree

—New York April 3rd, a girl who was employed in the champion rope skipper of the world skipped 888 times and fell dead. She was only eight years old. R. Berthaume

Mr Harry Lamb told me that a man was coming to the barn yesterday afternoon. He told me to drive a cow into it. The man was the cow was in. It could not eat hay and grass. He made salt mixture for it. He put it in a bottle and he poured it down her throat. Her milk is poor and it is scanty A Thompson.

Mr Nurse is absent, suffering from blood poisoning in his foot. He may go to the hospital. It is dangerous and we are very anxious about him

The institution at Malone N. Y. was almost destroyed by fire yesterday and caused a loss of $15,000.00. The people were rescued but the drill by the teachers and servants and all got out quickly and quietly and no one was hurt. M McAdam

Mr Balin told us that several of the boys went to James Creek and saw a man being built to the C. N. R and one went to the woods.

Russia and China will not have war because China has agreed with Russia.

About 50,000 people have died of the plague in China. It has been published in Toronto belonging to England, off the coast of South Africa. Kingston Jamaica is quarantined against it.

An old man in New York was walking on a field and stepped on a rotten boards. He sank and could not get out. Some people hunted for him and found him dead after sixteen days and burned in the wood.

All pictures of fighting on motion picture houses will be stopped in Montreal hereafter. No persons are burned to death at a moving picture show, in France, Paris, last week.

The newspaper said that in San Francisco, on March twenty fourth, 1906, a man was thrown thirty high in the air and newspaper were rescued from England, Cuba, Panama and Japan. A. McVean

We will soon have a holiday We will get holes at Easter I hope that all parents, friends and other relatives will come to visit at the Institution drill by the teachers and attendants God save the King We will be waiting to get our eggs on Monday I would like to eat six or seven eggs C Brown

The pupils were lined up for the train. We will have party on Saturday night and all got out quickly and quietly. No one was hurt I left my rubber my pillow and clothes and went down stairs and stood in the hall.

Mr Jas Hamilton Armstrong are going to King George's coronation in London on June twenty-third. They will spend over $25,000,000.00 (Dacks.

Our teacher told us there are two rich gold mines at Porcupine in the north of Ontario. One mine is called Dome Mine which half a dozen others are being opened. Ontario is a very rich province.

The news from today will be good Friday is the anniversary of the crucifixion and the death of our Saviour Jesus Christ. It is a holy day, not a holiday. The sixteenth will be Easter Sunday which commemorates the resurrection of Christ. We usually have eggs for breakfast Sunday and a feast in the evening on Monday. L. Berthaume.

—A boy named Plumpton twelve years old was playing with a gun last Saturday night when it suddenly went off and killed another boy named Vickers.

—Mr. Balin carelessly locked the door while Mrs. Balin and her mother were at church last Sunday. Mr. Stewart's finally made a noise that called Mr. Balin's attention opened the door but two very angry women. Mr. H. ran away lively.—J. W. McAdam.

MISS BURKE'S CLASS.

It will be Easter soon I think we shall go to the city Perhaps father and mother and Bertie will come to see us at Easter. We shall go home on June 23rd. We shall feel very glad. We made shamrock leaves for St Patrick's day. Tomorrow will be April Fool's Day. We must be careful. I did not get a letter or a post card from home I want a letter Elsie Locke

We shall get leaves at Easter and perhaps we shall go to the city It rained heavily yesterday afternoon Some of the houses are covered with snow I got a post card from Mr Wilkins The flowers will grow soon They will smell sweet I like them We had all white letters home on Monday. L. Strong

Edna Wilson is better. I am glad I hope I shall get a letter from home soon I did not get a letter yesterday I hope they are all well. It will be Easter soon and we shall go to the city I shall get a box at Easter from home H M Humphries

Perhaps we shall get leaves from home at Easter I think Jarvis and I will get Charlie's Kerr's Needle I did not get a letter from home for a long time Sadie and I will go home in June We shall feel very happy Mother will be glad to see us Perhaps we shall go to the city Sissie and Daniel Humphries is home M J Boughton

MRS. SMITH'S CLASS.

I do not like Ella at home My sister did not like them I made some clothes for dolls I knit, Ella dolls My sister threw her doll in the fire She burned her hair and her mother then stepped on the doll She put a doll it her bed I got coins from and Master Taylor and Miss Burke Dolls I knit I saw the doll the soldier Sheila Meredith

I had a dog at home and cutting It chased puppies The big fellows let their dog out and he tore and killed them The dog is in the barn I played with the dog

Dr Loughlin sent to Toronto last Tuesday for the bees came back the next day. Mr Ingram sleeps here at night when Dr Loughlin is away Bert Baker

Did you have some chickens at home? I like to watch the hens and the chicks. They are sweet We catch the little hens and pet them My mother watches them Dora Hazlitt I think I watched them eat the meal.

Have you some cats? Jean Todd use to catch rats at our house I used to call to the cat Jean Todd I like Mrs Reid and I like Mr. Mrs Reid is my class leader Bertie I Wish it Sybil Roberts Sybil Roberts

MISS MCBRIDE'S CLASS

I was sorry when last Friday Her name was Miss Rodgers She likes to read and to sing songs and quite likes to go home again

It is getting now We are glad The girls look glad The bees may not like We can get bees but we Walter

Mr. Collins and Dr. Loughlin are meeting The boys glad to see the sitting Mr Nurse did not come this morning He has a sore foot He go to the city hospital I am sorry for him Mr. Longmuir carried small wood and put it on the fire He made a fire near the tent yesterday John Hazlitt

It is fine and warm now Many pretty birds are here I like to see them sing They will build their nests soon They are looking for worms in the ground Grace M Jamison

MISS H. MCBRIDE'S CLASS

Today is Friday, April 5th. The sun is shining. The wind is blowing very hard It is warm today. The grass is nearly gone Dorothy Moore

I saw two robins last Sunday They found a worm One of the robins ate the worm nearly gone The other robin flew away I am glad to see the robins again Johnny Mackie.

Last Wednesday was Dr Loughlin's birthday We did not wish him a happy birthday because he is not away I hope he had a good time on his birthday Clarice Ford.

Gilbert made a little wind mill for himself last Wednesday and he made one for Instructor Parker Clinton thank ed Gilbert for it. He likes to make things. He knows how to make them. —Parker Wiggins.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

EDITH M. CRESSWELL

Deaf—That a number of our pupils may finish their education, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Mute—That such interesting matter be and concentrate a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Dumb—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution; the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the welfare and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid, to this office. Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order postal notes or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us. Odd numbers may be procured without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscription paper is the time when the subscription commences.

All correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

ADVERTISING

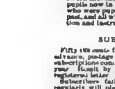
A few select advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO



GEO. F. STEWART EDITOR.

INSTRUCTION BOTTO "In greatest happiness is found in use of others happy"

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911.

To Our Readers.

No doubt our readers have been wondering why they did not receive the April first issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE, as a word of explanation is due them. About the 10th of March, one of our little girls was found to have contracted a mild attack of smallpox, in consequence of which the Institution was placed under quarantine. The girl had already been in the hospital for two weeks on account of another ailment, so that there was practically no danger of the disease getting into the other buildings or spreading among pupils, but, as an additional precaution, it was thought best not to send out any papers while we remained in quarantine. We are glad to say that we were released two weeks ago, that the girl has made a good recovery and we hope there is no further danger from that source.

How the girl contracted the disease is a mystery that will probably never be solved. As there never before had been a case of smallpox in the Institution, and there were no cases of the disease in Belleville or vicinity the last twelve months, the source of contagion could not have been local. It seems reasonably certain that most of the contagious from which we have suffered must have originated from letters or parcels received by the pupils, and it has been decided, as a precautionary measure, to hereafter have all letters, clothing and other articles thoroughly disinfected before they are given to the pupils. This will entail a good deal of extra trouble, and necessitate a delay of twenty four hours in delivering the mail, but it is a safeguard which we feel should not be neglected and which will, we are sure, commend itself to the good judgment of the parents and friends of our pupils.

Easter.

Easter is perhaps the day nearest to the heart of all who hold the Christian faith, and the most joyful of all the church celebrations of the year, overshadowing the observances of even Christmas in grandeur, suggestiveness and rejoicing. It is very sweet and wonderful, this story of the first Easter day. It was of all things the most beautiful, if we may judge from the weak human story, or from our own conceptions of what it must have been, when amid the rustling of angels' wings the gentle Saviour, who was both God and man, burst the bands of death and brought life and immortality to light, as the sun rises on the darkness of faith and revenge.

Now lies on earth been given
Through Him are born again.
The cross stands wholly hallowed
The tomb means nought.

Very beautifully does April—the opening time of the year—illustrate the fact, and in no more strict method, of the resurrection. A few weeks ago the herbs of the field and trees and the forest seemed dead beyond the hope of resuscitation. Today we see them stirring with awakened vitality, and through the impetus given by the vital fluids which flow through their veins, putting forth shoots and buds, and in a short time hence they shall be covered with the full freshness of leaf and flower and fruit. So will these dead bodies of ours, quickened by the spirit of life, arise from their graves with a glorious immortality. Or, again, we see the seed we bodily dry, hard, apparently lifeless placed low within the ground and beginning to decay; yet shall that same seed, a few weeks before, from the mysterious germ of life within it, develop into the perfect plant. So shall our bodies be placed within the grave, but when the fullness of time shall come, that which has been sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, our mortal shall put on immortality, and "Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"The Easter time, when Christ arose.
There's gladness in the air;
We bring the lilies where he arose,
An Easter offering fair
O, lilies white, and pure and sweet,
We lay them at the Saviour's feet.

But sweeter is the dear Lord's love
Than flowers, however fair
Are hearts all full of love for Him.
That serve Him everywhere
O, may our hearts be pure and sweet,
As now we lay them at His feet.

Dr. A. L. E. Crozier, M. A., the esteemed Superintendent of Mount Airy School, has our sincerest sympathy in the death, on March 18th, of his father, Albert Louis Crozier, of Pinston, near Belleville. The deceased had reached the ripe old age of nine-seven, and died full of honors as of years.

The deaf of Ontario will all be grieved to hear of the heartburning by fire of the Northern New York Institution for the Deaf at Malone. The origin of the fire, which occurred on Sunday afternoon, is unknown. All the occupants were marched out in an orderly manner, and no one was injured. The loss was about $250,000. Fifty of the children were quartered in the armory and the rest were received into private families.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. F. Brigden, Sr., entertained between forty and fifty of the deaf on the 10th ult. at his commodious home. The only ones the members of the Maple Leaf Club there but a good many others whom the club invited. Mr. Brigden's subject was his trip to the old land which he took last summer in company with his daughter. He illustrated part of the address by magic lantern slides.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered him for such a treat and after partaking of refreshments the company all went home.

The party held at Mrs. Riddell's place on the 18th ult., was another great affair, and was a complete surprise to the victims, for they were caught wholly unaware.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Goodfellow, of Lipton, Sask., was a short while ago brightened by the arrival of a little girl, to be invaded a few days later by gloom when their eldest daughter's final leave to rejoin another world. Our heart goes out with them either way amid their joy and grief.

The parents of Clarence Pfuder have returned to Berlin, where his father has purchased a livery business, and now resides our young friend, Clarence.

Mr. Ernest Ennes, of Regina, was called to her sick mother's bedside in Oakville on the 23rd ult., but was recalled to the city again. Her mother is some better though not in the least of danger. Maggie's brother, Harold, of Hamilton, came to see her and other friends here on the 25th ult.

Messrs A. C. Shepherd and H. W. Roberts, who went up for their past office departmental examinations in Jan. 25th last, have been notified that they passed with flying colors.

Mrs. Willis and children, late of Harrie, have come to live here.

Mrs. Wm. Riddle has, as we pleased to say, recovered sufficiently to be removed home. She has since sold her household goods and intends soon to leave with her son and reside with relatives in Elk, Michigan, Thos. says.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Slater, who have been living here all winter, have gone to put in the summer at King City but as it is not far from here we hope to have occasional calls from them this summer.

The Deaf Association of Hamilton has been in existence quite up a-tail on the 25th, which was a rare treat and only regret none but Mr. Brigden were able to get from here. Thos. Pratt are to be highly congratulated upon their high appeal of retables of those tempting kinds.

We were very sorry to note that Mrs. M. Riddle has been very poorly lately but at time of writing is progressing favorably towards recovery, for which we delighted. Mrs. O. Axford, of Simcoe, mother of Frank F. Harris, has been with us since her son and Mr. Ellis left.

"Teddy's ouities are seen to move. Only a epitaph now passed around. Why? Ah! only because Theodore Law, one of our good natured chaps, intends to try his luck in the north and will see if Cochrane, in the Porcupine mining belt, will suit his taste.—H. W. R.

Mr. J. T. Shilton made a business trip to Hamilton on the 27th ult.

Mr. Harold Towell, who was visiting in the city for a fortnight, left for his home in Niagara Falls on the 29th inst. While here he tried to get a situation but failed on account of the dull time in his line.

Miss Annie Towell invited a number of her young friends at her home on the 30th ult. to spend the evening in a social way and enjoy a game of "Flinch." All had a very pleasant time.

The class for manual training, to which the citizens of every city are members being, and which was held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings throughout the winter, closed for the season on March 31st, and to mark the event a large number of friends assembled at the school to witness the closing exercises. A number of the members of the Board of Education also dropped in, in company with Inspector Hall, and other gentlemen, including Sup't Richardson, amidst music, witty addresses and congratulatory vein, interpreted by Mr. Rochester, the able and efficient instructor, who has now become quite conversant with the sign language. Mrs. Rochester also made a little speech. Messrs. Nate O'Neil and J. Kelly and Miss Grace Seavers replied in felicitous terms, thanking the school Board for such generous provision thus furnished free for our benefit. Mr. Rochester could not interpret the other way, they were in a dilemma but the boys quickly espied the writer peering through the crowd. He was promptly yanked out and pressed into service to interpret orally in spite of his protests. Miss Stevens made a plea for a class for girls, for which Sup't. Richardson replied in hopeful terms, promising to raise it to the board. The various pieces of work turned out by the class, and which were on view, plainly showed the skill and mechanical genius possessed by the boys. Three prizes were given in the last three boys whose work merited it and the lucky recipients were namely Theodore Law, No. 2 Mc Gillivray won first prize, Francis P. Rooney second and Alexander F. McNeil took third.

Mr. A. W. Mason has gone on a lengthy visit to friends in South Middleton, Tilsonburg, Glen Meyer, St. Williams and Simcoe. He was accompanied by his mother-in-law to Hagersville, where she will visit relatives.

Howard L. Roberts, B. A., a third year student in divinity at Victoria College, and youngest brother of H. W. Roberts, preached at our afternoon service in the F. B. on April 2nd inst. He gave a very interesting lecture last year on the Holy Communion upon by all who saw it. He was very ably assisted by Mrs. J. R. Byrne as interpreter. Howard is a member of the Victoria College Glee Club that toured Canada in 1910 and in 1911 visited Britain and the continent, in a way similar to the famous Sheffield Choir of Eng. now touring Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reeves attended the funeral yesterday of the former's sister and brother-in-law on the 31st ult. and we board it was a sad and solemn affair. Deceased is to be a member of the Toronto Police force.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Burhan and family have the deepest sympathy of us all in the death of their second youngest daughter, Margaret, who entered her home above the heavenly host on the 29th March 29th, she developed scarlet fever but, to spite of the best of care, on Thursday, March 30th, at seven a.m. She was a sweet, loving little child and the family favorite in the yard. God loved her more, hence her call to His heavenly home. We join the family to be summoned by death so few, so one more is added to the Heavenly fold.

A large crowd succeeded, at after-noon, in the evening of April 3rd, at Mr. F. Brigden's residence to whom he have read this book may know how interested they are in the deaf, their signs and on the canvas the way Mr. Brigden gave it that evening, it was of considerable interest. We were pressed the remaining part at a later date.

Mr. Theodore Bland, of Conover, was visiting friends here for a few days, having come to see his daughter, who is attending school here.

Mrs. George Axford, who has been visiting Mrs. R. Harris, has again returned to her home in Simcoe, accompanied by her daughter and Mrs. Harris' daughter, Mrs. F. Hart and little Florence.

The Hamilton Board Meeting on the 27th ult. the following appointments were made:—Mrs. Byrne to New Hamburg, April 2nd; Mrs. Watt to Hamilton, April 9th; R. C. Slater to Hamilton, April 16th; Mrs. Byrne to Ottawa, April 18; C. Elliott to Cookstown, April 23; A. Mason to St. Williams, April 25; W. Watt to Bloomingville, April 30; H. W. Roberts to Hamilton, April 30; Mrs. Byrne again to Windsor, at a time when they are notified by his secretary.

A number of their friends are invited at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Willson on the 31st ult., where they had a good time playing games.

Mr. Thomas Middleton, of Conover, was visiting friends here for a short time, left for his home on the 3rd ult. Before he made a pleasant call to Huntsville to see some of his relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts spent Sunday, the 2nd evening, April 2nd, at the following Monday morning with Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn and Mrs. David Hannaby, in Northport, Ont., to spend the week-end out in the country.

We are pleased to say Mrs. Riddle is much improved from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lightfoot, who left for Uncle Sam's domains early last fall, are back in our midst again for a visit but will go south again. Billy is looking a lot better than when he went away, while little Charlie is a big chunk for his age, and the pride of both. We are glad to see our friends again.—H. W. R.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1911.

Duncan Angus Morrison.

The news of the sad accident that happened to Duncan Angus Morrison in Hamilton last Saturday evening, was a great shock to the deaf all over Ontario. According to the reports in the press despatches the deceased was crossing the street at the corner of Catharine and Barton when he was struck by a car, and rolled under it for several yards before it could be stopped. A remarkable feature of the accident is that his skin was not broken, but his head was badly crushed and his back was terribly injured. He died almost instantly. The car was travelling at a fair rate of speed when the accident occurred. The motorman saw the deceased crossing the track in an oblique direction and furiously rang the bell. He feared, and it was thought he could clear himself from the approaching danger, but instead he turned and walked directly in front of the car. It was then too late to stop it, and his body passed under the car. Mrs. Morrison, who resides at 37 Imperial street, is also a deaf mute, and when the tidings of the fatality were carried to her she was in great distress, fainted away and became hysterical. Her husband had been out shopping for her and carried some parcels which he had purchased up town. He was identified by a paper in his pocket, which contained his name and address.

Mr. Morrison was the first pupil registered at this Institution after its election in 1870. The record states that he was born in Collingwood township, Grey Co., on April 8th, 1858, so it was on the 53rd anniversary of his birth that the accident took place.

He ceased moved to Hamilton in 1891, and was employed by the Canadian Company, and he is held in high esteem among his fellow employees and by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Morrison, now Mrs. Mary Graham, also attended this Institution. Her brother, Victor Graham, was a former pupil, was killed by an engine near Georgetown on Feb 3rd, 1910. Mr. Morrison leaves two little ones, Eddie and Duncan, aged six and 8 years. The sympathy of the Deaf all over Ontario will go out to the bereaved family in their great affliction.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Morrison is around again after a attack of Quinsy. We all missed her cheery countenance.

Some of us had quite forgotten that Saturday was April Fool's Day, but we were all wise to the fact ere evening came.

Miss Radigan has made a host of friends during her short stay here and we all regret that she is leaving us so soon.

Mr. Nurse has been on the sick list for some days and is in the Hamilton hospital. He is much better now and hopes to return home the last of this week.

Some of the news in our correspondence columns is a little out of date, owing to the fact that it was sent in for our issue of April first, which was not published because we stated elsewhere.

When we think of that long, spring-like weather we had in February, surely we will not grumble at a half-foot of snow just now. Cheer up! We'll be seeking a shady place soon enough.

We have received further particulars of the death of Arthur Clark, who was killed on the railway track near Red Jacket, Sask. He was a traveller for Mr. W. Wood, of Hamilton, and engaged in selling goods in various places in the west. He was waiting for a west bound train, intending to go to Wapella, and was walking on the track when an express, coming from the other direction, struck him, killing him at once. Being deaf he was unable to hear the train or the warning whistle. The mounted police took charge of the remains and arranged for the body to be sent to friends in Ontario. Arthur was a pupil of our school many years ago, and we are very sorry to hear of his untimely death.

A Few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLES R. FORD.

The birds have enough of the snow for a few days. One day a robin said to another robin, "Why are we so foolish as to come here so early, for winter is not over" and the other sighed and said, "Well, we are experiencing it so we will be used to it."

April Fool day has passed here finely. The boys and girls enjoyed themselves by fooling each other. One of our young ladies, G. Isaacs, was the chairplan "chase puller" on that day.

We are glad to announce that one former pupil, Edward Cuddy, has procured a position in the General Post Office in Toronto. We hope that he will be successful.

People are busy getting their boats ready to run so that they can get on the water when the ice breaks up.

Examinations are coming on the pupils of the deaf and blind have also did before. I hope they will pass very successfully.

We are sorry to see Mr Nurse away from here. He is in the hospital at present undergoing in his foot. We trust he will be fully recovered soon.

I got word from my sister at Olds, Alta., last week. She said that Olds and her husband may come home to Ontario this summer so he will have to remain in Alberta. Calgary is the best in Kingdom. I wish them a safe journey.

We all hope the play-grounds will be suitable on Good Friday for the pupils to play ball on.

The daily papers tell us about fires nearly every day. I guess the fire-bugs must have increased very much of late.

A happy and bright Easter to all the readers is our sincere wish.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

BY INGRAM'S LAD.

I received a letter from my mother that she told me that she has some new hens at home. She said that the old hens did not lay like the new ones, and were very unkind to them. They would not let them eat any food, and pecked them, when they came near the dish. I think that they will soon be friendly though. I shall come to Toronto this summer, and gather the eggs. Arthur Ware.

My father, and brother Herbert, often go rabbit shooting in the winter. There are a lot of rabbits near my home. When my father and brother bring a rabbits home, my mother cooks them, and we eat them for dinner. I like rabbit much better than beef or mutton. Earl Swadder.

I saw a man yesterday afternoon pass the Institution, riding on his pony. The pony was very fat and quiet, but, and it could run fast. I should like to ride on the pony, for a mile or more in the summer. I should like a ride better than an automobile. Albert Ward.

Some of us read in a newspaper about a new electric factory fire in New York. There were 500 persons working in the building, and 130 girls were working on the seventh floor. All the windows, and some were burst to death by the heat, and the power. One fire was some men dropping a lighted cigarette near a curtain. About eighty people were rescued by the elevator. Leigh Wilson.

There are several frames passing the Institution a few days ago. They were going to Brighton, to work on the new Canada Northern Railway. A lot of the men were Italians. Marion Powell.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Mr. A. McGillivray has been visiting in Pembroke lately and had an enjoyable outing.

Mr. Joseph Dubois is still a permanent employee at the Ottawa Post Office and is doing first rate.

Mr. James Delaney, of Smithfield, Ont., took part in the Mission for the Catholic deaf-mutes, and was pleased to renew old acquaintances.

The many friends of Mr. O. Lesk, of Aylmer, Que., will be glad to hear of his recovery from a recent illness.

Mrs. O'Rourke was favored by a visit from Mr. J. Shillon, of Toronto. Our deaf friends gathered on the occasion to do honor to his presence with us.

We also enjoyed a pleasant visit with Mr. Honore Benault, one of the Toronto Post Office staff. He had a good impression of the pretty Electric City which he passed through. While in town he called on Mrs. O'Rourke.

Mr. Gerald O'Brien is a bright student in the St. Peter's Private School. He seems to be doing well.

Miss O. Holt spent a delightful visit in the Queen City recently. Her Toronto friends entertained her royal with Parliament Buildings.

Mr. Norman Kirk, formerly of Peterboro, has accepted a position to work with Mr. J. Cunningham, of whose farm Mr. Alf Gray is the overseer.

Mr. Jas. Bradshaw has gone to the Electric City, where he is working for the Ackerman & Sons, Sadlier & Her Majesty's Customs.

Mr. Lewis Crowder is doing well at present and is working in the Belt Parcel Post.

Mr. Fred Thomas is a busy carpenter these days. By his appearance he is doing all right.

The rain is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Hagelton, of Lanark, Ontario, known as the Tam. He was in the Capital last on a business trip. He stated his trade is a flourishing condition.

The friends of Mr. John Banta a once well known football player at the Institution will be pleased to learn that he is doing fine. He has a comfortable home there.

Mr. E. Cuddy has left an order as he has been appointed a mail clerk on the Toronto and Sault run.

Mr. A. Lawson and Mr. P. Thatcher, both of school, attending fine, as are the rest of the boys.

The Rev. Father, a mission for the Roman Catholic deaf-mutes of the city of Ottawa, was conducted by Rev. Father Cadieux, C. SS. R., director of the Catholic Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Montreal. The mission is held about three days and during the Lenten season, and affords those unfortunate people the privilege of their hour long an opportunity to obtain the religious instruction which they may be fortunate to obtain hour every Sunday. At the conclusion of the mission the members are invited an address of welcome to Archbishop Gauthier, Church. Mr. O'Rourke read and spoke in the deaf mute language.

To the above remarks printed last it is recommended that for the sake of all example they are showing. He said he was glad to meet the audience, of whom he had a good acquaintance with many years ago by visiting them at the Ontario School for Deaf, Belleville.

The large deaf mutes are thinking of forming a catholic society shortly, similar to that of the St. Francois de Sales society of Montreal.

WINGHAM NOTES.

From our own correspondent

Miss M. Thompson, of Dungannon, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moynihan at the latters home in Wingham.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boulding will be glad to know that they are doing well in their own home in Mount Forest.

Miss Beatrice Thompson has taken a position in Mount Forest and while there intends to stay with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Boulding.

Mrs. John A. Moynihan is receiving calls from another stay in the Wingham General Hospital, and is getting better.

Mr. John A. Moynihan lately took a fine long driving journey with his pony and cutter to Lucknow, and Dungannon, but on his return trip there he narrowly escaped some over which he travel in the cutter and coming Nellie knew it, so whenever she came to a large spot on the road the length of a few hundred yards, she would stop abruptly and pass around it her master sitting most comfortably, among the fur robes in the cutter as if to say to him "get out, it is too hard to pull you over the bare road." So out Mr. Moynihan to walk over the bare part of the road with the reins in his hand. But when they came to where snow and ice covered some distance ahead Nellie stopped again as if to say "you may jump in now," and in her master got to be carried speedily over the ice and snow for some miles.

This action was repeated many times for the whole journey from Dungannon to Wingham where both deserved the hearty supper they got.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

We are glad to hear of Senator Mackay's convalescence after a short illness. It is quite a while since we have had the pleasure of a visit from the Senator, but he has not forgotten us since he suggested giving the pupils a night-dress from the stores as sleep but also all the sleighs had been put away for this season. However all the children are looking forward to a treat of some other sort anyway.

Several pupils have been operated on at the Royal Victoria Hospital to remove adenoids. Dr. Birkett kindly obliged. She gave her services are gratuitously, for more than twenty years. We are now looking for a visit from Dr. Byers, to find who will examine the eyes of all pupils who wish glasses.

Mrs. Ashcroft is not up to daily for a few days, owing to her illness, afterwards she may go on to Pembroke.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather we had the best of Easter cards. Mrs. Reed and Miss Polly Barnes have received many. Miss Barnes belongs to the Blind pupils, who have headings on both by engraved Arabic and Roman numerals. Large letters have been used and the sentiment may lead to be appreciated. The news the pupils are hearing is of a natural kind. A subject at last to the Printers even in wintry weather. The Montreal Witness which has ceased the interest of The Mail and Empire, has been busy at feeding the organ to those held on the Cathedral on Sunday afternoons.

A letter from Mr. Lewis has been sent in the superintendent's office. March 31st, 1911. Mr. Lewis is not interesting up to the school in good health. [illegible]

March 28th 1911

Dear Sir,

PETERBORO ECHOES

From our own correspondent

Miss Carey Pitman is on the sick bed at present being ill right at the moment we write. We hope that she will be up and around in a few days.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Jodie Mc Kee is on the sick list and has been confined to the house for some time. We hope that he will soon be up and around.

We were glad to hear that our genial friend Mr. Ingles, of Ottawa, has obtained a visit to the Hamilton Exhibition. We heard with pleasure that he is keeping steadily at work.

Mr. Herbert O'Brien was appointed as the Deaf and Dumb Agent to Peterboro one night last week and was duly employed by the Rev. J. H. Beadle until the latter went to Toronto.

Messrs. Vi Irish and B. Bowie had their names on the list to attend to the mail.

Six-Year Old Boy Struck by an Engine.

Harry [illegible] son of Mr. Edward Fraser [illegible] of Main street, Sydney, was struck by an engine on the C. N. R. and Pere Marquette, a serious condition as the result. The boy struck [illegible] The engine is North street crossing this morning at 11 o'clock.

The engineer in charge of the [illegible] was [illegible] over the crossing at the time the boy was being driven. The little fellow has many other children with [illegible] a sleighing under the gate and knee top of the engine. The child and before he was noticed by anyone, he was struck by the engine and [illegible] thrown to one side. He was quickly picked up and conveyed to the hospital by Mr. Robertson who was on hand and on examination showed that the victim was quite seriously injured. His left leg, and several ribs are fractured, and besides he sustained severe cuts and bruises about the head and body. *Brockville Recorder*

It is Spring now. We can see it on many notices. The grass is very green. Small buds are on the trees. After while the buds will open. We shall look for flowers in the woods. The children like the flowers and the buds.

WANTED

A good young boy or young man about 20 years of age who is not afraid to work on the farm for coming summer. Apply to

J. HOLDERMAN,
Talbotville, Ont.

He is Risen.

Sweet the chime the bells are ringing,
Sweet the carol angels singing!
"Risen is our Lord most glorious,
Over sin and death victorious."

He is risen—tell the story,
Wafted from His throne of glory;
From the bonds of death set free,—
O, grave, where is thy victory?

Angels, strike your harps of glory;
Waft, ye winds, the joyful story,
While with happy voice we sing,
Praises to our risen King.

Emily Houseman Watson.

Faithful Rover.

Rover was a brown spaniel with long ears. He went everywhere with his master, and used to run on errands as cleverly as if he were a small boy.

One day Rover and his master set out on a journey through the woods. Across the saddle of the horse which the master was riding, lay two heavy bags of gold. They went on for hours. Rover darting constantly across the path, and now and then chasing a squirrel up a tree. When it grew quite too hot for comfort, the master dismounted, tied his horse, and placed the bags of gold on the ground. "Rover," said his master, "I want to sleep a little while. Watch these bags."

Rover laid his nose on one of the bags, and with ears pricked up, noticed every sound. When he thought his master had slept long enough, he licked his face and awakened him.

The sun was nearly down and there was need of haste. As quickly as possible the man mounted his horse and rode swiftly away. But Rover acted strangely. He barked, snapped at the horse's heels, and at last sprang into his master's shoe. The man thought that his dog had gone mad. He threw his revolver and fired at the dog. Poor Rover fell, but presently rose again and though dripping with blood, ran back up the road. After a time the man felt for the bags of gold but they were not there. In great alarm he galloped back, looking carefully at the road until he came to the place where he had been sleeping. And there he saw Rover, almost dead, with his nose resting on a bag of gold. The faithful dog had obeyed orders at the risk of his life. His master took him up on the saddle with him and had him tenderly cared for. Rover eventually became all right again and lived to a good old age in his master's home.

The Secret.

Once upon a time there was a boy who had very few friends. The boys did not like to play with him. The little girls ran away when they saw him coming. They did not like his dirty face and hands, and his rough hair. One day he read a story about a fairy gift. He wished he, too, might have one and that it would bring him friends. A few days later he learned how to play fairy himself. He soon found that the boys and girls were ready to be good friends, after all. He was very happy to have learned this secret. I think he always remembered it. Can you tell me what it was?—Primary Plans.

Picking Apples.

Achille is a little boy. He lives on a farm. His father has many apple trees. Last fall Achille helped him pick the apples. His father stood on a step-ladder and picked some apples. Achille climbed up the trees and picked some. He put them into a basket. When his basket was full he gave it to his father. His father poured the apples into barrels. They had many barrels of apples. His father sold some. He put some into the cellar. In the winter Achille ate all the apples he wanted.

The Snail.

Did you ever find a snail's shell? Sometimes the shell is empty and sometimes there is a live snail inside. The shell is the snail's house. It grows on him and he carries it on his back. The snail eats plants and vegetables. In the daytime he hides under a stone or in a hole, but in the night he comes out to get something to eat. If you ever find a snail in his shell, dip him in warm water and put him on a moist plant and he will come out of his shell.

First he will put his head out, then he will put out four sharp horns, two long ones and two short ones. His eyes are in the ends of his long horns. At last his body comes out of the shell. It is long, soft and flat. A snail cannot crawl on dry places, so when he moves a thick fluid comes out of his body to help him along. When winter comes the snail crawls to some quiet place, draws into his shell, makes a door to keep out the cold, goes to sleep and stays there all winter.

In some countries there is a kind of snail which is used as food. Ed.

Mending Things.

Last summer Earl worked in the barn at home and tore his overalls. His mother mended them for him.

Emma's mother mended her umbrella because it was torn, and she wanted to go to town.

There were holes in many of the girls stockings and Miss Fletcher mended them for the girls.

Bennie mended his coat sleeves because he wore them out on his desk.

Theodore's coat sleeve was ripped. He got a needle and thread and mended it. He showed it to his teacher.

Mr. Morrice mended many shoes for the boys in the shoe shop because they had holes in them.

My teacher sent a broken chair down to the carpenter shop and Mr. Dow it mended it.

John's father mended the old fence because it was broken and the cows got out of the pasture.

A woman carried many table cloths to the sewing room because there were many holes in them. The girls mended the table cloths.

The Crow and the Pitcher.

A crow half-dead with thirst, came upon a pitcher which had but little water in it; but when the crow put its beak into the mouth of the pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it. He tried, and he tried but at last had to give up in despair. Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. At last, he saw the water mount up near him; and after soaking in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life. (Little by little does the trick.)—Aesop.

The Blacksmith.

The blacksmith works in his shop. He wears a leather apron. He knows how to make horseshoes. He has a fire burning in the forge. He blows the fire with the bellows to make it very hot. He puts a horseshoe into the fire. It becomes red-hot. Then the blacksmith hammers it on the anvil until it is the right shape. Then he dips it into cold water. The horse's shoes must fit and the blacksmith works very carefully. The blacksmith shoes horses. Some blacksmiths make things of iron, steel and other metals.

A Pet Bear.

I read about a little black bear-cub. He was a pet. The people had a pet deer and a pet wolf too. He slept under the piazza. Every morning they called them. He ran to the kitchen window, stood up on his hind legs and looked in the window. They always gave him something to eat. He played like a dog with people. He would run to meet a man with a wheel barrow. The man would put him in it and the bear would ride to the house. He stole food from the wagons. One day a milkman came to the house. The bear saw the milk cans and wanted the milk. He put his head into a can and drank some milk. The man ran to the wagon. The bear was afraid he would get whipped and jumped out of the milk wagon. He upset thirty quarts of milk. The milkman was angry. The people had to pay $3.00 for the milk.

The Monkey and the Looking-Glass

Jack was a tame monkey. His master let him run about the house. One day Jack stood before a large looking-glass. He saw himself in the glass. He thought it was another monkey. He shook his fist. The other monkey shook its fist. He laughed and danced. The other monkey laughed and danced too.

Jack thought the other monkey was making fun of him. He became very angry. He went and got the poker. He was going to strike the other monkey on the head with it. Just then his master came into the room and took the poker away. He saved the mirror.—*The Companion.*

Robins.

There are many robins here now. We like to see them. There were no robins here in the winter. They do not like cold weather. They fly away to the South every fall and stay there all winter. It is warm in the South all winter. The robins like warm weather. They come back to us in the spring. They have strong wings and can fly very far. They have pretty red breasts. Robins eat worms. They pull them out of the ground. The robins will make nests very soon. They will lay pretty blue eggs in the nests. After awhile little baby birds will come out of the eggs. Then the father and mother birds will feed them with worms. They will teach them to fly.

Do Right.

It is right to speak the truth.
It is right to be obey.
It is right to be honest.
It is right to be brave.
It is right to be kind.
It is right to be pleasant.
It is right to be generous.
It is right to love one another.
It is right to pray to God.

Do No Wrong.

It is wrong to steal.
It is wrong to tell a lie.
It is wrong to be cruel.
It is wrong to kill people.
It is wrong not to obey.
It is wrong to be lazy.
It is wrong to cheat.
It is wrong to be selfish.
It is wrong to hurt birds and animals.
It is wrong to steal birds' eggs.

Harry's Cake.

Harry's mother wanted some eggs. She gave him a basket. He went to the barn. He found several eggs. He put them into the basket and carried them into the house. Mamma made him a birthday cake. Harry enjoyed eating it very much.—*Companion.*

An Odd Way Of Heating Water.

There are certain Indians who have flo metal kettles or pots, and yet they boil water.

How do you think they do it?

If they put water into a bark or skin pot or kettle, and hang that over the fire, it would burn a hole in the pot or kettle, and the water would soon run out.

How do they manage to do it?

I do not think you would ever guess, so I will tell you.

They set their bark kettle on the fire, near the fire, and put the water into it.

They get some stones, and put these into the fire. When they are very hot, they take them out, and take them between two sticks, to keep from burning their fingers, and drop them into the water. The stones heat the water very quickly, without burning the kettle.

Ruth's Easter Eggs.

Ruth's mamma colored many Easter eggs for her. There were red eggs, blue eggs, purple eggs, yellow eggs, and purple eggs. Ruth was delighted. She was going to roll them on the grass in the front yard.

The washerwoman came to the house. Ruth showed her the pretty eggs. The washerwoman wished her little girl could see them. She was too busy to color eggs for her.

The washerwoman's little girl was lame. She could not play out of doors much. Ruth was sorry for her. She put the pretty little basket, that she put some of the prettiest eggs into the basket. She gave the basket to the washerwoman for her little lame girl.

The Ants and the Grasshopper.

All summer the ants gathered grain and carried it to their nest for food. One fine day in winter they took it out to dry.

A poor hungry grasshopper saw them at work. He begged them to give him a little food.

The ants asked him why he had not saved food during the summer.

He said, "I did not have time enough. I sang all day long."

The ants laughed at him and said "You were foolish to sing all summer No wonder you had no food for the winter." Ex.

The Kind Singer and the Birds.

It was spring. A great singer was walking through the streets of Madrid. He saw many birds in cages. He was sorry for them. He bought them all. Then he opened the doors of the cages. The birds flew out. They were very happy to be free again. They all began to sing. They sang very sweetly. Many people stopped and listened.

Measure of Time.

Three seconds are in one minute.
There are sixty minutes in one hour.
There are twenty-four hours in one day.
There are seven days in one week.
There are four weeks in one month.
There are twelve months in one year.
There are ten years in one decade.
There are one hundred years in one century.

The Mice and The Cat.

Some mice were very much afraid of the cat. "What shall we do to get rid of her?" said one. "She has such soft paws, it is hard to hear her step." "Get a bell and hang it around her neck," said another. "What a bright idea!" they all said, till a very old mouse asked, "But who will be brave enough to do it?" Then nobody spoke a word.

The Little Plant.

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Awake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Awake," said the voice
Of the rain drops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

—Kate L. Brown.

A Jealous Dog.

Once there was a little girl, and her name was Jennie. She was seven years old. She owned a little dog. His name was Jack. They were very fond of each other, and often played together.

One day a lady called Jennie, and gave her a gray kitten. She carried it home, and played with it a long time. Jack saw her, and was rather jealous. He did not want Jennie to love the kitten. One day Jennie went to school. The kitten was asleep on a rug. Jack came to it, and seized it in his mouth. He ran to a pond, and swam far from the shore with the kitten. Then he dropped it into the water, and left it there. The kitten mewed very loudly, and after awhile Jack felt sorry, so he jumped into water again, and carried it to the shore. Afterwards they were good friends, and Jack did not trouble it again.

1. What was the dog's name?
2. Who owned the dog?
3. What was Jack jealous of?
4. Why was he jealous?
5. Where did Jennie get the kitten?
6. What was the kitten's name?
7. What did Jack do to the kitten one day?
8. Why did Jennie not protect her kitten?
9. Can cats swim?
10. Did the kitten drown? Why?
11. Why did Jack save it from drowning?
12. How did he feel towards the kitten after that?

Fill the Blanks.

Fill the blanks in the following sentences with *to, are, was, were, has, have.*

1. Tom says that he——often seen a rainbow.
2. We——never heard that bird sing.
3. Linen, cotton and wool——used in making cloth.
4. The snow——covered the ground.
5. The ground——covered with snow.
6. The leaves——fallen from the trees.
7. I——not heard from home for two weeks.
8. Some of the flowers in the garden——in bloom.
9. The leaves——green in summer.
10. Tom and John——playing in the snow. Tell them to come in.
11. Harry——a good boy.

Preposition Phrases.

Select the preposition phrases in the following sentences and say whether each one is used like an adjective or an adverb:

1. They rowed for several hours, against the stream, in a dense fog.
2. The members of the family were all well when he wrote.
3. He lay on the grass and rested his head on a stone.
4. The birds in their cages, were frightened by a cat, which had come into the room, though a broken pane of glass.

Asked Said Told.

1. The superintendent——a boy to go to the barn and help to milk the cows.
2. Mary——Jane if she heard from home last week.
3. John——that he saw a bat in the boys' study room.
4. A teacher——her class that she saw a flock of crows flying towards the north.
5. Bessie——Dorothy, "I can't find my exercise book. Did you see it any place?"
6. Miss Ford——a boy where his pencil was.
7. Miss James——another lady about a deaf man being killed while walking on a railway track.
8. Mr. Coleman——to his class that he hoped the weather would soon get warmer.
9. Miss Templeton——a pupil why he did not know his lesson.
10. Henry——Thomas that he intended going to the city on Saturday and Thomas——that he would go with him.

Arithmetic Problems.

1. A woman earned $1.00 every Saturday, and 75c every other day except Sundays. She spent $8.25 a week. How much did she save in three weeks?
2. John earned twice as much as his sister, and she earned $3.00 a week. How much did John earn in a year?
3. Mr. Brown earns $3.25 a day, and spends $65.00 a month. How much does he save in ten years?
4. Mary had $6.00. Clara had half as much. Lily had 50c more than Clara, and Letha had 25c less than Mary. How much had they all together?
5. A grocer bought 100 doz. eggs at 17c per doz. Four doz. went bad, and he sold the rest at 18c per doz. Did he gain or lose?

Conjunctions.

Fill the blanks with conjunctions:

1. Annie——Mary are cousins.
2. I have meat——no bread.
3. Is his name Smith——Brown?
4. Is that man your uncle——your brother?
5. My mother——sister have gone away.
6. I have two books——a bottle of ink in my desk.
7. You will be late——you do not hurry.
8. ——the weather was fine, we went to the woods.
9. His father punished him——he disobeyed.
10. He returned sooner——I expected.
11. I do not know——he is guilty or not.

Sentences.

Re-write the following sentences beginning each of them with when and making any other changes that you think are necessary.

1. I opened the door and I saw the children playing in the room.
2. The boys got their new books and were soon deeply interested in the stories.
3. The sun shines strong in spring and the snow begins to melt.
4. The birds came from the South and we felt that spring would soon be here.
5. The seeds had been planted for two weeks and we began to look for the little blades to appear above the ground.
6. We arrived home from the picnic and we felt very tired.
7. The flag was run to the top of the flag-pole and the boys cheered lustily.

Geography Questions.

1. Name three bodies of salt water.
2. Name three bodies of fresh water.
3. What and where is Australia; Ottawa? Nova Scotia? Hastings? Mexico?
4. Name the districts in Canada.
5. What river connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario?
6. Name the five largest cities in Ontario.
7. What body of water is between Hastings County and Prince Edward County.
8. What is the difference between a lake and a pond?
9. In what countries is cotton grown?
10. In what provinces of Canada is gold found?
11. What countries touch on Lake Ontario?
12. What is an island? Draw a picture of an island.

Case.

In the following sentences give the case and relation of the italicised nouns:

1. The chipmunk sat still five or six *minutes* and then ran hurriedly away.
2. Last year, a robin built its nest in that tree.
3. One day Tom found a blue-jay's nest.
4. Our friends are going away next week.
5. There was a heavy snow storm last *Wednesday*.
6. Last *September*, we had a great deal of fine weather.
7. We will go home next *June*.
8. One *evening*, we all went to a skating party.

The Blacksmith.

1. What does a blacksmith do?
2. What kind of an apron does he wear?
3. Why does he not wear a cloth apron?
4. What are horseshoes made of?
5. How many shoes does a horse wear?
6. Why are horses shod?
7. What are horseshoe nails made of?
8. How many nails are needed to shoe a horse?
9. What are put on horseshoes to keep the horse from slipping?
10. What are bellows for?
11. What does a blacksmith harden iron on?
12. Why does a blacksmith heat iron?
13. What kind of a hammer does he use?
14. Why does he make the iron red-hot?

Sentences.

Combine the sentences in each group:

1. The tree was tall. It was smooth. John climbed it. He climbed it slowly.
2. Ships sail. They sail to America. They sail into every port.
3. The day was stormy. The child was could not go to school.
4. Andrew was a bad boy. He disobeyed his mother.
5. The clock struck. It struck twelve. The men went to dinner

Fill the Blanks.

1. Boys become——.
2. Girls become——.
3. Chickens become——.
4. Calves become——.
5. Colts become——.
6. Kittens become——.
7. Lambs become——.
8. Tadpoles become——.
9. Little potatoes become——.
10. Little apples become——.
11. Little trees become——.

Supply Prepositions.

1. We can see——the bay.
2. There was a great deal——water——the rink.
3. Lazy men often lean——a wall
4. The sun shines——the day
5. The girl was running a boat——the shore.
6. People ride——buggies, carriages etc.
7. Our boots are——our feet
8. We often put our headpencils the leaves——our books.
9. A mother holds her baby her arms.
10. Weeds grow——vegetables
11. A boy kneels——his bed and prays before he goes——bed
12. We receive letters——our parents and write letters——them
13. A milliner trims hats——ribbon flowers, lace, feathers and wings.
14. Polite boys take off their hats when they go——a house

And But.

1. A man shot a hawk——it died it
2. A boy shot a squirrel——did not kill it.
3. A horse stumbled going up a hill——fell not far.
4. An awkward boy stumbled——fell
5. Some men were fishing——did not catch any fish.
6. Girls often go into a store——they do not buy anything
7. A boy threw a ball to another boy——he caught it
8. A boy threw a ball to another boy——he did not catch it
9. Agnes the girl that wonderfully inspired at the sheet——she was mistaken
10. A cruel boy threw a snowball at an old man——it did not hit him

Between.

1. What day is between Saturday and Monday?
2. What day is between yesterday and tomorrow?
3. What was between yesterday morning and this morning?
4. The pieces were torn out of my book between pages 18 and 25. How many leaves were torn out?
5. How many hours are there between 11 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m.?
6. One of the hands of a clock was halfway between XI and I. What was it pointing to?

Fido and the Squirrel.

Rewrite this story, using pronouns wherever needed

A lady lives in Toronto. The lady has a dog named Fido. Fido is not pretty but Fido is smart. One day Fido saw a squirrel in a tree, and wanted to catch the squirrel. The dog barked and skipped about, and soon the squirrel jumped from the tree and ran on the ground. Fido chased the squirrel, so the squirrel ran up the tree again. Fido jumped on a box beneath but Fido could not get the squirrel. The squirrel jumped to another tree Then Fido tried to get down from the tree but Fido could not. Fido was afraid to jump, so Fido barked. The lady heard Fido and came out of the house. The lady saw Fido in the tree. The lady got a step-ladder and put the top of the step-ladder. Then the lady lifted Fido down from the tree and put Fido on the ground.

Plurals.

Write the plurals of these words:

bell, brush, lady, who, man, tooth, box, fish, city, hero, potato, leaf, wolf, thief, shelf.

The Restored "Chord."

Oh why am I sad and weary,
'Mid scenes so passing fair?
I find no ease from the pressure
Of Earth's low, sordid care.
I know full well I am dreaming
Of freedom, rest, and ease,
While the tempter whispers, saying
"You've only yourself to please."

Then joy I seek for each morrow,
And I strike my harp anew.
But find, to my utter sorrow,
A discord through and through.
Though well-love each chord has loosened,
So I tune with all my might,
Till self dies away with the discord,
And trembles out of sight.

Now I strive to help the weary,
To cheer the lone and sad,
And my harp yields sweeter music,
With strains divinely glad
And I almost hear the echo
From afar the crystal sea,
Of the Master, sweetly saying,
"Ye did it unto Me."

Now I seek, not seek it vainly,
That one "last chord" divine,
From the heart of the great Father,
It vibrates into mine.
The angels are whispering ever
The key note of Heart peace;
Each day I am learning better
Its rapture and its ease.

I know that when "Death's bright angel"
Shall beckon by-and-by
That chord of sweetest music
Will bear my soul on high
The ransomed hosts are singing
That glad strain ever again,
I know that in highest Heaven
I shall hear that "grand Amen."

An Easter Pabiting.

It was Thursday of Passion Week. There were not many visitors at the National Gallery in London, only the few who must overcome their time for sightseeing.

A young woman, who wandered aimlessly about, had not the alert air which characterizes the usual tourist. She was pale, with heavy eyes reddened by dark lines. She wore plain black, it might be considered that she might not. She looked at pictures without seeing them. Sometimes she sighed audibly, recovering herself with a start. Her whole aspect was that of one in hopeless grief.

At some distance from her, two others took freely, intelligent interest in what they had come to see. They were evidently mother and daughter. The girl was not more than seventeen. Her sweet face changed rapidly with every impression, as she looked at the different works of art; yet she was not oblivious to her surroundings. More than once she sent a gratified glance to the sad young woman, who seemed like a restless, uninterested. At length, she spoke in a low tone, and the closing words were a question. "May I, mother?"

The mother, doubtless not unused to her child's loving impulses, answered: "Yes, dear."

In a minute the girl had crossed the gallery, and was saying in a soft, entreating voice to the stranger: "Pardon me, but have you noticed this painting?" She indicated The Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo. "Won't you look at it with me? It appeals to me much."

The young woman at first drew herself up rather haughtily; but, seeing the girl's face so refined and almost timid in its entreaty, she assented. "Since you wish it

They stood before the picture, and no word was spoken for some minutes. Slowly, as if forced to come, tears gathered in the sad eyes, eyes which saw, not the risen Lazarus, not the adoring sisters, not the startled crowd, but only the wonderful Christ, full of benignant power.

The woman's lips opened. "It is possible! she breathed. 'He can do it! He will do it for her, also. I have not believed it before; now I feel it.' She was speaking to herself, unconscious for the instant of any other presence. She looked long, and her face became illumined. Turning to her companion: 'You brought me to what I needed, and I thank you. But how could you know?'

The girl had stepped aside, not to see the other's emotion. She answered: 'I didn't know. I was so sorry for you. It came to me that I should feel as you looked if—if my mother—' She hesitated, and the young woman said:

'Mother is over there. Won't you meet her? She will comfort you.'

Together they crossed to where the older woman was waiting. A cordial hand-clasp passed, with few words.

'Come to our rooms with us,' said the motherly voice, 'for we cannot talk freely here. The invitation was frankly accepted. Sympathy, once admitted, is a great solvent. It seemed for no one so utterly lonely. She told her story. Another had come back to her stricken. 'I have been in Germany,' she said, 'studying art, and news came that my mother was ill. I was hurrying home to see her; but in London the cablegram met me, sent to me, for mother had not waited. She had to go without without staying for me. You can't think how dreadful it was. My faith slipped away. Easter seemed a horrid sermon, and I couldn't bear its approach. I was miserably real less that I went to the gallery because I really couldn't stay by myself, or go to look at anything. I thought every body's sadness must be greater than mine know. When you asked me to look at the painting, I didn't care what I did, nor what because of that. But I owed as if I couldn't live over Easter But that love of Christ, that full of glad power! It all came back to me when I looked the faith which we taught one. We shall meet again, my mother and I can bear it now.'

She laid her head for a minute in the lap of the older woman, and her tears were full of healing.

'You shall stay with us over Easter Sunday, said this other mother, stroking her head and the hopeless look of sick one breathed a low 'Thank you.'

If Easter morning dawned for her, it was to that despondent heart, it was because a young girl saw her opportunity, and had the self-control to use it. *Helen A. Hawley, in C E World.*

An Easter Message.

The dominant note of Easter is one of triumph! "If a man die shall he live again?" this was for ages the pathetic question every heart asked. The pall of death was upon all, and obscured the light which Christ had given. But Jesus Christ came! And he said: I am now that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly. And to those mourning over their dead he said: I am the resurrection the same second question, he said: I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And then the day came when he himself lasted death, said: I am dead, that all the hope he had quickened in the human heart was shattered and realized. And now the kingdom of life a yet deeper gulf of dark despair regarding the mystery of life that is to come. But the apparent defeat was in reality a transcendent triumph; for he had conquered him, conquered and mourn and do honor to his body, but they found the stone of the tomb rolled away; and an angel voice spoke to them, saying: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

The pledge of Jesus Christ is under our faith as an immovable foundation; for because I live, ye shall live also." The Easter lily, which we bring to-day, can it keep those who have entered into the Easter triumph of faith in him. They have died in Christ and are risen also to him. Let us, then, on this Easter Sunday, be filled with the spirit of the great, overmastering, unquenchable, eternal hope that is in us! Open hearts the beautiful and enduring flower of our faith in him who "is risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.

A Child's Easter Offering.

(Continued from first page.)

For the first time since her loss tears came to her burning eyes. Tears of grief mixed with those of joy. She said, "You have brought up Katie well," the rector said, with his kind old eyes full of tears. "If you had not taught her every Sabbath to bring her offering to your little children we might never have found her," he concluded kindly.

This is no fancy sketch, but a true tale, and Katie's Easter offering is still in existence.—The Household.

A fat trunkfast is very apt to produce a lean disposition.

Everyday helpfulness is the holiest tribute any young man may cultivate.

A man who goes back on his friends seldom gets a chance to come back.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—3.16 a. m.; 4.30 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 5.35 p. m.
East—12.20 a. m.; 1.30 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 10.15 a. m.; 12.05 p. m.; 4.35 p. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE AT BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—1.30 a. m.; 6.00 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

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[name of pupil]
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BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday

Kobelmuller Hebrew Hall, 31 Afton Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Kobelmuller Mission Hall.

Mission and Club rooms open every evening Friday at Carlton St. Methodist Church, at 8 p. m.

Last Saturday in month at Social Evening at corner of Bolton Avenue and First St., at 11 o'clock Saturday morning.

Miss J. H. Byers, Deaconess, 320 Shaw St.

Mr. F. Simmers, Resident student, 110 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT.
THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

DARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Institution, or waiting for a train, will find The Carman a comfortable home. Rates moderate. Special rates to pupils and teachers. Also to parents and others at conventions. Rates as follows: Transient, per day, 75 cents; per week, $4.00. Conveyance from Institution to city or G. T. Station, each way, 25 cents. Children, half rate. Mr. Lambert attends all trains. 'Phone 89. Telephone 61.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the name and address of every uneducated deaf child. Also all parents of deaf children not attending school, who are desirous to do so, can find it to their advantage to communicate concerning the Institution and its work. Full particulars of what means the children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

F. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.15 a. m. to 12 p. m. with recess from 9.30 to 11, during which lunch is served in the pupils. Preparatory classes dismissed at 12 o'clock.

ALL (none as a general) ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will have charge of her own class and they will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will march to their class-rooms in regular order. The pupils are also assembled for the hymn, the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and dispensaries five minutes before the hour for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hour for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 7 to 8 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m. under pupil-teachers. Senior pupils at 10 a. m. Lay readings by all denominations at 3 p. m. under their respective church officers. Instruction by regular teachers.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. H. Wright, Anglican; Rev. A. H. Hodgetts, (Presbyterian); Rev. H. Gramlich, (Method ist); Rev. J. J. Collins, (Roman Catholic); Rev. Father Spratt, (Catholic)

HOLY COMMUNION, Wednesday at 8.45; Inter national Series of Sunday School Lessons—Superintendent, Mr. Geo. Lesage, F. Sec'ty, Teachers, Mrs. Wallis, Miss Linn, Miss Hall Miss Wilkinson, Miss Ford, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Hollis.

THE NATIONAL PURE reading religious instruction on Sunday morning from 9.45 to 10.30 o'clock in the Assembly Hall to all Teachers, Mr Tugman and Miss McFarlin.

All Clergymen of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments

MANUAL TRAINING BOOM Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 p. m. DRESS FANCY WORK classes on Monday after noon from 2 to 4 and from 7 to 8 o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SIGN AND CABINET WORK from 8.30 to 12 for Journeymen and from 12 to 4.30 for senior pupils who attend school, for those who do not attend, from 1 p. m. to 12 noon and from 12.30 to 4.30 p. m. each week day except Saturday. Boys in the office and shops will be classed as such.

DRESSMAKING. Ladies are invited to visit the shop from time to time.

THE SEWING IN HOME, 80 are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 1 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend school. From 7 to 8 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoon or Sunday.

2nd The Printing office, Shop, Sewing Room, and Manual Training Department is to be left in good condition every day, and kept so at all times.

3rd Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, or by the permission of the Superintendent.

4th Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their various duties.

Visitors

Visitors are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any week day, except Saturday, Sunday or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is from after 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 p. m.

Admission of Children:

Children will be received at any regular entrance with them to the Institution, they are kindly asked not to interfere with the regular teaching with their children. It only makes it harder for the teacher and more expensive for the parent. The child will be taught as much as possible in the short time without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It is, however, desirable that they should be made welcome to the Institution at proper times. It is also beneficial to seeing the general work of the school to examine the buildings, and attend any of the regular meetings or entertainments, or certain grants at the Institution. Until the Easter Holidays, visitors will be welcome on Quarter Hours, 2 p. m. Any other hours or Saturday or Sunday at request of parents.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances, except by permission obtained upon such occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be duly forwarded.

Sickness and Correspondence.

In case of serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily by parents or guardians. In case of dangerous illness or death, the parents or friends of pupils will be quite sure to be notified.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every week. Parents are requested to write to their children at least once a month. Letters addressed to pupils by friends for the Christmas and Easter Holidays will be delivered on those days, if not before.

No packages or confections shall have been sent at home, or presented by family parties, unless they be allowed to be taken by pupils present with the consent and direction of the Principal of the Department.

Parents and friends of children are requested to observe strictly these rules and to give punctual attendance to the rules of Institution.

In the case just of a kitty they are friends not only what money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of contagious diseases and be guided by their counsel and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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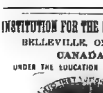
INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.



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HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. B., M. D.
MINISTER OF EDUCATION TORONTO.

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W. TOUCHBURNE, *Bursar.*
W. J. W. DAYCE, M. D. *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, *Matron*

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Head Teacher. MISS ADA J. LEE.
W. J. CAMPBELL, MISS J. M. HARE.
MISS L. HALE, B. A. MISS LOAL H. PYNE.
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The object of the Province in founding and maintaining institutions for the deaf is to afford access and instruction for children of the youth of the Province, who are, from congenital causes or early accidental or fatal causes, unable to receive instruction in the ordinary schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious disease, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a residence of nearly two months during the summer vacation of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to do so, will be required to pay the cost of the pupils' board, clothing, and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT REQUIRED FOR THEIR SUPPORT, OR A PORTION THEREOF, will be furnished by Juniors or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Tailoring are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in Sewing, Dressmaking, Knitting, Fancy Work, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines, Housework, Cooking, Laundry Work, etc. Work is done by the pupils during Manual Training, which forms part of the regular curriculum for boys, and Domestic Science for girls, who have been selected.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and their support.

N.B. The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and continues that day of each year.

Applications for the admission of pupils should be made, if possible, at least one month before the day of opening.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and not distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to the post office at 5.15 p. m. and at 1 p. m. of each day (Saturday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, except mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the name is on the letter.

Two Women's Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very self-same way
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below

Two children played in the self-same town
And the children both were fair
But one was rich beyond words to count,
The other had tended hair
The children both grew up apace
As other children grow
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town
And one was wedded and loved.
The other was through the curtain's part
The world where her sister moved
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe
For one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below

Two women lay dead in the self-same town
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone
For no one had time to spare
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below

If I were, who died for the rich and poor
In wonder we'd only know
Took both the sisters in his arms
And carried them above,
Then all the differences vanished quite,
For in heaven we would not know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below

Mother Patton's Boy.

BY DALLIS WRAY MORROW

"Come on, Dick, and let's make a night of it." And Lancy King's boy lair smiled and replied in a harsh laugh as he slapped Dick Bendwick's shoulder. They had been walking up the street together and were met with a crowd of youthful revellers with whom Lancy was very popular.

On every hand the brilliant lights and charged stillness of the pool-rooms called them.

Just on the corner the bright electric sign of the gayest saloon in all the city winked alluringly, while, inside, the glasses clinked and gay laughter called to all passers-by

Find a Way or Make It.

It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day
Who heard a reward to take
Before the castle was
They're safe in such a fortress
There is no way to shake it
Or said exclaimed the hero
I'll find a way, or make it!

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and rough
It can be seeks her temple
With ascent to gain enough
The shining throng is waiting
But far alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness,
I'll find a way, or make it!

Is wealth your ambition?
There is no royal road
Alike the poor and peasant
Must climb to her abode
Who'd be the friend of knowledge
In He pos may strike!
If he has will he Roman will
I'll find a way, or make it!

Autobiography of a Wild Canary.

BY ANNA INGALLS

PART I

My first memories are cloud and indistinct. I feel the sun on my two brothers, a sister and I, in our cosy nest. Right from our home most all always heard a sad expression of pain and

The little room was in a two-story house with a wire cage door and on certain nights a thin little green foliage and the feathered folk were singing all day long about and beneath us. The soft green was cool to the effect in the balmy air and, if we fit right at all times not of heart or home or future

But one hour was very different. I remember still we fluttered here and there about the bushes and more than once she used a two-footed fancy even one bush. I stood for a while at a distinctly upward direction from our abiding place with a good outlook of Nature's spring.

We quickly learned to fear the cat, we were not long in learning to watch for the sparrow hawk but not to dare when I felt very grown up indeed, I met with a spar on hopping cheerfully about on one food. What are you doing? I cried for I thought he was enjoying a rare kind of game.

He looked down at his claws and then up on hearing I saw that where a second food should have been there remained only a stump.

How can you eat, I say? he ask ed turning his head sideways and look ing at me shrewd y with one eye.

I did not answer but stood five on one food and then on the other, wondering what it would feel like to be without one.

"Tap, he said seeing I did not answer, "beware" and he hopped briskly away.

Now, this set me thinking. Perhaps the world was not altogether the beautiful place I had thought it

One day I was taking short, swift flights from shrub to shrub along the edge of the wood when I heard the snap of metal, and paused to see what was the cause.

Two liquid brown eyes gazed into space with a frozen horror in them that made my heart stand still.

A beautiful little ermine was struggling to free its foot from the cruel steel jaws of a trap. Oh, the cold, relentless look of those strong teeth, and the resignation, and suffering that settled at last in the beautiful eyes. I thought my heart would break, but alas I could do nothing!

The dear blue sky seemed to have clouded over for me that day.

"What is this creature called boy?" I thought for I felt sure he was at the bottom of this as of the other, and I flew around with a sad heart.

Here and there and everywhere, after that, I discovered traces of his handiwork. A lonely little nest, that had taken oh, so many hours of steady labor, one tiny straw or bit of twig at a time, torn and stripped from its place in a forked branch, a ground sparrow's nest, where five pearly brown-speckled eggs had lain, now crushed to atoms beneath a stone, a glistening brook trout, flapping and struggling to catch a breath, beside the stream, that seemed so much yet was so far away the agony of a mute torment death in its troubled eyes a nest of fledglings dropping apart with hunger, and with wave call ings to the mother who could never come again, all these things did I see and I thought a boy must be a horrible monster indeed and yet one day in the roubble I heard voices, and saw a boy I knew them was speaking gently and kindly to his little brother who had fallen trying to soothe his pain with real concern in his clear, honest eyes yes even though he carried a twenty two calibre rifle to his hand. Surely, thought I, to my boun with eyes like those could not be cruel to one of God's creatures!

And then I gasped in astonishment. "There, there, Bobbie, there's no say ing "don't cry Sew, I'll show you how to make the feathers fly!

And to my horror he lifted his rifle to his shoulder and took aim at my own little brother who was just then sitting quite still so ing from his perch on a thistle top, and "Bang! The report then indeed, his brother, but now glinging in the sunshine, was just a little bloody, battered heap in the dust to me. And he laughed the hes with clear honest eye enough at that grim scene and tragedy

Harry's Missionary Potato.

"I cannot afford it," said John Hale the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry his wide-awake grandson was grieved and indignant

"But the poor heathen, he reasoned, "if they do not know they cannot have their hearts and school houses and books"

What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, kindly. "If you wish one to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence and the day after puzzled his cunly head with plans for collecting money for the noble cause when his unwilling relative. Always seeing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said "Grandfather, if I can find and feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?" "A potato?" exclaimed Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper

"Yes sir, and had enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in such a way that showed he was glad to escape on such cheap terms from the lad's persecution.

Harry planted the potato and then watched him the first year by producing nine it bore the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels, and when the fourth harvest came, the potato had increased to seventy bushels. And when sold, the amount realized was put in the treasury of the Lord.

Even the aged farmer exclaimed: "Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered." -*Selected.*

The Donkey's Burden.

"If you have anything to do it is best to do it without grumbling or complaining," said daddy one evening to Jack and Evelyn "If the donkey in the story had done so he would not have got into the trouble he did.

"He was a rather clever donkey, and it did not please him that his master made him carry heavy loads on his back. His master was a dealer in salt, and he used to load two heavy bags of the salt on the donkey's back whenever he wanted them carried into town.

"The road to the town led over a brook There was a bridge over the brook, and the man drove the donkey over the bridge One bad day, however, the donkey thought it was too warm to carry heavy bags of salt on his back, and as he approached the bridge he said to himself:

"How nice and cool that water looks. I think I will just wade through the water to the other side of the bridge instead of walking over the old bridge

"But that plan did not please the donkey's master, for he knew that if the water reached the bags of salt it would melt and he would lose it So he drove the donkey with blows of his stick to the bridge and across it You may be sure the donkey did not like this treatment I'm sure they as they neared the bridge he said to himself:

"This is when I shall fool the master And when the man was not looking he turned closely to the water far away and waded into the water quite to the other side of the bridge In the middle the water reached almost to his back, and, of course, when it reached the bags the salt began to melt So the donkey had a good part of the donkey a burden When the donkey reached the other side he was greatly pleased to find that his burden was so much lighter that it had been before. "That's a very good idea," he said to himself. I think I shall try it every time my master puts a heavy burden on my back

"But the man was just as wise as the donkey. The next time he loaded the donkey with a lot of sponges. They were quite light, of course, and the donkey was pleased, but, nevertheless, when he reached the brook, the water looked so cool and inviting that he could not resist the temptation to wade into it

"Of course when the water reached the bag of sponges they began to swell, and by the time the donkey got to the other side of the brook they were quite full of water and heavy Then the donkey said to himself:

"My, but that water is very deceiving! When I went into it with a heavy burden it made it light, and when I go into it with a light burden it makes it heavy. You can't depend on it. I think I shall remain out of it."

The Ship of the Desert.

A camel is often called "The Ship of the Desert." They live in Africa and other warm countries. There are a few in California. A desert is a place where there is much sand, little water and very few trees. Horses cannot cross the deserts; the men and women who live there would die long without water to drink or food to eat. A camel can carry great loads. Its hoofs have soft spongy soles, so it can walk on the sand. And it can go many days without food or water. It can run very fast too. Camels are not pretty animals. They have long necks and humps on their backs. A camel will kneel while it is being loaded. It is a very patient animal and does not mind the hot sun. Men and women ride on camels. They often cross the deserts on camels' backs.

Russell Sage's Helping Hand.

A prosperous New York merchant narrated in the University Club the other day an interesting anecdote about himself and Russell Sage

"My first years in New York were not successful ones," he said "I came down from the upper part of the state determined to get along; but somehow after a brief experience of city life, I became discouraged and lax. There were no positions but clerkships to be gotten, and I took my way up to the top from an army of young clerks all as efficient as myself, seemed hopeless.

"I changed my job now and then Sometimes I bettered myself; some times I didn't. So the years passed I had come to New York at twenty, and now at twenty-five, I was making only four dollars a week more than when I started, and I hadn't a cent to my credit in the bank

"One day, worried and desperate about my future, I called to see Russell Sage Sage came from my part of the the country, and he had known my father well

"He was glad to see me He listened to my narrative with kindly interest At the end, telling back in his chair he put his finger tips together and pursed up his lips, nodding to himself thoughtfully

"I a minute he came briskly out of that spell Then he said to me:

"Do you drink? he said

"Yes, sir, moderately, said I

"Well, stop it Stop it for a year Then come back and see me," said Mr Sage

"I stopped drinking for a year, and at the end I paid my second visit to the millionaire He remembered all about me and greeted me at once. Then he said:

"Do you gamble?

"Yes, I said, "I sometimes gamble

"Well, give gambling up for a year and then come and see me

So I stopped gambling, and the year went by, and for the third time I appeared in Mr Sage's office

"Well, he said, after we had, after we had had a third discussion of my affairs

"Yes sir, said I

"Stop smoking, said he "Come back, when you have stopped smoking for a year

The speaker laughed One of his auditors said impatiently "Well, when you came back had you stopped?

"I never went back," was the reply

"You never went back? Why?

"Because, if I had, Mr. Sage would feel he had done me that no one had given up drinking and gambling and smoking. I must have saved enough money to start myself in business. It was true, I had saved enough money to start myself in business. That shrewd, wise man had set me, almost without my knowing it, on the road to success" Philadelphia Bulletin

Spring.

We like spring because the trees, grass and streams wake up

We like spring because the robins come back from the south.

We like spring because every thing is growing then

The robins went south because they do not like snow and cold winter They come back from the south and are building their nests in the trees now. Their eggs are greenish blue We must not kill the robins or take their eggs.

The farmers are plowing their fields now. They will plant corn and other grain. They plant their corn with a corn planter. When it comes up they will plow it several times. Corn grows very fast in very warm weather. It will be ripe in the fall and the farmers will gather it.

Some farmers will put their corn in to corn cribs and feed it to their stock Other farmers will sell their corn.— Ex

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written April 27th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS

Little Red Riding Hood

(Continued)

Little Red Riding Hood on her way through the woods stopped to listen to the merry songs of the birds in the trees and picked the flowers of which she made a nosegay for her grandmother. [illegible] her head and [illegible] some took [illegible] good manners and flew away.

A little bird which [illegible] at the bread [illegible] sweet, tweet, and flew away.

[illegible]

When Little Red Riding Hood reached the door [illegible] grandmother's [illegible]

[illegible]

The bees [illegible] They are a great advantage [illegible] honey is a pure and wholesome food [illegible] flowers [illegible] I wonder what they will do. M. Edward.

It is customary for us to have a party on the evening of Easter Monday. After tea the dishes were washed, the tables were all removed from their usual places and piled to the ends of the room so as to give us plenty of space on the floor for playing games, and chairs were placed along the sides. After working we went up stairs, and then we put on our best clothes. When we first assembled in the dining room we talked with each other and looked at the little children playing and laughing. Then some big pupils joined hands and formed a ring and danced a ring dance. Afterwards we played a game called "A drowned rat," and we laughed heartily, as one boy fell down on the floor. At nine o'clock we had refreshments consisting of nuts, mixed candies and oranges, we talked with each other till half-past nine o'clock and some of us threw some nut-shells at each other. After having a very enjoyable evening, it broke up and we retired to bed. Annie Brown.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS

Last Saturday morning Miss Willoughby took me to the city and treated me to ice cream and some cake. She bought two lovely carnations and gave them to me and I thanked her very much. When we reached here again some of the teachers were much surprised that I was with her. We had a nice time. She was very kind to me. D. Hazlitt.

I went to the city with May Stegmaier on the Wednesday before Easter. We saw a man standing on the pavement and another man talking to him about money. His legs had been amputated. I told her that I pitied him. M. Kennedy.

On May 20th our Governor-General, Earl Grey, will go to Berlin for a visit. He will unveil a statue in Victoria Park in memory of the late Queen Victoria.

We will know the exact minute at which the crown is placed on the King's head on the 22nd of June as the news will be telegraphed to all parts of the Empire at that time. There will be celebrations in many of the large cities of the Empire on Coronation Day. E. Hagott.

Some one said that there were two [illegible] Vickers [illegible] Vickers aged [illegible] years [illegible] last Sunday Florence Vickers [illegible] W. Harris.

Mr. Downs told A. Stockwell [illegible] apple trees [illegible] A. Stockwell [illegible]

In the [illegible] I walked with Mabel Smith [illegible] Freeman. [illegible] sidewalk [illegible] B. Pollock.

[illegible] April [illegible]

[illegible] Hazell's [illegible]

[illegible] April [illegible] J. McLean.

Mr. Campbell told his pupils the [illegible] newspaper about a boy [illegible] aged 14 years [illegible] Wednesday afternoon [illegible] Three Rivers. At the same time [illegible] the wall of the school [illegible] Thursday night. E. Fisher.

I got a letter from my mother and she said that my sister Lucy had a pair of roller skates which my mother gave her on her birthday. I think that she will like to skate with them on the sidewalk. D. Buchan.

I receive the "Girls' Companion" every Sunday and I like very much to read the stories in it. They are good. L. Carpenter.

Last Friday, April 11th, James Tate's mother and his aunt, L. Tate, came over to see him and me and they talked to us a little while. They wanted Jim and me to go for a walk and we went to the ladies' room in the hotel. Mrs. Tate treated me to something to eat and took us to see the moving pictures. James had his photograph taken with me. We had a nice pleasant time. Clara Hartley.

The Bowling Club in Toronto has opened this spring. The competitions which will take place there have brought out many enthusiastic bowlers. W. Burley.

Some other boys and I saw two large boats arriving in Belleville on Sunday afternoon, April 23rd. Roy McCallum.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS

Miss McFadden and Miss Madeline Rutherford visited our class room yesterday [illegible] Peterboro [illegible] Dr. Coughlin [illegible]

One pupil [illegible] on April 24th [illegible] to work in the post office in [illegible] He wants [illegible] money. He used to be a student in Mr. Coughlin's oral class.

[illegible] the Bay of Quinte [illegible] Brockville [illegible]

Our teacher, Miss Templeton, is [illegible] Miss [illegible] Coughlin [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Smith.

[illegible]

[illegible] McDougall.

Two boys [illegible] Russell Vickers [illegible] It happened on Saturday, April 8th, in Belleville. [illegible] was dead. His sister [illegible] caught cold on the day of her brother's funeral and died eight days after. We are sorry for her. M. Dodds.

I heard that there [illegible] of smallpox at Ottawa [illegible] there were [illegible] the doctors a few weeks ago to protect them from getting small pox. The people have tents on the ground for the patients and they have to [illegible] them till they are better. I should not like to get the smallpox. F. Brigham.

Asa Forrester's friend is a boy scout. His name is George Jackson. Asa, when reading in a newspaper, saw his friend's picture dressed as a scout and knew him. I should like to be a boy scout. Charlie Dorschner.

MR. STEWART'S CLASS

[illegible] Quebec [illegible] Alberta [illegible] Sherbrooke [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] April 20th [illegible]

[illegible] April [illegible] Miss [illegible] birthday [illegible]

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First.—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a [illegible] livelihood after they leave school.

Second.—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.

Third.—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance. Postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. [illegible] by money or express order, or registered letter.

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[illegible] to deaf [illegible] [illegible] admitted [illegible]

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO

EDITORIAL

GEO. F. STEWART — EDITOR

INSTITUTION MOTTO.—The greatest happiness is [illegible] making others happy.

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1911

Technical Education.

At a recent gathering of the Associated Boards of Trade of [illegible] held recently in [illegible] our esteemed friend and neighbor [illegible] W. N. Ponton, M.A., gave an address on technical education and [illegible] always the case with the eloquent and [illegible] Colonel, his was one of the most noteworthy addresses delivered at that gathering of able men, and received much favorable comment. We take pleasure in reproducing a part of the address, and at the same time express our thanks of the staff for the eulogistic references made to our Institution. "I think we should aim, so far as possible, to educate the whole boy and the whole girl. In doing that we educate the man and and the woman. We make them not specialists along one particular line, but we develop the very best that is in them to make them the all round man and woman. That is what true technical education is, because true technical education is vocational training. I suppose we are all desirous of seeing the old days of memory gymnastics done away with, we are all desirous of seeing the old days of theory and the feasts of acquirement of mere abstract knowledge eliminated.

"We want usefulness and adaptation to present modern progressive needs. We want to teach boys to enable them not merely to earn a living; that would seem to be the cry of everybody who speaks on technical education, to teach our boys how to earn a living. We want to do more. We want to teach them how to live a life, a broader, deeper, truer, life that is what is the only true meaning of technical education. In the old days it was all the training of the brain, occasionally the hand, but now it must be the eye, and the ear, and the hand, and the brain and the heart working together if we want the true technical education. It is the technique of education, the power of doing things that we want to create by our education. Surely, the Boards of Trade who are doers, who are cooperators, who have to do with that commerce which is one of the chief factors of modern life, are interested, therefore in developing technical and vocational education. We have an excellent example of the success of technical education in Belleville in our Institute for Deaf and Dumb. Fifty years ago, I suppose those three hundred deaf and dumb boys and girls would have been considered fit inmates of an asylum. To-day they are being developed in about seven years into full citizenship. They go out from that Institution printers, you cannot get better printers, you have them in your Toronto offices. They go out from that Institution, farmers, you cannot find better farmers than that Institute turns out. You cannot find better carpenters and shoemakers or better seamstresses and housekeepers. Every point, every possible aptitude is seized upon and developed and they go out not merely able to hold their own in the world but with a full appreciation of the fact that they are factors in the body politic, that they are full citizens and with a self respect that they never had before and this is all the result of technical education. Technical and industrial education having such an effect upon those of impaired senses not impaired intellect, their intellects are as bright as possible, how much more will it have a good effect upon those with not merely a clear intellect, but also with the possibility of grasping ideas while the others are struggling to grasp language. They overcome that difficulty and all the mechanical difficulties and grasp the ideas too, and go out into the world ready to work for their own good and the good of their fellow citizens.

"There is the best instance possible, but I do not confine it to them we have to do with the education of the future business men. Technical education in its best sense will fit a man to do business right and well and profitably and for the good of the commonwealth of which he is a part. Technical education is something that increases the power of observation in boys or girls, men or women. I had the opportunity of hearing you, sir, when you laid down the proposition that the true creative supporter of ideas is the man who advances technical education. Is there any man in Canada in his own vocation greater than Dr. J. W. Robertson, who has been called the originator of ideas, himself the exponent of what technical education is? No man can be half an hour in his presence without feeling that he has advanced in education. Some men are gifted that way. That is his gift.

"A happy suggestion our President made, viz., that he hoped this Board of Trade would arrange to visit New Ontario to learn at first hand, to see the ground, to handle the products of New Ontario. That would be technical education and would be going to school. We are but children of a larger growth, and we realize that there is much to learn, and that we are always learning. 'So little done, so much to do,' were the great Cecil Rhodes' last words, and I think everyone of us realizes their truth every day of our lives. Modern education does not stand still; it must progress rapidly. New occasions create new duties. There are new needs, therefore new means must be taken, new methods adopted. You cannot use the rusty key of the future. Therefore with knowledge, give us modern, technical, industrial, vocational and commercial education. It will be the crown and the copestone of the great public-spirited work that is being done educationally in this province of Ontario."

LONDON NOTES

Mr. J. Henderson was in London recently and gave us a call.

Mr. W. H. Gould had to give up his work for a week from illness, but is now back in his shoe-shop again.

Mr. Geo. Pepper was lately in St. Thomas and was the guest of Mr. Gray during his stay.

Mr. L. Koehler and his little daughter, from New Hamburg, spent Easter in the city, the guests of Mr. McDonald. He led the service for the deaf at the Y. M. C. A. on the Sunday afternoon of his stay and left for his home the following day.

Mr. Walter Elliott spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Gould here. He is working in a saw manufactory at Galt and is doing well. Mr. Geo. Moore, of Forest, Mr. T. Noyes, of Denfield, Mrs. [illegible] Rowley and daughter Mabel, of Simcoe, have also been visiting our city.

Mr. Roy Wright spent his Easter holidays in Tillsonburg, while Mr. [illegible] Harris went off to Detroit on a visit to his aunt there.

Mrs. Gunton spent Good Friday with her daughter at Forest, who is moving to Elmwood where her husband is the G. T. R. Ticket Agent.

The death took place on April 10th of Mr. Jas. W. Courtiss, the oldest deaf person in London, at the advanced age of 78 years. He was born at Swansea, England, and leaves a hearing wife to mourn his loss.

Counted In

The buckboard stood in front of the steps and the crowd was gaily collecting. It was Carol Frost who, turning to call back a gay word to some one, noticed the lonely figure with the pathetic eyes and dangling trumpet.

"Excuse me just a moment," she said to Juliet Beekman. "I want to speak to your grandfather."

She ran back up the steps and held out her hand for the trumpet.

"We are going to climb Old Bald," she explained. "We expect to reach the top about noon. We have mirrors to signal with and a field-glass. Won't you wave to us? I am sure we could see you."

The old man's face brightened. "Surely! Surely!" He nodded eagerly. "I'll watch."

All the morning he was restless and excited. He climbed to his room for his largest handkerchief, and went into the house half a dozen times to compare his watch with the clock. Finally the flashes appeared. A number of people were watching, and answered from the steps. In his corner he waved his handkerchief alone.

He was waiting when the crowd returned. Carol went to him at once.

"I brought you the prettiest stone I could find on the top," she said.

"I thank ye—thank ye kindly!" the old man answered, and then, his eagerness conquering, "Are ye sure ye saw me?"

"Sure," Carol answered. "You were standing right on this corner, the others were on the steps."

The old man's face was almost radiant. Some one had watched for him for him.

That was the way it began—the old man's happy summer. Presently a few others fell into the habit of stopping a minute or two to tell him of their trips, and when they had a "stripping-bee," at Carol's suggestion he was invited. It did not trouble him that he could not hear; it was happiness enough to be doing something with other people. His old, trembling fingers fumbled eagerly over the fragrant fir.

Juliet did not wholly like it. "You mustn't let grandfather bother," she told Carol.

"He doesn't," Carol answered, quietly, "It isn't a bother; it's a pleasure."

A month after she reached home Carol received a package and a note. The package contained an old medal. The note was from Juliet.

"Poor grandfather left us last week," Juliet wrote. "He wasn't ill; he just fell asleep one night and did not wake again. Afterward we found this old school medal marked with your name. You won't care for it, I know, but I send it for his sake. We miss him more than we could have thought possible. I wish I had the chance to talk to him again—he wanted so little, and we were so thoughtless."

Carol touched the little old medal tenderly. It had cost something,—that summer,—but she was so glad now. —Youth's Companion.

EDUCATIONAL.

School Extension.

A week or two ago, I overtook three youngsters in the street, at the lunch hour, rosy, and breathless, with snowshoes over their shoulders. "Hello! Playing truant, eh?" I called to them.

"Indeed we're not, sir," they indignantly replied. "We have all been out for a tramp among the trees, with teacher. The whole class, and we had just a lovely time!"

"Yes," one lassie continued, "and we know the names of all the trees, and where the sugar comes from, and paper and everything!"

Actually that teacher had taken her whole class of forty girls out on snowshoes. Just imagine fixing on forty pairs of little snowshoes—and they had learned to slide down the steep places and to follow their leader. And when they stopped for breath, they talked about trees, and sap movements, the difference between hardwood, and softwood, about a chickadee they encountered, and they gathered cones and logs, they learnt the mystery of geographical direction and I don't know what else.

That night they wrote essays on their outing, and made lists of names of what they had seen. I expect that as long as life lasts, some of them, at least, will remember that trip out of the grey old city into the crystal white beauty of the world, as the Great Father carpeted and bedecked it for them.

If I find a room in tumult, I blame myself not the scholars, said Dr. Arnold. "It is I who have failed, not they. Were I what I should be, every one of the pupils would reflect my work. I key the situation. I set the pace and if my soul is in disorder, the school will be in confusion."

How many teachers remember this on those gloomy days when everything goes wrong and they have continual occasion to scold or reprimand. If, instead of punishing the children, they would leave school promptly and take some exercise in the fresh air, go to a concert, devote more time to sleep, or otherwise seek the refreshment of which they are most in need, the disturbances would more readily disappear. Oftentimes we do not really know ourselves well enough mentally and physically, to be able to apply the proper remedies when we need refreshment of body or mind. You should have consideration enough for your children, if not for yourselves, to know yourself thoroughly.—*Ex.*

At that Great Day, when every man is to give account, I do not know what shall be in store for him who discovered radium, for him who enjoyed the distinction of being the greatest financier the world ever knew, for him who wrote the most profound and helpful state paper, for him who enjoyed the distinction of being honored above all men for worldly wisdom, for him whose invention brought the greatest comfort to mankind; but one thing I do know, that every faithful patient, loving teacher of the deaf who, by example and precept, led one of these "little ones" to the "Rock of Ages" and taught him to sing, in the spirit, "Let me hide myself in Thee," will hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Dr. Dobyns.*

That was a good answer which was given at a Band of Hope meeting, when a visitor asked the question, "What is a boy?" A little fellow started from his seat, and replied, "A boy, sir, is the beginning of a man." That was a true answer, for every man was once a boy. Let us remember that what a boy is in his youth usually decides what kind of a man he will become. So boys, be true, be honest, kind, brave and industrious now, and then when you have grown to be men, you will be the kind of men that our country needs.—*Apples of Gold.*

A Cleveland mother sent this somewhat satirical note to the teacher of her small son: "Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have pulled Johnnie's right ear until it is getting longer than the other. Please pull his left ear for awhile, and oblige his mother."

Don't work for wages. Work for the accomplishment of something.—Leslie M. Shaw.

WANTED

A GOOD STRONG DEAF BOY, for the summer months, to work on the farm. A good home. SAMUEL AVERELL, Newton Robinson, Ont.

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

"INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness of mankind is gained in making others happy."

MONDAY MAY 1 1911

A Wonderful Machine.

From a concise history of the universe that have been produced in the last fifty years would make a very large volume, and would be a striking illustration of the world's progress in the arts of civilization during that time. More inventions have been made in this half century than in many previous centuries perhaps in all the centuries of the past. The mercury and delicacy and perfection of some of these devices are most admirable, and are a growing tribute to the wonderful powers of the human mind. A remarkable and almost a paradoxical fact to be noted in regard to these inventions is that a man can devise a machine that can do things that he cannot do himself, and that can do it over, but in accuracy and reliability. An excellent example of this is the new Adding and Listing Machine. All these machines of science have in common effort for some months and marvel to all who have seen it in operation. It is solid, substantial, easy and divide with equal facility. All the results of its calculations are positively infallible. The machine is easy to manipulate as a typewriter and is invaluable in any office where a large amount of figure work is to be done. Nothing will more quickly and surely produce loss than adding long lists of figures day after day, and when hours have been spent in this way a small error may occur which will require many days more for its detection and correction. It is foolish for a man to waste his energy and powers in this way when such a machine as this is at hand. It would be for a farmer to swing the old time cradle when a modern harvester can be had for cutting his grain.

Another Death on the Track

From Detroit comes the news that Uriel Sutherland, aged 48, a pupil of our school about 20 years ago, was run down and killed by a Wabash Railway engine on the evening of April 14th. Both his legs were cut off and he died from the shock and hemorrhage. Uriel was an exceptionally bright student, while at school here, and he will be remembered by many of our old pupils, who will much regret his untimely death.

On three or four occasions lately letters containing money for pupils here have failed to come to hand. It is better to always register such letters, or send a postal note or order, which can only be, such, for amounts less than five dollars. We are making inquiries relative to the missing letters, but it is practically impossible to trace unregistered letters.

HOME NEWS

Miss Ford is on the sick list

Mr Nurse has sufficiently recovered to resume his duties again.

A number of the pupils received boxes and remembrances for Easter.

Mrs Campbell and Miss Paley, of our staff, spent the Easter holiday in Toronto.

Several parents and friends of the children visited them during the Easter vacation.

The usual Easter party was a success. Some neat games were introduced and these were entered upon with lively interest

The April and May leaves of the calendars are beginning to get a permanent resting place. The boys and girls are just counting the days till June 23 st

PERSONALITIES

Mr Clarke, I. P. S. called at the Institution last week.

We are all very much pleased to see Mr. Hal Peppin on our school again.

Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Enoch, of Peterboro, called on Dr. Coughlin one day last week.

Rev. Mr Kerr, pastor of St. And rew's Presbyterian Church, called at the Institution last Tuesday.

Mr. Wilkins, principal of the Brantford Public School visited some of the classes during the Easter vacation.

Miss Lillian Agnes daughter of Mrs. S. Agnes Hinch, had the honour of winning a gold medal in a special competitive examination in third division clerkships on the Dominion Civil Service. Miss Agnes is a pupil Miss Agnes is the aunt of our clever pupil, Gladys Smith.

A few Items from Far and Near

BY CHARLES S. FORD

Easter holidays are over and we are back to our work once more.

Miss James is going to her old home in St Thomas on Friday. We hope that her trip will benefit her health

Thayer Ford received a nice album from her sister outside, Alberta, for her birthday. I wish her many happy returns of her birthday.

Automobiles run on Toronto road every day. One afternoon something went wrong with the automobile and we had to wait till another auto machine came to take it to the city for repairs.

It is reported that the gold rush is going to build a cliff house on Mr. Pearson's field near here. We must expect ourselves by viewing the moonlights on gold

The boys manned the old guns on the front of the buildings. The guns will shoot a bullet most

Mr Archie Cochrane is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. Cochrane

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LANARK LOCALS

From our own correspondent

Mr W. Smith, who has been sick with a spell of dropsy, is now getting better and able to go around

Mr. Thomas Dunlop, of Middlevill is still a hired man for John McLaren, who is well satisfied with him on the farm one year more. He will go to new Thos. Hazelton twice a week.

Thos. Hazelton himself is busy now to spend Easter with his friends but he dropped out going because of his mother's illness, for he expected to hear from home every day about her

Richard Wasson, of Harper, was in town lately and called to see T. J. McKay and Thos. Hazelton.

W. W. Smith, of Renfrew, brother of R. S. Smith of your school, was in town lately. He has gone to Vancouver to live. His wife is still living in Lanark and will go to join her husband as soon as he gets settled.

The mates of Lanark County were shocked to hear the sad news of Arthur Clark and Duncan Morrison. They were killed on the 25th ult. Be ye very careful to keep themselves off the tracks elsewhere and in the city.

TORONTO TOPICS

From our own correspondent

Miss H. A. Slater spent the Easter holidays with her brother in Detroit, Mich

Miss Winnie Petrie of Simcoe Creek, was calling on friends here at Easter

Frank E. Hutton was out to his home by home in Simcoe for Good Friday and returned next day with his wife and daughter who had been visiting there for a fortnight previously

Mr. Percy had Harvey Pooley left us to live in Berlin where William Hagan of Berlin came to live in Toronto. He is employed by the Steel Radiator Co as a car painter)

Rev. and Mrs. Jas. McFarland of Ottawa were on the city on their way to and from Oakville where they spent Easter with the latter's parents

Mr. Wm. Sutton and his two Miss Hattie Dunn — are in Hamilton for Easter visiting with the latter's brother Mr. F. H. Dunn

Mrs. J. H. Bruce and Mr. P. Bruce were in Woodstock at Easter visiting the former's sister. Others in that town are Mr. Wm. F. Bruce, whose wife was formerly Miss Nellie Fraser. The above are spending the rest of the time with friends in Ingersoll

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We are very glad to see our school friend Mr. Robert Hodgson of Aggie-ville, who was confined to the house with a severe attack of the grippe. We have much to thank Dr. Bull for

Mr. Percy Pearson, an ex Pupil of this city, was visiting his parents in the city and was sure to see Helen

Mr. Charles Pickard was also visiting friends in Hamilton during Easter

Mr. Robert Peppin of Peppinville was in the city at Easter

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bell of Hamilton were visiting at Woodstock

Mr. Percy Wilson, who has been in the city for some time, left for Ireland on the night of the 22nd Friday and will reach there on the 30th. He will be a popular addition to Dan Peppin's staff. Ireland has one of the finest mail services in the world, and Percy will be employed on the mail cars. He will be missed by his friends but we wish him success

Mr. Chas. Hamilton was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hume on Oak-ville during Easter

Mr. Wm. Hughes, an ex pupil and parental boy on the west side of Toronto

The services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday at the church of the Redeemer were of a very impressive character. The platform of the Holy Communion was draped in purple and white and the choir boys in their surplices made a very pretty appearance. The music rendered by the choir was very fine and appropriate. Mr. F. Bruce, whose wife is an ex pupil, presided at the organ

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Lovely May

All the birds and bees are awake,
All the lily bells are ringing,
All the brooks are full of laughter,
And the wind comes whispering after
What is it the flowers say?
I know
In May.

Look my children, look the trees are
When the orchards in flower and
Are white and fairy fair,
Peeping out in the grassy
What is it the flowers say?
In May.

See the lark soaring high
And at heaven's gate singing
As he bells of angels are ringing,
And our grateful hearts rejoice,
What is it flowers say?
In May.

The Inchcape Rock

In the North Sea there is a great rock about two fathoms under water, and it is called the Inchcape Rock. Many years ago, before the Bell was placed there, the rock was very dangerous to sailors, for when the tide was high it could not be seen, and many ships were lost upon it. Then the Abbot of Aberbrothock placed a large bell upon the rock, so that sailors might hear it ring and steer their ships away.

On the rock there was a floating barrel, and when the sailors saw it they said that it was placed there by Ralph the Rover, who was a wicked pirate, and they knew that if they could find the barrel they would find the pirate's treasure.

Ralph the Rover was walking on the deck. He looked at the glassy sea. He saw the buoy floating near the Inchcape Rock. It rocked like a big black speck in the water. But the bell was not ringing on this day. There were no waves to set it moving.

Ralph said to the Rover, "Let us put out the boat and cut the Inchcape Rock. We will pull a trick on the old abbot."

The boat was a noble vessel. Strong arms soon rowed it to the Inchcape Rock. Then the robber with a heavy axe broke the fastenings of the bell. It fell into the water. There was a great ring sound as it sank out of sight.

The next day the ship sailed as well and fleet as the wind. And Ralph the Rover

Soon a breeze sprang up, and the black ship sailed east. The sea rolled, but laughed as he looked back and saw there was nothing to mark the place of the hidden rock.

For many days Ralph the Rover scoured the seas, and many were the ships that he plundered. At last he chanced to sail back toward the place from which he started.

The wind had almost lured all day. The waves rolled high. The ship was moving swiftly. But in the evening the wind died away, and a thick fog came on.

Ralph the Rover walked the deck. He could not see where the ship was going.

"If the fog would only clear away!" he said.

He might have heard the roar of breakers and the pilot. We must be near the shore.

"I cannot tell," said Ralph the Rover. "But I think we are not far from the Inchcape Rock. I wish we could hear the good abbot's bell."

The next moment there was a great crash. It is the Inchcape Rock!" the sailors cried as the ship gave a lurch to one side and began to sink.

Oh, what a wretch am I!" cried Ralph the Rover. "This is what comes of the joke that I played on the good abbot."

What was it that he heard as the waves rushed over him? Was it the abbot's bell ringing from down at the bottom of the sea? *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*

A Rich Boy

Oh my, said Ben. I wish I was rich, and could have things like some of the boys I go to school with.

I say Ben said his father in a confidential tone. How much would you take for your legs?

For my legs? said Ben in surprise. Why, what do you use them for?

Why, I run and jump and pass and sit and do everything.

That's so, said his father. Why would you take $10000 for them, my son?

No indeed answered Ben smiling. And I'm sure, I guess you wouldn't take $10000 for them, would you?

No, no.

And I'm sure, I'm glad you say so, my son. Well and I know you have a little bit of a wooden part with it, $10000 is such a

No, no

You're in good health?

No, no

Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than $10000 spent at the very least don't you think so?

Yes, yes

You're sure? How would you like to have $10000 and be blind the rest of your life?

I wouldn't like it at all

Think a moment, Ben, $10000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell me for that much?

Yes, no

Then they are with that much of it. Let's see now, his father went on figuring on a sheet of paper "legs, thousand each, ten, two; ten hearing five, taste five, good health ten and eyes fifty that makes a hundred. You are worth $100,000 of the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too, look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and from that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented. *Selected*

What Do You Enjoy Doing?

Mary enjoys sewing.
Elmer enjoys playing.
Will enjoys telling stories.
Selma enjoys drawing.
Bennie enjoys weaving.
Lila and Pearl enjoy reading.
George enjoys riding his bicycle.
Oscar enjoys exercising.
Miss Shoenber said that she enjoyed walking.—*Ex.*

Sheep.

Sheep are useful domestic animals. Have you ever seen a flock of sheep eating grass in a field? They never go far from one another. If a dog barks at them they all run close together.

Sheep are good climbers and they can jump over very high fences. We often see sheep eating grass on very high hills and at times they climb very steep places.

In the spring it is very pretty to watch the beautiful little lambs play ing in the fields beside their mothers. They play all day but they never run very far away from the mother.

In the summer when it is very warm, the sheep must have the heavy coats of wool cut off because it would make them too warm. Then the shepherds are kept very busy. The shepherds have long smart dogs to help them take care of the sheep and these dogs help them to drive the sheep together in a place called a sheep pen. The lambs are left outside and they bleat very sadly. They think that they have been left by their mothers.

The men wash the sheep one by one in the water to rid with very strong soap to be called shears. This is called sheep shearing. The wool is made into cloth so as to keep sheep just as we get warm in cold things, as mattress, in blankets and the most is called sheep skin.

Mother sheep are also called Ewes but sheep are called rams. Baby sheep are called lambs. *By Greg Hardt*

The Peddler and the Monkeys

One day a peddler started through a forest. He carried a pack full of caps. The day was very warm and he was soon tired. He sat down under a tree to rest. He let a heavy pack of caps. He took off his hat, fanned himself and soon fell asleep. He was very tired.

They put on the caps and climbed back out the tree. He and his peddler's pack. He let the monkeys keep the caps as he was very angry.

He scolded the monkeys. They chattered at him. He picked up the caps and put them on the monkeys. They picked cocoanuts from the tree and threw them at him.

The peddler took off his cap. He threw it on the ground. The monkeys imitated him. They threw all the caps on the ground. The peddler put them back into the close and went away. He was very glad to get his caps again. *Ex.*

Sheep

Sheep are tame animals and are raised on farms. They live in the pasture in summer. In winter they are sheltered with very long, heavy wool. In the spring the farmer shears the sheep and sells the wool. Sheep are very much used now-a-days to take care of them. Sometimes they have a shepherd and sometimes only a shepherd dog. They are very useful animals. The wool is made into cloth ing, blankets and felt. The fat is called tallow and it is used for making soap and candles. The meat is good to eat. It is called mutton. The skin is used for leather. Sheep are white, black and brown.

Robins.

We love to see the robins in the spring. The robin has a short, thick body and is covered with pretty feathers. Its breast is red. It has long wings and short legs. There are four toes on each foot and the hind toe is very long.

The robins eat grain, worms, insects, and fruit. We can see them hopping about on the lawns and perching on the branches of the trees every day in the summer. —*Ex.*

A Clever Pony.

One spring morning a little pony was feeding at the edge of a wood with his foal beside her. Suddenly she scented a bear, and calling her young one she made off for home. The bear was very hungry, and a tender young foal for dinner was just what he wanted. So leaving the cover of the trees, he made after it into the open.

The homestead was far away and the mother pony hindered by her foal. The bear on the hot sun he legs were still too feeble to keep up full speed for the distance. The bear was gaining fast and the poor mare knew that she would much for him to fight. She urged on her young one as it was keeping by her side, and so they merrily running, away was hopeless.

Then comes by the edge of the bank of river and this she must do. Ere a chance of escape. Calling to her young one, the pony plunged into the stream. The foal immediately followed and together the struck out for the further bank. Then was a bold effort, and but the little fellow was so exhausted that it could go no further and the mother would not desert it.

The bear on the bank was surprised and disappointed. He had been ready hunt for his dinner and never to fight but he had to, and was losing no time in getting at once. The mother and child were now in the water, and the bear had to swim after them. The water of the pool had seen what was happening and he was coming perilously near.

The bear reached the land so much on its heels that the pony and foal on the bank down him watching every movement. Then, as the bear reached the body of the beast it was raised for the last time. With powerful strokes of its fore arms it began to hop from up the bank. The foal and shoulders rose above the bank.

Then suddenly the pony threw herself and the flash, flights and hind feet shot out and struck the bear squarely under the jaw. The blow was over. The great animal rolled back on the water dead. That night the pony and foal were driven back to the home with all their hard earned meat into a match for the beast.

Pet.

One day Harry found a nest in the apple tree. He was very happy. He picked it up and carried it home. Happy set the broken wing. Mama found an old cage in the attic. She made a soft nest with some cotton.

Harry took good care of the bird. He named it Pet. By and by its wing was well again. Harry opened the cage door and let Pet fly out.

One day, a few months afterward Harry and his sister saw a bird in a tree near the house. It was Pet. Harry ran to the house and got the cage. He put some seeds and water in it. Then he hung it on the tree. In a few minutes Pet hopped in and ate the seeds and drank water. Then he sang a happy song and flew away. Harry told his mother that Pet said, "Thank you." Minnesota Companion.

Glass.

Glass is made from a mixture of fine sand and sea alkali. The sand and alkali are put into pots. The pots are put into a large furnace. The fire is in the center. The melting pots are red and hot. The sand and alkali become soft and sticky.

The workmen have long iron pipes They dip out the melted stuff and blow it into the shape of bottles, vases, or whatever they wish to make.

There are different kinds of glass.

It takes cloudy weather and rain to test your faith.

Evening Hymn.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the lonely darkness
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed

When the morn awakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In God's holy eyes.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

A hare and a tortoise agreed to run a race. The hare could run very fast. The tortoise could only walk.

The hare thought: "I can easily win the race; I can run as far in a few minutes as the tortoise can in an hour." So they started both together. The hare ran very fast for some minutes, and then stopped and looked back to see where the tortoise was. He was far behind that he could hardly see him. "It will take him some hours to catch up with me," said the hare. "I think I will lie down and take a nap." So he lay down and went to sleep.

The tortoise did not stop at all, but kept steadily on. By and by he caught up with the hare. He passed him, but the hare did not wake up. He had almost reached the end of the course before the hare woke up.

Then the hare ran with all his might, but he could not overtake the tortoise. The tortoise got to the end first and won the race.

1. What is a hare?
2. What is a tortoise? Give another name for a tortoise.
3. What other animal resembles a hare?
4. Where are very large numbers of hares found?
5. What did the hare and the tortoise agree to do?
6. Which could run the faster?
7. Which won the race?
8. Why did the hare fail?
9. How did the tortoise win?
10. Which will make the better boy—a dull boy who is faithful and industrious, or a bright boy who is lazy and careless?

Preposition Phrases.

Write sentences using these preposition phrases.

1. in winter.
2. over the ice.
3. on skates.
4. in their hands.
5. on their heads.
6. in his hand.
7. on his feet.
8. with his hockey-stick.

Very. Well. Very Much.

Some of the undesirable uses of these words may be avoided by our pupils by a careful consideration of the following:—

Use very with such words as tired, good, pretty, honest, handsome, beautiful, strange, funny, sensible, clever, strong, sharp, stupid, anxious, attentive, etc.

Use well with such words as written, trained, educated, satisfied, arranged, behaved etc.

Use very much with such words as excited, delighted, pleased, disappointed, ashamed, afraid, interested, grieved, provoked, frightened, troubled, perplexed, better than, nicer than etc.

Told To Told- Not To.

1. Anna's mother said to her, "Study your lesson."
2. A boy said to his little sister "Walk fast."
3. Tom said to Ada, "Throw the ball to me.
4. A girl said to her class-mates, "Look at the beautiful rainbow."
5. Hal's sister said to him, "Do not put your hands into your pocket."
6. My mother said to my brother, "Do not tear my book."
7. A boy's mother said to him, "Hang up your hat."
8. My friend said to me, "Write a letter to me soon."
9. Arthur's teacher said to him, "Do not play with your pencil."
10. She said to him, "Do not break your pencil."
11. The supervisor said to the little boys, "Do not drag your feet.
12. Ruth said to her brother, "Go into my room and get my coat."

Combine.

Combine the sentences of each pair

1. I was angry. I said nothing.
2. I answered him. He spoke to me.
3. He spoke to me. I answered him.
4. The children played. The men worked.
5. I saw it fall. I heard no noise.
6. Where are the boys? Where are the girls?
7. He is not very rich. He is not very poor.
8. Tom looked big. He was standing at the time.
9. Mary was reading a book. Her father gave it to her on Christmas.
10. James spent 10 cents when he went to the city. John spent only 5 cents.
11. James spent 10 cents when he went to the city. John spent 15 cents.

What are These?

1. What is a cow?
2. What is a lily?
3. What is an almond?
4. What is a canary?
5. What is an apple?
6. What is celery?
7. What is wheat?
8. What is a violet?
9. What is a spider?
10. What is a crocodile?
11. What is a dandelion?
12. What is July?
13. What is 1911?
14. What is winter?
15. What is Manitoba?

Separate These.

Separate the following sentences in to two or more simple ones:—

1. Steamers can sail on the bay in summer but they cannot do so in winter.
2. The snow settled on the roofs of the houses and on the limbs of the trees.
3. I would like to be able to write well and so would the other pupils.
4. The boys were shovelling snow while the girls were dusting the furniture in the house.
5. Although the man was lame, he could walk fast.
6. General Wolfe led the English and General Montcalm led the French at the battle of the Plains of Abraham.
7. The Indian was looking for a man who had stolen his venison.

1. Write these words backwards and compare them with the original words: eye, tot, toot, noon, madam, level, boh.
2. Make other words using the letters that are in these words: won, was, ward, dray, live, saw, mane, read, not.

Sheep

1. Have you ever seen a sheep?
2. What color are sheep?
3. What are many sheep together called?
4. What do we get from sheep?
5. How is the wool taken off sheep?
6. What is done to the sheep before they are sheared?
7. What kind of feet have sheep?
8. Name some other animals that have the same kind of feet.
9. How do sheep fight?
10. Have sheep horns?
11. What is the flesh of a sheep called?
12. What is the mother sheep called?
13. What are baby sheep called?
14. What are men who take care of sheep called?
15. What other animal looks like a sheep?

Geography Questions.

1. Name four large lakes between Canada and the United States.
2. What direction is Hamilton from Toronto?
3. What is your post office address?
4. What is your railway station?
5. How do we get from Belleville to Toronto?
6. How far is it from Belleville to your home?
7. How much is the railway fare from Belleville to your station?
8. In what county do you live? In what province? In what country? In what continent?
9. What river is between Ontario and Quebec? Where does it empty?
10. What is the difference between a town and a village?

Adverbs.

Select the adverbs in the sentences, and state what it or each of them modifies.

1. The sunset seems beautiful.
2. They never found the stolen money.
3. He listened just coldly to the long story.
4. Begin your work immediately.
5. The bell rang twice.
6. He looked down from the top of the house.
7. The boat drifted slowly towards the shore.

Incorporate.

1. often
2. never
3. sometimes
4. pretty soon.
5. over and over
6. again
7. rather late
8. very soon
9. in a few days.
10. always.
11. a while ago.
12. night before last
13. day after tomorrow
14. week after next
15. two months ago.

Is : Was : Are : Were.

1. Write a statement using is.
2. Write a question using is.
3. Write a statement using are.
4. Write a statement using were.
5. Write a question using are.
6. Write a question using were.
7. Write a statement using was.
8. Write a question using was.

Interrogative Sentences.

Write interrogative sentences beginning with, do, does, did, who, whose, has, have, are, were, was.

In Into

1. We went [illegible] the bush.
2. A man led a horse [illegible] the barn.
3. I put my handkerchief [illegible] my pocket.
4. We keep books [illegible] book cases.
5. A girl put a parcel [illegible] a box.
6. We stayed [illegible] the house [illegible] afternoon.
7. A boy dropped some paper [illegible] the basket.
8. Fred hung his [illegible] coat [illegible] the closet.
9. We came [illegible] the house.
10. A nurse patched a baby's [illegible] baby carriage.
11. A soldier's [illegible] [illegible] a wagon.
12. A baby slept [illegible] a cradle.
13. A puppy was [illegible] a sheep [illegible] basket.
14. Some of the [illegible] [illegible] the country.
15. Tom threw a stick [illegible] the pond.
16. A girl put some [illegible] a drawer.
17. A wagon [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and hay.

So Because

1. Lilian was [illegible] happy [illegible] father came [illegible].
2. Sal is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Lost Day

Where is the day I lost
The golden day
Beyond all price and [illegible]
That slipped away

Out of my wandering sight
My careless hold,
Where did it lift in flight
Its wings of gold?

What were the treasures rare
It bore from me?
What the pleasures I
Shall not see?

Ah, never day was yet
So fine, so fair
So rich with promise set
So free from care

As that we [illegible]
When we [illegible] say
Alas, how [illegible]
I've lost a day! — *Independent*

"There's Another Side."

[illegible]

[illegible] said the minister's [illegible]

[illegible] asked the [illegible] little [illegible] as she herself had [illegible] wrong [illegible] had not [illegible] right [illegible] at the [illegible] parish [illegible] years of [illegible] well [illegible]

Then [illegible] repeated the [illegible] this time [illegible] little [illegible] which [illegible] pity as [illegible] look of her [illegible] other [illegible]

[illegible] said [illegible]

[illegible] And [illegible] Mrs. Rabbitt if you [illegible] what I saw?"

[illegible] that daughter of theirs [illegible]

She [illegible] laughter [illegible] relation [illegible] friend's daughter [illegible] had been sick [illegible] suffered so terribly that the [illegible] and made her [illegible] And they have [illegible] and cure her. They [illegible] them [illegible] They don't say a word about it [illegible] with the help of the doctor

The visitor [illegible] almost [illegible] moment the hostess [illegible] aghast. Had she spoken too sharply, discourteously [illegible] back over the interview [illegible]

"You are [illegible] Yes, oh, you are [illegible] anything [illegible]

"Yes, I [illegible] I'm going around [illegible] ladies every single one of them."

The minister's wife held her breath for the answer. One may be very bold, but [illegible] sometimes [illegible] a great deal to offend [illegible]

"And tell them," said the caller, gathering her wraps about her, "that beautiful 'other side.'"

"Oh!" breathed the minister's wife, gratefully. "And tell them, won't you, that there always is another side — always, always! And it is our Christian business to try and find it." — *Zion's Herald*

Where Diplomacy Pays.

BY CLARA K. [illegible]

The grocer's shop and the butcher's shop are side by side. And the grocer's Johnny and the butcher's Jamie are each twelve years old. One Friday, evening not long ago the grocer — a thin, dark, nervous man — delivered an ultimatum to Johnny. "I'm short-handed," he said. "You'll have to work to-morrow."

Now Johnny had always looked forward to the day when he would be allowed to weigh out sugar and count eggs and cut bananas off the big bunch in the window. But the way his father spoke made him feel badly treated.

"Oh!" he began, protestingly, "it's the first skating, and all the fellows — "

"You get play enough," his father interposed. "It's time you were doing something to help along. When I was your age" and here followed a long list of the back breaking chores father had performed when he was twelve.

Johnny scorned to cry, but he was bitter and rebellious in his heart, and so sulky in his manner next morning that his father thought he ought to have "some of the bad nature licked out of him"; but his mother intervened.

Now it happened that on that self-same Friday evening the butcher, a round, rosy man with a jolly voice and ever a twinkle in his small blue eyes looked at Jamie as if he were measuring him, and then at Jamie's mother to whom he said:

"You wouldn't dare trust a boy that small to help in the business, would you?"

Jamie began to look as big and as responsible as he could.

"Well, I don't know," said Jamie's mother. "He's not very old, but it's quite wonderful the care he takes to do things right."

"And I'm awful strong!" said Jamie.

His father looked at him again and laughed. "I'm scared you'd fall off the wagon if I let you deliver," he said.

Jamie was incensed. "No such a thing," he pleaded. "I mean I wouldn't fall off either."

"Well [illegible] I guess you wouldn't," his father chuckled. "We'll be using the bob-sleigh [illegible]"

"Oh, let me drive, please," Jamie begged. And when, after seeming to deliberate, his father complied, Jamie went to bed beaming with happiness.

The next morning in a family scene [illegible] Jamie's mother [illegible] smallest [illegible] she could find, and Jamie was allowed to help fill the baskets before his work of delivering began.

"[illegible] some of the kids hitch?" Jamie asked.

"Oh, no," his father answered [illegible] so long as they don't both [illegible]

The [illegible] that wasn't have [illegible] skating stayed around all the morning [illegible] Jamie [illegible] to hitch on his sleigh [illegible] wonder [illegible] but he's awful [illegible] about it."

And to the end of his days [illegible] Johnny will probably [illegible] having [illegible] and Jamie will go on [illegible] feel what fun it must be to be a butcher. — *The Interior*

Victor Hugo's Faith.

At a dinner party given to Victor Hugo [illegible] Paris some years ago he delivered an impromptu address, in which he gave expression to his faith in the infinite and in the soul's immortality. His friend [illegible] who was present, says: "Hugo at that time was a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him, but with all the agility, the suppleness, the ease and grace of his best years. He was contradicting the atheists and his friend says, his face was bright with the heavenly halo and his eyes shone like burning coals.

'There are no occult forces,' he said, 'there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos, the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God. This is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me because I can also bring forth form out of my chaos. I make books which are creations. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down, the new shoots are livelier than ever. I am arising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the results of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at 20 years of age. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and songs. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say, I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.'" — San Francisco Alta.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST: 2.16 a. m.; 6.25 a. m.; 5.30 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.20 p. m.; 5.25 p. m.

EAST: 12.30 a. m.; 1.53 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 12.16 p. m.; 5.55 p. m.

MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH: 5.30 a. m.; 12.10 a. m.; 6.00 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. --- We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

THE BOOK

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TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

The price to Schools for the Deaf is thirty-five (35) cents net, plus the postage. To all others it is fifty (50) cents [illegible] plus the postage.

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LETTERS, PACKAGES---BOXES

If parents or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils address as follows:

name of pupil
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Prepay postage, express or freight charges in all cases.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday

Ephphatha Mission Hall, [illegible] Afton Avenue at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, [illegible] College St. at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock at Ephphatha Mission Hall

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday at Carlton St. Methodist church, at 8 p. m.

East End Mission meets at the Baptist church, corner of Bolton Avenue and First St. at 11 a. m. Sunday mornings.

MRS. J. R. BYRNE, Deaconess, 209 Bloor St.

MR. F. BRIGDEN, Superintendent, 103 Bond Ave.

W. LAMBERT,

THE CABMAN, BELLEVILLE.

PARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Institution, by asking for LAMBERT, THE CABMAN, at the Grand Trunk station, will be courteously treated, well looked after, and charged moderate rates, as follows: One adult from G. T. Station or city to Institution, or from Institution to city or G. T. Station, each way, 30 cents. Children, half fare. Mr. Lambert attends all trains. Telephone 41

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward to them particulars concerning this Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes

SCHOOL HOURS: From 8.45 a. m. to [illegible] p. m., with recess from 10.40 to 11 during which lunch is served to the pupils. Preparatory classes dismissed at 12 o'clock.

AS SOON AS THE PUPILS ASSEMBLE in the class-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer. At 1 o'clock the pupils will assemble in the chapel and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and Instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for the assembling of pupils.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises

EVERY SUNDAY. Primary pupils at 9.15 a. m., senior pupils at 11 a. m. General Lecture at 2.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever [illegible] by the pastors in charge.

[illegible] VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. G. W. Beamish (Anglican), Rev. [illegible] (Presbyterian), Rev. [illegible] (Methodist), Rev. [illegible] Smith (Baptist), the Rev. Father [illegible] (Catholic).

[illegible] Sunday morning [illegible] International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Superintendent, Mr. George [illegible] Teachers: Mrs. [illegible], Miss [illegible], Miss [illegible] and M[illegible]

[illegible]

Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments

[illegible] PRINTING ROOM: Monday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons from [illegible] FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from [illegible] o'clock.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, [illegible] SHOPS from [illegible] for junior pupils and from [illegible] for senior pupils [illegible] school [illegible] Saturday when the office and shops will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS [illegible] arrange from time to time.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from [illegible] [illegible] Saturday afternoons.

[illegible] The Printing Office, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department [illegible] tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work [illegible] to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after [illegible] o'clock [illegible] as possible.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Kyle House, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and officers or employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion. Every letter addressed to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks and may write oftener if they wish. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of a 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.
ADDRESS EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge

Officers of the Institution

Teachers

POETRY

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

MISCELLANEOUS

John Markham's Hire.

Prompt People

Two Roads.

Between the cradle and the tomb,
Two roadways lead along;
Oft side by side they seem to glide—
The Right Road, and the Wrong.

Each by-path winding in and out,
However wide it strays,
Lead further back from one main track
There are but those two ways.

No guide-post points the way to go,
But deep within each soul
A knowledged voice—a sense that tells
The Right Road to the goal.

It may seem absolute at first
But when the day slants west,
The Road of Right leads full of light,
The highway of the blest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Autobiography of a Wild Canary.

(BY ONE OF HIMSELF.)

(PART II.)

The months flew by and found me building a home with the aid of my dear little mate and I missed, as the nest grew more and more complete, to sing to her, for my heart was overflowing with the joy of being alive. Forgotten were the bugs, the cats, and the sparrow hawks, and the days seemed one long dream of delight. The sun rose for me and cast its warm rays on the green, green foliage; the rain sent down drops to quench my thirst, and the thirst of all the trees and flowers; the wind blew upon the thistles to let out thistle-down to aid me in lining my nest, there was no fear, no foreboding. And I swayed with the breeze, sang with the tinkling brook, and flitted over the meadow at my own sweet will. Soon I was home the whole happy day in aiding my mate to fill the mouths of our little ones. They opened their eager little bills for food whenever they heard us coming, for they were always very hungry.

One fateful day, my little mate did not re-appear when first she went for food. With a heavy heart I worked steadily on. If I stopped to look for her my little ones would surely starve, for now I had to do the work of two, and at night I was well nigh exhausted.

Where in the wide world was my dear little mate? Alas, intuition told me she had fared as many wild creatures do, and fallen into the cruel clutches of a boy!

The next day, and the next, found me still at work carrying food again and again to the edge of the nest, for the little ones were not satisfied with the work of one, and I feared they would die. I paused at length at the roadside to take breath. But I was shining just as brightly as ever, the grass was green, and all the birds were singing happily in the branches, the brook was rippling merrily as it flowed over the pebbles, but, alas, I could not enjoy it now, for my heart was sad with the loss of my loved one, and my little birdlings were hungry.

I was so deep in my reverie that I never noticed that the boy who had murdered my little brother had been drawing stealthily near me and now, as I lifted my wings to fly homeward, a net fell suddenly over me and I was a prisoner! I will draw a veil over the days that followed! Days when I could not hear the thought of food for I knew my little ones were dying in their nest! Oh, the agony of the thought! And yet my captor tried to be very kind to me. There was true pity in his clear eyes when I would not eat, and he tried many ways to tempt me. At last, hours after I knew my dear ones were dead, I took food once again, but my heart was very heavy within me.

Near me hung a large canary in a cage, and I had great difficulty in understanding his language. He sang shrilly, and looked well-fed and happy. I asked him if he did not miss the bright sky and free range over the fields. But he looked at me pityingly out of one eye and sang the louder.

"Do you never long for freedom?" I asked.

"Freedom!" he said, picking a seed delicately from the dish and cracking it. "Freedom?" and the husks fell on either side. "I am free! I have the whole of this cage to myself, and sometimes I am allowed to flit about the room besides."

"But do you not care that you are shut in a cage?"

"I have lived all my life in a cage, aye, and my father, and grand-father, and great-grand-father, for generations before me. Why should I care?"

"Oh, it is different with me," I said, leaning against the bars. "I have left the whole of heaven, the inheritance of God, to be inclosed within this narrow space! I have left my little ones to starve to death while I have plenty! Oh, if I could but get out again!" And I beat against the bars with all my strength.

"Don't be idiotic!" said the tame canary, sharply. "You will kill your self! Sing, as I do, and perhaps they will let you flit about the room." And he burst again into loud song.

But my thoughts were too dismal for me to sing, and I crouched in the corner of the cage and brooded over my troubles.

Day in, day out, the same dreary round of monotony met my gaze, and though when winter had passed away and spring came once more I tried to sing again, my heart was not in the song.

In early summer the boy forgot one day to close the door of my cage, and, though I was hanging in the open window, I did not notice this for some time, but sat gazing out into the bluesky and over the green fields.

"Why do you sit and mope?" said the tame canary, nibbling at a lump of sugar. "Why can you not be cheerful as I am?"

"Look at the stretch of space," I answered. "My birthright, that I am deprived of."

"It looks very uninteresting to me," he answered, "but since you think so much of it why do you not return to your green fields? You are free. Your cage is open!"

With a glad cry I slipped through the door-way and darted out into space.

Oh, the joy of being free once more! But for weeks I could not use my wings as once I did, for the long confinement within the prison bars had robbed them of their freedom of action.

And now I am once again a wild creature under my God's skies. But I can never again be as happy and light-hearted as I was in my younger days, for my little mate is gone forever, my little birdlings have starved to death, my little brother is murdered and I have lost all trace of my friends and relations. I must wander, a lone, broken-hearted bird, over the face of the earth until I too fall at the crack of a rifle, or am tortured to death by a boy, if such be my fate.

A Day Without Electricity.

Suppose by some great catastrophe of nature all electricity should cease some night at the mystic hour of midnight, that the giant water wheels and steam engines should continue to whirl the high generators but not an ampere of electricity would flow along the miles and miles of transmission wires.

Just suppose such a thing to be.

Your efforts to turn on the electric lights in the morning would be a dark and dismal failure. You would walk in vain for a street car to take you to the office. A hasty walk would take you over to your friend Brown's—but his electric door bell would not ring. By pounding on the door you finally summon him and ask to be taken down town in his auto. He is perfectly willing, but the machine cannot be budged, because the igniter, which depends upon an electric spark, will not work. Then you try to telephone in to explain your delay, but to your astonishment even this will not respond. A cab, summoned by a small boy, takes you slowly down town and leaves you in front of the tall building in a mob of people jostling each other as they hurry to their work—all of them late. The motor-driven elevator is idle. After climbing several flights of stairs you never knew existed, you enter your office and throw open all the windows, for the electric ventilating fans are not running. As effort to start the desk fan is also fruitless. Your urgent telegrams come back with the explanation that the wires are "down." After all the important letters are written you learn that the steam plants are not running. This pushes you not a little until you find out that the complicated electric signal systems are not working and without them it is unsafe to run a single train along the tracks.

A riot starts in the street, but the police cannot be called from the patrol box. A fire breaks out a few blocks away, but the fire department does not respond until a messenger has been sent on foot to the nearest fire station and told them of the disaster. No police or fire electrically-operated alarms are working in the city.

Industry after industry would be without power and thousands would be thrown out of employment. The dentist could not fill teeth; the physician could not use the X-Ray or other electrical apparatus.

The compass would not work and it would be impossible to sail the seas.

All communication from place to place and from nation to nation would cease.

The daily news service would stop. Electricity is so identified with every industry and the preparation of every product that the prices of nearly everything to eat, wear, read or use would be enormously advanced. Nearly all water power developments would be worthless, incurring the loss of millions. Coal would advance a hundred per cent in price. Steam engines would be the only form of power available for large industries and the cost of everything would go up accordingly. Of course the streets would be in total darkness every night until oil and gas lamps could be substituted.—*Mt. Airy World.*

Helping Grandmother.

Two boys were visiting grandmother. One day it rained, and the new path was full of holes.

"Oh, dear!" said grandmother, "that path ought to be rolled before the sun bakes the earth. But Tom and Fred had to need him to town for more hay."

"Can't we do it, grandmother?" asked the boys.

"I suppose you could, both of you together, but it's hard work; and then you wanted to go fishing after the rain."

"That doesn't matter, grandmother dear; we can fish another time. What's the use of having grandchildren if they can't help you once in a while?"

Grandmother's eyes filled with happy tears as she watched the dear boys tugging away so manfully to help her.—*Sel.*

A woman raves at the heathen who worship idols, and then puts on a new hat and goes into the glass for an hour.

Items of Interest.

To find diameter of a circle multiply circumference by .31831.

One cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs about 53 pounds.

Natives of the Upper Congo eat certain kinds of caterpillars.

To find side inches in a ball multiply cube of diameter by .5236.

To find side of an equal square multiply diameter by .8862.

Double rivetting is from 16 to 20 per cent. stronger than single.

To find circumference of a circle multiply diameter by 3.1461.

To find area of a circle multiply square of diameter by .7854.

To find surface of a ball multiply square of diameter by 3.1416.

Alaska has 4,000 miles of waterways navigable for steam vessels.

One cubic foot of bituminous coal weighs from 47 to 50 pounds.

Doubling the diameter of a pipe increases its capacity four times.

One ton of coal is equivalent to two cords of wood for steam purposes.

About 212,000 persons are moving picture shows in New York each day.

A gallon of water (U.S. standard) weighs 8¼ lbs. and contains 231 cubic inches.

There are nine square feet of heating surface to each square foot of grate surface.

To sharpen dull files lay them in dilute sulphuric acid until they are eaten deep enough.

As a general rule there are more police on the streets of London during the night than during the day.

A message in going from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other consumes about three seconds of time.

Steam power is equivalent to raising 33,000 lbs. one foot per minute, or 550 lbs. one foot per second.

The bale of a cow produces about thirty-five pounds of butter, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

England's expenditure per head for its army and navy is greater than that of any other country. Japan's is the lowest.

It would require a bin a mile square and 170 feet deep to hold the grain produced in the United States in an average year.

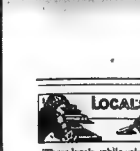
The population of the United States in 1910 was 91,972,266. This is an increase of 19,977,681 since 1900. What was the population in 1900?

Of islands in the Canada Borneo and New Guinea are accounted the two largest. As their areas have not been accurately ascertained, it is uncertain which is the larger of the two.

The biggest sponge in the world is a Habana, six feet in circumference and two feet in diameter, shaped something like a big fat biscuit or a bride's cake that failed to rise.

There is one place in the Atlantic ocean, near the Virgin Islands, where the bottom is 4¾ miles beneath the surface. Near the Ladrone Islands, in the Pacific, the depth is about five miles.

Perhaps the longest straightaway railroad ever built for experimentations is accomplished by some of the shore water birds that nest in the islands of Baring sea and spend the winter at Kodiak and Fanning Island, 2200 miles away. Inasmuch as some of these birds live entirely on the shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water, it is thought that they must accomplish the whole distances in a single flight. Yet although there are no landmarks for them upon their long journey over a waste of waters, they make their way to their destination with the precision of a rifle shot.—*New Era.*



[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written May 8th.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

"Tessa's Happy Day."

Tessa was the granddaughter of an organ-player. They had no house. The old man played his organ and Tessa danced to amuse the people and earn money to buy food and clothes. One day they arrived from one town to go to another, but they did not know the way. Tessa was tired walking, and went to sit down by the side of a pretty brook and had their supper. They slept all night in a meadow where the grass was soft. In the morning they saw a house near. They watched it and asked the man in the third there if he would give them food. Mr. and Mrs. Lane were very kind. Tessa danced for them. Mr Lane's little daughters, Martha and Nannie, wanted her to stay there all day. They all had a good time, dancing in the barn and gathering the eggs for dinner. After supper Mr. Lane drove Tessa and her grandfather to the next town, before they left. Mrs. Lane packed up some clothes and a big bag of apples and cakes.

This ends the story as it is what follows is pure imagination of the writer. D. R. G.

Tessa and her grandfather went to other towns where they succeeded. At last they came to a large town, grandfather said became very ill. The doctor went into the hospital to see him, but he went often to see him. Before he died, he gave her a gold locket to remember him by. He said to her, "Child nurse! "Take care of this little girl, Tessa, and when you grow up, you are name promised to do so. The man agter in the open-house heard that Tessa's dancing was fine and he said he employed her to dance. She did it gracefully and beautifully. It was not but her dancing was a great success, she was employed and earned money by dancing for many people in the city of Montreal, Toronto and other cities where she played and danced.

nation was passed successfully She married a gentleman who was very rich and lived happily with him, not only one child whom they loved fairly. Many years passed before they told. The child's life was short as she died from diphtheria. Her parents were sad ever after from losing their few years later Tessa died and met her grandfather and child in heaven. This story of Tessa is ended.— L. Curtis.

Friday, the 5th of May, was a fine bright day, and Dr. Coughlin kindly permitted our class to go to the Pottery. We left the Institution at nine o'clock and met Mr. Coleman at his house, after all went to the Pottery on North Front St. We were met by Mr. Bailey, the manager, who very kindly received us and showed us through.— Annie Brown.

When we entered the Belleville Pottery, we first saw the clay, which is imported from New Jersey. It is ground, washed, and all impurities substance removed. Next we entered the new pottery building room, where the turner put a lump of clay on a flat round board wheel. He put his foot on a pedal, which made the wheel go round rapidly, and he formed the bowl with his hands and fingers as the clay revolved. We saw them turning churns, bean-jars, flower pots, and other coverings.— W. Sloan.

—After leaving the turning-room, we next went into the drying-room, where we were shown the drying works, how the vessels are placed in-side and outside. There was a very large kiln, or big oven, and went into it. After the vessels are glazed they are put into this kiln which is heated to 2,000 degrees, and remain in the kiln for three days. The kiln is then opened, are taken out and placed in the storeroom ready for shipping.— E. Nelson.

—When our visit to the pottery was over, we thanked Mr. Hart for giving us an enjoyable and interesting time. Then we went into a restaurant and had ice-cream and cakes. After refreshments we visited the Public Library and then went home. Mr. Hart gave each of us small models of jars as presents to remember our visit. —Helen Barclay.

MR. CAMPBELL'S CLASS.

—Last Sunday morning I was writing a letter to my father and thought I saw a man with a white shirt working on the ground. I thought he was digging holes and putting posts in them. I told Wm. O. Burley that it was a sin for the man to work on Sunday. He looked and told me that it was a girl who was wearing a white dress. Ewart Hall called us to change at 11 o'clock. After dinner I went upstairs and sat on a bench near the window with Ewart Hall. I was writing a card to my aunt, Mrs. Annie Pye, and saw the man with the white dress still there, but I thought he was playing golf. I thought that he was fond of playing golf and play on Sunday. I watched him for a while and found that I was much mistaken as it was only a large rag that was tied to the top of a tree. It looked like a man. Wm. O. Burley and I laughed heartily as we were both fooled. We enjoyed the John on ourselves. Edward Scott Smith

Mr. Campbell told his pupils that foreigners pray to their Gods. The capital of Kwang Tung province in China, where the revolution began. The Government is powerful there and can manage the rebels. Ed. Fishleigh.

Yesterday when I was walking on the sidewalk, I saw two men fishing on the wharf and after I had finished my walk and I changed my clothes, I saw them still there. I think that they must have been there for 4 hours. I think they had good luck. J. C. McLaren.

The Literary Society assembled in the chapel. Rev. Mr. Rennilah told Mr. Campbell to ask us if we would like to go to see the exhibition of the Anglican Church. We do not know when we are to go.

George McLaren went home on the train as his father wants him to help him. I hope he will be able to help him a great deal.

Many of our drawings will be sent to the Toronto Exhibition next September. They are better than the old ones. I hope that the people will like them. Willie Burley.

We will have a holiday on May 24. I hope it will be a good one as the afternoon and evening.

The leaves are growing on the trees. Some have large buds and some robins making their nests on the branches of the trees. I forget. We did not tell the other boys about it. Roy McCallum

Mrs. Pontan Pelletier who was governor-general of Quebec passed away from paralysis. The people of Quebec have a new governor-general to succeed him. His name is Sir Henry Pelletier Taschereau. Hadley.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! we will go home and see our dear parents next Saturday. We are counting the days and weeks till we go home. Home! Home! Sweet Sweet Home!

The boat has been warm since last Saturday but it was quite cool before that.—S. I. Barber.

—On May 1st the steamer Adelia of the Bay of Quinte Navigation Co., left Kingston at 3 o'clock a. m. She used to carry freight in the lower hold, and she finally grounded in Navy Bay. The passengers got into a rowboat and were taken to shore. She is still on the rocks, but figures are expected that she will be released and repaired soon.— R. M. Geraldmy.

I heard that many people have scarlet fever on Pearson Ave. in Toronto. I know Lena Switzer who is reported to have scarlet fever. They will be four when I was a little girl.

Miss Janes and Miss Linn went to the woods a few days ago. They saw many flowers, but they looked for violets and could not find any. It is too early for them?—M. Kennedy.

Mr. Campbell told his pupils that the steamship Empress sailed from Quebec from Liverpool in England, was delayed for some time by a heavy gale in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was driven ashore on the 9th of this month. She will go with her brother and aunt to Lashburn, Sask. Her family have a farm there.—W. Sloan.

—The weather is getting cool. The leaves are getting larger. I heard that all the small plants which were not protected, were frozen on Tuesday night. The lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, etc. Hale be a scarcity of small fruits in that district this summer.—D. Hamill.

MR. BAILS' CLASS.

—On April 26th in the morning a fire broke out in the barns behind the Hastings House on Front street, and they were burned down. Last night there was another fire in the same place and the barns were burned. The fires were incendiary.

—In the afternoon fire was discovered in the basement of Wallace's sash factory, near Mill street, but was put out soon.

I heard that Wm. Martin of Smith Falls, a deaf man, walked on the C. P. R. track about six miles from the city, and was struck by a fast train and killed on April twenty-ninth. It is wrong to walk on the track.

The grass is growing fast to-day from where we burned the old grass. The grass is green. I think that we are glad spring is approaching and June is coming because we will go home. T. Brown.

There was thick ice on the ponds and still water this and yesterday morning. On third and fourth, and the wind was very cold. It snowed on the third and rained with the lawn mower. H. Berthiaume.

Mr Hails told the pupils in his class room about a boy of fifteen being shocked in a car loaded with flour in Cleveland, Ohio, last Thursday, and died on Jessey City last Monday. He had been locked in the car for five days without food or water. He was weak and nearly dead

We have pleasant weather now so we can get out of doors nearly every day. Spring is coming now and the winter is gone. We see many robins and black birds hopping on the fences, branches, fences, looking for worms for food. Some robins fight with each other and black birds. They quarrel together almost every day. Some of the boys see the robins hopping on the ground and they will very quietly toward them and they will fly away from them to get them, but the robins fly away. They were afraid and thought they would be killed. The robins are useful birds.—A. McEwen.

George McLaren went home to help his father last Wednesday noon by the afternoon train. We are looking for George to a quiet gentlemanly young man and we like him.

Mr. Ponton has let the fields next us to the Old Club to a boy will mow for him. It is said that they will mow them with a machine to the field opposite Mr. Coleman's house.

The drawing class went out sketching yesterday afternoon and had a good time.

Mrs. Coleman will leave to-day for her home in North Carolina, to stay for several months. Mr. Coleman will keep "Bachelor's Hall."

A farmer in Pennsylvania last night 5 children were home alone and his shed man was accused of stealing it and disappeared. The other day the farmer was pruning an old tree when he saw what resembled a little bank under an old cabbage root. He pulled it and was astonished to see his own pocket-book. He thought the bird must have had stolen. The money was all there but worn by the weather. It had been stolen by the crows and hidden in the robin's nest. A. Thompson.

—The C. N. E wants to have its grounds used for hospital, but the people do not wish it because of noise. The sick people would be disturbed by the noise from the cars. A.

—The first steamboat of the season came to Belleville on Monday, April twenty-fifth. Navigation is open and all the light-houses are burning their lamps.

—A little boy in Quebec named Gilgan, eleven years old, was driving with his parents on Sunday afternoon, April twenty-ninth. He sat with his back to the horse. His father was sitting in the horse with the driver. In a railroad-crossing, and the horse kicked, and with his hind feet and struck the boy in the back, killing him instantly.—L. Berthiaume.

—Men are fighting forest fires in Northumberland Co. They have been burning for a week and have destroyed several farm-houses and other property, worth a good deal of money. —E. Kindree.

—Canada may send two hundred boy scouts to England to attend the coronation. Some of us would like to go but the boy scout's uniform for pleases us. I wonder why the deaf cannot be scouts too.—J. W. McAdams.

MR. INGRAM'S CLASS.

A few days ago, I read in the Toronto *Star* that a little girl was terribly injured by being bitten by a mad dog, in Toronto. She was a beautiful child, and was playing with the dog, and making him jump up and catch pieces of meat. The dog grew angry, and attacked the girl biting her in the face. Some one badly beat a doctor had to put in several stitches. I hope that the little girl will soon be quite well, and that a policeman shot the savage dog. Lorne Fothergill.

Last week Mr Barnes told me that there were a big fire on Bridge at 10.15 o'clock. The next time I went to the city with him we visited the place where the fire was and saw that three barns were all burned down. We remained in the city when we all block and dirty. One man put the sign: No smoking on his stables because he is afraid some careless smoker might set his place on fire.— Dugan

I went to the city with Miss Masters a few days ago. She took me to Dr. Day's surgery to have a tooth pulled out. When that was done she and I went to Eaton's store, to have some ice cream. Miss Mitchell saw me and came to the store and we had some ice cream candy. I said I thank you for being so kind to me. Miss Bain is the name of the teacher with Miss Mitchell. We had a good time in the city for that afternoon. I am very much interested in having the teacher's pet. — Rose Montgomery

Yesterday it rained all day. This is the merry month of May. The trees are getting dressed and we are glad to see it. The grass is getting a little and we can go and pick dandelions and violets. The grass is getting green. Some of the girls in the fifth will also have the crocus, snapdragon, and sweet peas in their gardens. In a few weeks the roses will be in bloom and we can gather the big white daisies that grow on the lawn.— S. Scott

MRS. DAVIS' CLASS.

We will be photographed this afternoon. We will be glad to see our photographs. I saw Mr. Ponton on Saturday. Kennie said he might be over again to-day. I hope he will be. I had not seen him for a while. I think he will be here to-morrow or Wednesday. Some of the boys have been carrying water. I think many be some of the girls will go to the country again. Bella Hall.

The flowers are going to be pretty soon all. I think we are going home in about six weeks. Miss Hall of Napanee came to the west. Mr. Ponton would not let us go to the woods, last Saturday.— Glenn Bell.

Mrs. Bella read me a newspaper last night. She told me about soda water that consumers get it in soda water. I shall not buy soda water.

I saw a frogs eggs. Mrs. Bell showed some frogs eggs to me. She threw them out of the water because some boys were afraid to be in the water.

We saw many nice flowers in a Masters' garden last Saturday when we walk on the side walks last Sunday.

We saw many frogs eggs in the water. I shall not buy soda water for a pound in the week and Sunday. Ry Blake

MISS BURKE'S CLASS.

I think I shall go home on June 28 or 29. I saw some pretty flowers on Sunday. It is spring. Leaves on the trees. The trees. Mr. Lane gave Peronto me on Saturday. I caught one and some eggs on Saturday. I saw some pollywogs on Saturday. April twenty-ninth. Mr Bails talked to us on chapel on Sunday. Perhaps I shall go to church next Sunday. J. Marshall.

Miss Lang took a picture of Miss Burke and me in the photograph. Miss Burke gave a picture to me on Saturday. I like it. I shall send it to mother. Jessie Marshall.

We shall write letters home next week. Perhaps mother and father will come to see us. I like Mr. Ewart. I think they will drive a horse and cutter. I shall go home in June. I shall try to help my mother every day. H. Johnston.

We shall have a good time in summer. The flowers and grass will grow. The flowers smell very nice. We like them. The grass is green. We like to play on it. We shall see a great many caterpillars on the trees. We shall go home on June 21st in summer. We shall have three months holiday. We shall enjoy our holidays. I think it will be fine and hot in summer.—A Steele.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn typesetting, and from that knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mutes elsewhere.

Third—To furnish a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the institution; the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the welfare, care and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cents for the school year payable in advance; postage prepaid by publishers. Subscribers should remember to pay promptly the year through, by money order postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us but not unless we do not have a paper sent them. Always suppose when the envelope expires, blank, subscription ceases. The date on each envelope or wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

All communications on matters of business are to be addressed from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing valuable is wanted the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few space advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

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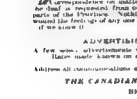

ORIN STEWART EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY MAY 15. 1911

Other Schools for the Deaf.

During the last few years very great improvements have been made in the buildings and plant of many of the States, schools for the deaf in the United including, in several instances, the erection of new and costly buildings, two of these costing about million dollars each. Many of the other Institutions are following along the same lines, and it will not be long before, in nearly every state, the facilities provided for the education of the deaf will be commensurate with the requirements and importance of the work. From various exchanges we cull the following items, showing what is being done or projected in a number of the states:

The Colorado school asks for $75,000 to build a new fire-proof building for the boys. It also wants some money for a linotype for the printing office. The attendance is 151 and there are 14 teachers.

The California school has asked for $45,000 with which to build a new industrial building, and $15,000 for its equipment. The old building was destroyed by fire last fall.

The Michigan school wants $200,000 for a new assembly hall, $41,000 for a machine room addition to the industrial schools, and $6,000 for additional water supply. The attendance is 300 and it has 28 teachers.

The Missouri school asks $6,000 for a dairy barn to house the recently purchase herd of Holstein cows; $11,000 is wanted for a superintendent's cottage, $60,000 for salaries (2 years) and $125,000 for maintenance. The attendance is 313 and it has 26 teachers.

The Colorado school built a new industrial building and utilized the old building as a home for the small children. Forty-six of the little folks now receive the attention and care which their nature and condition requires, apart from the older pupils.

The Washington school for the deaf and blind at Vancouver was generously remembered by the legislature of that state with an appropriation of $220,000. Of this amount $100,000 will be expended in the erection of three new buildings.

Our Montana friends are especially pleased for being so kindly remembered at the hands of the state legislature. The total appropriation for the biennial term is $266,000. For additional buildings $60,000 has been set aside for 1911 and $80,000 for 1912.

Oklahoma has an appropriation of a quarter of a million for the present biennial period. Of this sum, $135,000 is for new buildings. Added to the $100,000 appropriated two years ago for building and equipment, this makes a splendid beginning.

The Alabama School received $65,000 for improvements to their buildings and grounds, and particularly, to adequate school room.

The Minnesota Legislature has granted $180,000 toward the construction of a new main building for the School for the Deaf. Other buildings will be added next year.

The Kansas Legislature appropriated $126,250 for the Kansas School for the next two years. Of this sum $30,000 is for a hospital. The teachers of the school agitated the matter of a rise in salaries for the male teachers and were successful, $4,580 having been given them for that purpose. The school was also placed in the list of educational institutions of the state as a fill, which however, it seems likely the governor will veto.

The friends and former pupils of the Belleville School, throughout the west while regretting the misfortune which befell that school in the outbreak of small-pox, will join in congratulations upon the speedy termination of that disease. They had only one case, and fortunately the victim had been in the hospital on account of another ailment when the disease developed or there might have been a serious epidemic. The contagion is thought to have originated from the pupils' letters, and in future that school will disinfect all mail and express parcels before they are distributed. This is an excellent thing to do. *—Silent Echo.*

King George V., of England, has more thrones than any other monarch in the world. There are three in the London palaces, one in the House of Lords, one at Westminster, and one sixth at Winter Castle. The most ancient is at Westminister, where each ruler of Great Britain is crowned. The new coronation chair is a massive throne of oak in which seven Edwards and four Georges have sat. Beneath the seat there is a sandstone block known as the "Stone of destiny." The throne in the House of Lords is of Hermese task and is carved and gilded and studded with crystals.

These are twelve great ports of the world, in order of their importance: New York, Antwerp, London, Hamburg, Hong Kong, Liverpool, Montevideo, Marseilles, Shanghai, Liverpool, Kobe, Genoa. Would you have named them in that order? London was first only a few years ago. Antwerp is likely to be first a few years hence. The two ports of greatest increase in ten years are Kobe and Montevideo. While New York stands first on the list of important ports Around none of its foreign trade is carried in American vessels, but is largely in the hands of British, French and German owners.

Where It Is Appreciated.

Boys and girls who are wont to entertain the foolish idea that they are doing the school a favor by doing the work required of them while learning a trade will do well to note an item in another column about how the boys in England learn the printer's trade.

The item tells us that in order to learn the printer's trade he must serve an apprentice for five years and pay the master a sum equal to about $75 in American money. This is paid partly by the school and partly by a church society.

Think of that, boys! Five years apprenticeship and a bonus for the privilege of learning a trade! And yet we know some of you who actually seem to think you are imposed upon when you are asked to hustle and move a little more energetically, as the stick you are using will not get rusty waiting for the next type to fall in.

We know some of you who go so far as to grumble and figure out how much the school owes you for the great amount of work you are doing for it!

No that item is a healthy antidote for you to read. The boy who is willing to work almost for five years and pay for the privilege certainly appreciates the value of what he is getting.

But it was always so. People get things too easily, and fail to appreciate them. It is only when it is too late and after leaving school the boy runs up against the hard knocks administered to those who in the race for position that he begins to realize his foolishness and wish he had back again the opportunity offered by his school. *Ex.*

A communication from our school physician raises the question as to whether some of our pupils are not in danger of forming the habit of "doctoring." He calls attention to the fact that if the pupils run to the doctor for each trifling ailment when they grow up in the way they do now, bankruptcy is sure to follow.

There is much truth in what the Doctor says. Many of the pupils get the idea that for every little bump and bruise they must have medical advice, and expect to be excused from school and shop duties for the most trifling causes. It is decidedly rather to much sap in the pupils a sentiment in favor of "enduring hardness as a good soldier," and the officers should use discrimination in granting such excuses from school or shop work. At the same time, in cases where the officer can have no means of judging whether or not a child is to be hospited is advisable for a complaining child he should make it an invariable rule to err on the safe side. *—Kentucky Standard.*

Setting Types by Wireless.

A Danish inventor is perfecting a machine by which he can set type with an ordinary linotype machine in Paris by wireless waves thrown from London. The inventor, Hans Knudsen, is already famous for his achievements with liquid air. He claims that he has already successfully experimented with the machine and has transmitted three thousand words an hour at a distance just as if an operator were working the machine. "The time is not far distant," he states, "when, with my invention, London correspondents for New York newspapers will be able to send their news straight to the printing press through a Marconi operator." Mr. Knudsen sent a photographic picture of King Edward and Queen Alexandra from one room of a hotel through a wall and into another room, without wires, and the pictures were easily recognizable.—The Young People.

The Bravery of the Safe Side.

Working in a mill and its swiftly running saw, a young man held to himself, "I can push the piece of board half an inch nearer to the teeth and not be in any danger." He thought he was saying a true word, and he tried it. Today he has two fingers less on that hand than he had before he tried that unwise thing.

Another young man knew he ought not to try to put a belt on a wheel when it was running rapidly. He took the chances and came near losing his life.

On most lines of railway there is a rule which warns men against coupling cars with their hands: "Lift the link with a stick. Never take your hand! that rule says. And yet there are men all over the country with hands maimed for life or lost because they took the risk of disregarding the company's rule and coupling cars with their fingers.

There is something in the minds of a great sure, and especially young men, that makes them like to see how near they can come to danger and then run away. To take a foot on the open hole in the ice, to drive the carriage nearly to the edge of the precipice, to stay under dangerous larks till the last moment, seems the brave thing to do.

But the truth of facts, most of these things is really brave. If duty calls us to a post of danger; if the voice of God bids us go, we are brave when then we are right in heeding the call; but to run into danger risks to profit just for the sake of challenging the admiration of someone, is simply foolish and only that.

There is always bravery in keeping on the safe side.

Have you ever heard young people say, "I can play cards if I want to and not be tempted?" Or, perhaps the young man you are walking down the street with makes great boast for his safety by saying, "There is no danger for me in this saloon. I know enough to keep clear of all the wickedness done in there."

Keep one who says such things as this is doing a worse thing than to push his hands near the whirling saw. Not a finger, not a life is in danger; a soul may be lost.

It is always safe to keep far away from sin. He is born and free from evil.—Edgar L. Vincent, in Epworth Herald.

The Daisy.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to a daisy which grew, and said, "What are you doing for me?"

The daisy answered, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my heights hangs the bell which the peasants men will gather and bring into the palace for you."

And the prince said: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he came to a maple and he said, "What are you doing?"

And the maple said: "I am making the nests for the birds, and shelter the cattle with my leaves and spreading branches."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, that give up your time for others."

And then he came to the daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said: "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said: "Nothing! Nothing! I cannot make a sweeping place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send forth its fragrance, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows—for they do not care for it in the meadow—all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said: "There is none better than thou!"—Dr. Jessan Abbott.

A little learning often makes a man unfit company for himself.

I believe in work. I never forget for one moment that time is precious. I never forget that the sun does not stand still, and if a man is not careful the sun will be down with his work unfinished. It is easy enough to accomplish something if you set out for it in earnest.—*F. Hopkinson Smith.*

Ontario Association of the Deaf.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy"

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1911

HOME, SWEET HOME

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home

To Parents and Friends:

The present term will close on Wednesday, June 21st, 1911. An officer of the Institution will accompany those who are to travel on the Main Lines of Railways, taking care of them and their baggage to the points agreed upon.

The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other Railway Companies have generally agreed to issue return tickets at single fare, good until September 18th, 1911.

It is important that parents or friends standing on the platform of the station when the train arrives. If your does not arrive on the train signalled, telegraph this office promptly at our expense.

The fare is the same whether the child returns in school or not. Semi-annual fare is Wm. Cochrane, Dorcas, by Post Office Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter. This is important. The officer you send the money the moneyorder will assist us in making our arrangements here.

The next term will begin on Wednesday, September 13th, and I trust all pupils will be sent back promptly I leave the rail road on the train it enables us to trace missing baggage.

Yours faithfully,

C. B. COUGHLIN,
Superintendent

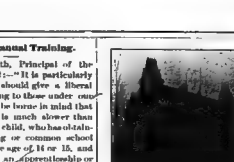
A Gem

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, say that you will make the day blessed to a fellow creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the dejected—tribes in themselves—light as air—will do it at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person away happy through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred persons happy—at all events, for a time."—Selected.

Value of Manual Training.

Douglass Keith, Principal of the California school:—"It is particularly urgent that we should give a liberal industrial training to those under our care, for it must be borne in mind that their education is much slower than with the normal child, who has obtained a fair working or common school education at the age of 14 or 15, and can then begin an apprenticeship or prepare for some vocation. Our pupils, however, have to remain in school until they are 19 or 21 before attaining this standard. They are thus debarred on account of being so much behind from apprenticeship, or, unless they receive manual training here, they will be sent out in the world labouring under a very serious handicap, and with a penalization of several years to compete with normal people in the struggle for existence

"To my mind, the economic value of the education of the deaf and the blind is much impaired unless manual training goes hand in hand with it. Such manual training, as it is expected of us, and rightly so, by the people of the State who bear the burden of the expense, that we should send out pupils who are able to support themselves. This can be made possible with the deaf. Indeed, they are never objects of charity, and in many of the large cities provide good times in the field of art and science, the professions, and the business world."



MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND. MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF

As a rule in Montreal, we have jumped from winter into summer. The trees and girls are more than delighted to be able to run out without having to put on hats, coats, etc. I am afraid they are not quite so pleased at the prospect of having three written examinations. These begin on Monday, May the fifteenth. The classes have all been working for the past week or two and we hope for good results from all of our work.

Later on the Annual Examinations will take place, when clergymen of the different denominations will inspect the classes. In the Blind Department of the Institution we are preparing for examination at the Montreal College of Music. We hope he will be successful. Dame Music (the youngest blind pupil aged seven years) is making wonderful progress in music. The girls are all busy learning dressmaking and the boys are busy at the wood-turning.

The Institution is closing down this month. The work done has been of a good character, and last but not least came short carriers.

The pupils will not take place until the last week in the month. Fourth of May is our Superintendent Dr. Hutchison's day. He will distribute medals from their studies. Some time in June we will have an outing up the mountain.

Quite a number of the grad ates of last year are married Sunday.

The children are all anticipating their summer holidays. They are counting out only the weeks but the days. Soon the hours will be counted. A card from Mr. Walter Mobson, time Miss Kingsmore informs Juanita Harrod that he is having a very pleasant summer in Italy.

Mrs. Robert White, an organist by her daughter Mrs. Norman Wilson, visited the Institution lately.

We are pleased to know that our kind President is expecting himself in New York and hope he will return safely back to the city. His cheery visits are much missed

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. McLean of Lion Lake, visited the Institution last week

From a correspondent we learn that Mr. Evan Lapoete was to have been married at Ottawa on the 9th inst. We did not learn the name of the bride, but will have fuller particulars in our next

Mr. Fred Bands of Wilson E. Bowen may now address him at North Battleford, Sask. He has taken up a homestead there and is doing well. Mr. Bowen reports that Mr. and Mrs. Leslie are prospering.

—Earl, brother of Cyril Leger, of our school, had a narrow escape from drowning lately. He fell into a flume but was rescued by a companion. If the accident had been fatal it would be his second, and so another brother was drowned a few years ago.

If You Want to Be Beloved

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of your friend and intimate friend.

Don't undermine anything because you covet success.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all that you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Do

Be worships God most who works most for humanity.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Neil A. McGillivray and H. W. Roberts were in Hamilton on April 30th, where the latter assisted in the Sabbath services for the deaf

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Byrne badly sprained their left ankles the first of the month all summer. Of course Mr. Byrne will work on the city, paying his family every week. Good Pay. A fine good companion for Mr. and Mrs. R. Slater, who are also raising boy.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Stanbitz, Bedford on the arrival of a new son on May 1 28th. Mrs. Stanbitz was formerly Miss Phoebe Gauthier, of Berlin. Arthur Bolton Stanbitz is his name.

The chap who said that the party needs no introduction, had better take to the tall timbers and remain there or else surely mind it is safe to emerge with such a statement for health had the re-bound of the majority previously reported, died away when the welcome hour was again announced with words of another happy social gathering. This time it was given by Mr. John Mary Barth at their country home, on April 28th to a host of our friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Light Ford the time to satisfy spirit to a most enjoyable was and after a most delightful repast was taken of all went home in happy spirits.

We are pleased to see Mr. F. H. Redden around again, he is off work on account confinement of Mrs. Redden a septic throat. Mr. Redden is the organ and following in the wake Redden there is one more to the ever increasing number to be born this month. We understand that Mr. Redden has had a number of best and lucky cause short carriers.

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If You Want to Be Beloved

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of your friend and intimate friend.

Don't undermine anything because you covet success.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all that you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Do

Be worships God most who works most for humanity.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Neil A. McGillivray and H. W. Roberts were in Hamilton on April 30th, where the latter assisted in the Sabbath services for the deaf

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Byrne badly sprained their left ankles the first of the month all summer. Of course Mr. Byrne will work on the city, paying his family every week. Good Pay. A fine good companion for Mr. and Mrs. R. Slater, who are also raising boy.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Stanbitz, Bedford on the arrival of a new son on May 1 28th. Mrs. Stanbitz was formerly Miss Phoebe Gauthier, of Berlin. Arthur Bolton Stanbitz is his name.

The chap who said that the party needs no introduction, had better take to the tall timbers and remain there or else surely mind it is safe to emerge with such a statement for health had the re-bound of the majority previously reported, died away when the welcome hour was again announced with words of another happy social gathering. This time it was given by Mr. John Mary Barth at their country home, on April 28th to a host of our friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Light Ford the time to satisfy spirit to a most enjoyable was and after a most delightful repast was taken of all went home in happy spirits.

We are pleased to see Mr. F. H. Redden around again, he is off work on account confinement of Mrs. Redden a septic throat. Mr. Redden is the organ and following in the wake Redden there is one more to the ever increasing number to be born this month. We understand that Mr. Redden has had a number of best and lucky cause short carriers.

The pupils will not take place until the last week in the month. Fourth of May is our Superintendent Dr. Hutchison's day. He will distribute medals from their studies. Some time in June we will have an outing up the mountain.

Quite a number of the grad ates of last year are married Sunday.

The children are all anticipating their summer holidays. They are counting out only the weeks but the days. Soon the hours will be counted. A card from Mr. Walter Mobson, time Miss Kingsmore informs Juanita Harrod that he is having a very pleasant summer in Italy.

Mrs. Robert White, an organist by her daughter Mrs. Norman Wilson, visited the Institution lately.

We are pleased to know that our kind President is expecting himself in New York and hope he will return safely back to the city. His cheery visits are much missed

PERSONALITIES.

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Morning Prayer.

Oh, may I be strong and brave, today,
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say,
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine,
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and right
I would lift the world, and when,
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright
I came to the calm of the starlit night,
Let me rest in peace.—Anon.

Niram Waterman.

A Regular Customer.

Bruce was a Scottish dog that lived in Edinburgh, writes a young correspondent of the New York "Tribune." His master kept a grocery store, and Bruce used to pass almost every day with meat pies to sell. He carried a bell and rang it now and then to let people know when he was coming. He asked only a penny apiece for his pies, but they were small, and an English penny is worth two of our cents. One day Bruce was sitting at the door of the store, when the pie man came along. He saw the dog's wistful look and gave him a pie. Bruce wagged his tail for Thank you, and ate the pie.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, went the bell next day. Bruce bounded out into the store, caught the pie man's coat in his teeth and would not let him go. He did not tear the coat, but showed very plainly that he meant to keep the man there until he gave him a pie. The dog's master stood in the doorway. The pie man took a penny out of his pocket, showed it to the dog and pointed to his master. Bruce understood. He bounded to his master's side, put his forepaws on him, wagged his tail and looked down his face with eager, entreating eyes. The penny was given, and Bruce took it in his mouth to the man and bought his pie.

Every day after that he watched for the pie man, and the moment he heard the bell he ran to his master and begged for a penny. It was never refused, and so Bruce became a regular customer: a good one, too, as he always paid promptly and never found fault.—Ex.

Don't Be Touchy.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the business of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are terribly touchy. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see imperfections in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary inattentiveness to them fancied. Of course, such a mental condition is due to too much thinking about self and to an exaggerated self esteem, even though unconscious. The best remedy is to persistently put thoughts of self out of mind.—Find something more absorbing and more elevating to think about. If you are one of the touchy ones, and you'll soon lose the habit.

The Clock that Would Not Tick.

Archie Beldon's father had bought him an alarm clock.

'Now, take good care of it, my boy,' Mr. Beldon said. 'Wind it every night when you go to bed, and obey when it calls you in the morning. That will save other people a great deal of trouble. It isn't easy to run to the top floor mornings to call a boy to breakfast.'

'All right, sir; thank you,' Archie returned, and then he carried his clock to his room, feeling so proud to think that the clock was his own.

Several days had passed, and both the clock and the boy had behaved nobly. The clock kept good time, and the boy jumped out of bed when he heard the alarm.

There came a morning, however, when there was a complaint against the clock.

'Father,' said Archie, 'that clock is no good; it won't tick any more.'

'Won't eh? Do you wind it up every night?'

'Yes, sir; and this morning I shook it to get it going again, but it was no use.'

'Well, the man where I bought it said he would keep it in order for a year. Bring it down and I'll stop with it this morning on my way to business.'

So Mr. Beldon went off with the clock. That evening he brought it back with him.

'My boy,' he said, handing the timepiece to Archie, 'do you know what was the matter with it?'

'No sir.'

'You hadn't wound it up.'

Hadn't I? Archie asked, insurprise. He could scarcely believe it.

'You know you went to bed late last night, his mother reminded him.

There, I took the clock down to the man and was laughed at as soon as he examined it. If I had not been in such a hurry this morning, I should have found out the trouble myself. Mr. Beldon said. Next time, laddie, when you find things going wrong, be sure that you have done your whole duty by them before you complain.'—Christian Work.'

He Died For Me.

The Rev. T. W. Booth tells this story:

A stranger was seen one day approaching a neglected grave in Nashville, Tenn. He had a flower in his hand, which he laid upon the grave. The warden stepped to his side and asked if his brother or father were buried there.

'No,' said the stanger, 'he was not a relative. I will tell you about him When the war broke out I could not enlist, though I wanted to. I had a wife and seven children and we were poor. At last I was drafted. I had no money to hire a substitute, so I made ready to go, leaving my family to get along as best they could. Just then a young man came to me and said: 'You have a large family. Your wife cannot possibly feed and clothe them. I will go in your place.'

'He went, was wounded at Chickamauga, taken to the hospital at Nashville, and here he died. Ever since then I have wanted to come and see his grave, but was not able to pay the car fare. At last I have saved up enough for that, and I have come from Illinois to see my dear friend's grave.' Tears streamed down the man's cheeks as he stooped and set a little slab beside the mound, on which were cut the words: 'He died for me.'

If man to man could be so touchingly and unselfishly grateful, what should we not do for Him who crowneth us daily with benefits, and gave his life for us?—Selected.

Wholesome Counsel for A Young Man.

"Graphic," in the Chicago *Advance*, gives this wholesome advice to young men:

"I have looked at Niagara with rapt admiration, but I never said, 'Don't do it.' I look at the young man with far greater admiration, and I am not going to my Don't to him, at least not this time.

"No, young man, I say Do. Do your best. If you are in school, do your best; if you are in a shop, do your best; if you are running an engine or holding a plow, do your best.

"Read the best books and the best magazines and the best newspapers. Associate with the best people. Take counsel of your mother, for she loves you with the love of an angel. Talk matters over with your father, for he is loaded up with life heart-throbs. Think the best thoughts. Cherish the best ideals. Admire the best heroes. Walk up and down the pages of history with the noblest and truest men. Fix your eye on the brave spirits who stood in the storms, who faced the wrath of man and did not quail, who suffered in fire and smiled in the flames, who took the world's welfare on their great hearts, and moved the race upward.

"Go deeply into the thoughts of the men and women who, whether in philosophy, poetry or romance, have interpreted to us the mysteries of our striving, of the fever and the fret of this daily life. And look deeper still into the law of being which declares itself every day. Listen to the daily story of human transgression and penalty and woe as you would to a blast of the trumpet calling the dead to judgment. Be quick to hear and quick to do the commandments, whether spoken amid the thunders of Sinai or among the walls of human experience.

"Be brave; be strong. Be a man. Be a follower of the one perfect Son of man.

Aaron Pepper's Horse.

A friend sends us the following:

On the bank of the Mohawk River, midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is totally blind. They frequently resort to the islands in the river for pasturage by fording the stream at a point near the dwelling, the blind mare usually following. During the occurrence of a severe freshet the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream, then their blind companion followed. In a few minutes all were struggling against the rapid current, and failing to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind beast became separated from them and drifted a considerable distance below until she gained a foothold. There, discovering the loss of her mate, and realising her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. What was the result? One of the animals breasted the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it to the island retreat, which both reached in safety.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

About A Bear.

One day two men brought a big brown bear to school. It danced and played with the man. One man fought with it. The bear threw the man on the grass and put its foot on him. We were afraid the bear would bite the man but he did not. We enjoyed seeing the bear very much and hope they will come again soon.—*Little Men and Messenger.*

A Bee Trap.

BY ANNA J. SULLARD.

Way down in Trinidad grows a beautiful bush all covered with bright yellow flowers. They are so sweetly perfumed that they greatly attract the busy bees that each day hum and fly in their direction to sip the sweetness of the honey concealed in the yellow cups. But one morning as I peered at this bush I saw more moving things on the yellow petals, so I drew nearer to see more to watch. On came the bees as usual; but alas! the moving objects in the bush were yellow spiders: they quickly entangled the bees who had come for a fine breakfast, and there they struggled for life and freedom.

"We are caught," they hummed. Not far off, not a stone's throw from that bush, was another, crowded with white blossoms, not quite so fragrant as the blossoms of their neighbor. I sat between the plants, wondering how I could assist the reckless bees that had become so entangled in the yellow bush when I heard a peculiar humming in the white bush. Lo, many other bees sought that shrub and came to dip into the honey made ready for them. I watched breathlessly to see them slip into the snares. Suddenly there was an unusual noise, a fluttering of gauzy wings, and that bush also was alive with white spiders, that had been silently and cunningly hiding and spinning webs to catch these bees.

"We are free!" they hummed, "we are free! So let us help our friends in the yellow bush yonder." Then away they flew. They tore apart the yellow spiders' webs, the deceit of which they well understood, using thy saws with which Dame Nature had provided them. They succeeded in freeing the other bee cousins, before they had fainted away in the softly spun nets of their enemies.

How the Magpie built her Nest.

Once on a time several birds noticed what a fine, strong nest a magpie had, so they went to ask her how she built it.

"Well, I'll show you," said the magpie. "First, lay two sticks across, so."

"I said that was the way," said the crow.

"Then put a few more like this."

"Who doesn't know that," said another magpie never told the other birds how to make a roof. That is the reason why the other birds never have learned how to put a roof over their nests.—Primary Education.

The Measure.

The ancient judge sat before the scales of worth.

"Bring forth the royal treasure!" he said, and the burrying slaves poured into the huge pan sacks of golden metal, caskets of sparkling gems until it seemed as if all of the wealth of earth was there. Yet the balance never stirred.

"Let the learnings of the ages be added," came the order, and toor upon toor of the wisdom of sages, philosophers, scientists and poets was heaped upon the pile. And still the great arm of the scales remained high in air.

"Add now the men of power and high position," said the judge, "and the scale will fall." But all in vain.

"But what is the other side that outweighs all these?" asked one.

"It is character," said the judge.

All the Birds Have Come Again.

All the birds have come again,
Come with joyous singing,
Through the meadow and the wood
Heap their voices ringing.
Robin, bluebird, thrush and all
Listen to their merry call,
Joy and life are bringing.

Welcome May.

Welcome, welcome, lovely May,
Breath so sweet and smiles so gay,
Sun and dew, and gentle showers
Welcome month of flowers.

Welcome, violets, sweet and blue
Drinking cupsful morning dew,
Welcome, lambs so full of glee
Welcome, busy bee.

King Alfred

I think you have heard, children," said daddy one evening in response to a bedtime story for Evelyn and Jack, about the good King Alfred, who reigned in England more than a thousand years ago. He was one of the best kings England ever had, and many stories are told about him. A very many one is the story of his being scolded by a poor woman for letting the cakes burn. He had been defeated by his enemies, the Danes, and had to run away for his life. When the poor woman who gave him shelter and kept a watch her cakes he forgot all about them and let them burn.

"But I want to tell you the evening we King Alfred fooled the Danes. The Danes were good fighting men, and they had gone to England from their own country with the idea of taking England from the English, the English people were not as strong as the Danes and could do little against them until Alfred became king. Even he could not keep the Danes, although he defeated them in some battles, so that the old England was divided between the English and the Danes.

"One time King Alfred was making ready to fight against the Danes. They were encamped in a strong place, and they were very careful not to let any of the English know near the camp. Alfred could not find out how many of them there were or how well armed they were. You see, it is a very good thing for a general to learn how many men his enemy has so he may learn whether or not he has enough men to beat them. This is what Alfred wanted to know, but the Danes caught every one of his men whom he sent near their camp to spy on them. So the king made up his mind to go himself.

"He was a very good player on the harp, and he knew that the Danes were fond of harp playing. The king dressed himself as a harp player, therefore, and went to the camp of the Danes. They did not think that the poor harper who begged that he might be allowed to play for them could be the English King. They let him go wherever he wished in their camp, and he remained in the tent of the Danish king and played for him. Whenever he went King Alfred kept his eyes and his ears wide open, and you may be sure that he soon learned all that could be learned about the enemy. Then when he had a good opportunity he left the camp and he went back to his own people. The knowledge he had gained of the enemy proved of great help to him and his soldiers when it came to fighting against the Danes. The English won a great battle from the enemy.

"But King Alfred was more than a fighter. He was a learned and wise man, and he taught many things to his people.

It is possible to go wrong in many ways; but we can go right in one way only.—Aristotle.

The Useful Dog.

One evening daddy was asked by Jack and Evelyn to tell them a story about a dog, for the two young-sters are both fond of animals. So daddy told them the story of a dog which went marketing for his master.

"This dog," said daddy, "was a big black Newfoundland dog, a very intelligent animal, which had been trained by his master to go to market with a basket and a piece of money to buy meat for the family dinner. The man used to write the order on a piece of paper and put it with the money in the basket. Then the dog would carry the basket to the butcher's and wait patiently until the order was filled. The butcher used to give him a bit of sausage or something else for himself, so the dog was fond of going on the errand. Of course he never touched the meat which he had to carry home.

"The dog's name was Nero. One morning Nero had been to the butcher's and was on his way home with the meat in the basket. Turning a corner, he passed two dogs fighting, and of course he had to stop to see what the trouble was. For a short time he watched the two animals growling each other, and then he became excited and wanted to take a hand, or a paw, in the quarrel. He dropped his basket and plunged in, and as he was a big, strong dog in a few minutes he had whipped both the other two animals.

"What when Nero turned around to look after his basket there was something wrong. He picked up the basket and found that it was much lighter than it had been. The reason was that during the fight another dog, a hungry one, had come along, had smelled the meat and had stolen it.

"What was poor Nero to do? He looked very much puzzled when he noted around the basket and found that the meat was really gone. He thought everywhere, inside and outside of the basket, and whined and growled to himself as if he did not know what to do next. Some one must have told the dog and his daily errand watched Nero to see what he would do, and they were greatly surprised in a few minutes to see him pick up the basket by the handle and run straight back to the butcher's shop.

"When he got there he looked in. The butcher and his men were all busy, so Nero walked up to the block, picked up a fine steak which was lying there, put it in the basket and ran out as fast as he could run home. Of course the men told the butcher, and Nero's owner paid for the steak.

"Another time, as Nero was on his way home with the meat, he was stopped by another dog even bigger than himself which tried to steal the meat from the basket. But it was no use, for Nero gave him a sound thrashing."

Possibilities of a Bar of Iron.

The man who takes the first bar may be a roughneck laborer, who has only partly learned his trade and has no ambition to rise above his anvil. He thinks that the best possible thing he can do with the bar is to make a few horseshoes and congratulates himself upon his success. He reasons that the rough lump of iron is worth only two or three cents a pound, and that it is not worth while to spend much time or labor on it. His enormous muscles and small skill have raised the value of the iron from one dollar, perhaps, to ten dollars.

Along comes a cutler, with a little better education, a little more ambition, a little finer perception, and says to the blacksmith: "Is this all you can see in that iron? Give me a bar, and I will show you what brains and skill and hard work can make of it." When his work is done, he shows the astonished blacksmith $2,000 worth of knife blades, where the later only saw ten dollars worth of crude horseshoes. The value has been greatly raised by the refining process.

Still another workman, whose penetrating eye sees almost infinitely delicate, whose product is so little known by even the average educated man that his trade is unmentioned by the makers of dictionaries and encyclopedias, takes but a fragment of one of the bars of steel, and develops its higher possibilities with such marvelous accuracy, such super-refined fineness of touch, that even main-springs and hair-springs are looked back upon as coarse, crude, and cheap. When his work is done, he shows you a few of the minutely-adjusted instruments used by dentists to draw out the finest branches of the dental nerves. While a pound of gold, roughly speaking, is worth about $250, a pound of these slender barbed filaments of steel, if a pound could be collected, might be worth hundreds of dollars as much.

Just as each artisan sees in the crude iron some finished, refined product, so must we see in our lives glorious possibilities, if we would but realize them. If we see only housedoors or knife blades all our efforts and struggles will never produce bar springs. We must cultivate our own adaptability to greater ends; we must resolve to struggle, to endure trials and tests, to pay the necessary price, confident that the success will put us for suffering, on trial—and our efforts. Success

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Never Give a Receipt Before You Receive the Money.

It is well to have the deaf understand the importance of taking a receipt for money paid. Those lessons were given real receipts, physician a receipt on one pad, the same in full receipt for interest on a note, etc. Promissory notes, checks, express, and money orders were shown and explained. On the subject of giving a receipt the boss I remember that he cheated not me to give the receipt before the money had actually been received. Months and A few years ago a deaf man of Chicago borrowed $25.00, giving a note payable in one year. When the note was due the lender called on the borrower and requested payment. The borrower wrote on a slip of paper, "Received of $25.00 with interest in full to date, June 12th, 1902," and gave the lender the piece of paper. Not suspecting any trickery he did so, whereupon the borrower, quietly folding the receipt and tucking it away in his pocket informed the lender that since he was given a receipt he would not pay the $25.00. And he never did. Of course, such cases are rare, but it would pay the deaf no harm to be more circumspect, especially with parties of whose integrity they know nothing.

James K. Gallaher in American Annals.

The Rulers of Europe.

The present rulers of Europe are —George V., King of Great Britain; Emma L., Empress of Germany; Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary; Alfonso XIII., King of Spain; Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy; Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands; Haakon VII., King of Norway; Gustaf V., King of Sweden; Frederick VIII., King of Denmark; Charles, King of Roumania; Albert I., King of Belgium; George, King of Greece; Peter, King of Servia, and Nicholas, King of Montenegro. The presidents are M. Fallieres of France, Robert Comtesse of Switzerland and Dr. Braga of Portugal.

Grandma's Game.

Arthur and John were unhappy. They had planned to drive to the city with papa, and he had gone without them. To be sure, they were not up early enough to go, but that didn't comfort them much. So here was a long day with nothing to do.

"Why don't you paint your garden?" grandma asked.

"We haven't any seeds but corn and beans," said John.

"We were going to get the others to-day," said Arthur.

"But why don't you plant what you have?"

"Cause we want to plant them all together," was the answer.

Grandma smiled. "Well, she said "would you like to play a game of mine? It's a very pleasant game who is one for company. Shall I tell you about it?" Just find someone who is unhappy, too, is kind to him, and see how long you both stay unhappy.

"What do you call it?" asked Arthur.

"I think 'Self' is the shortest and good name for it."

Arthur and John both thought much of this. It sounded as much like a secret. They were not ready for a secret.

"Guess unhappy," John said at last. "Oh, that's a good deal to find out yourself."

The boys looked at each in wonder. The sun was shining. The birds were singing. The trees were chirping. The world seemed happy. Old Mr. Walker was out weeding her garden. She looked near them to see. They hadn't been over there for a long time. They wondered if she was unhappy. They watched her a while.

Let's go outdoors," said Arthur.

"Shall we?" said Art to after they had shut the door.

"I don't care."

They walked slowly across the yard to the fence. Mrs. Walker saw them and came to ward them with a smile. "Can I do anything for you boys?" she asked.

They looked their cups politely and John said, "Why, no, we are thought we might be out to help you."

"I would indeed," she answered as she took "Come in."

They climbed the fence and began to pull out the troublesome weeds. They told Mrs. Walker about papa's going and leaving them. They told her a secret grandma's game. While she was busy they took her, she told them not just the kind of stories boys like to hear and when they went home they pockets were full of cookies, and their faces full of smiles. *Little Letters a Paper.*

The Cat's Lesson.

Johnny Crinkle put some eggs under a setting hen. He and her the eggs hatched and there were ten downy little chicken.

Johnny was very proud of them and fed them every day. One day one of the chickens was gone. He looked for it but could not find it.

He saw some tiny feathers on the out-house. Then he knew that she caught the chicken. He told his papa.

His father said he would punish Pussy. He got an old bag and put the cat in it. Then he tied it around her neck. She could not run away or use her claws.

Then he put her down near the chickens. The old hen at once flew at her. She pecked at her and beat her with her wings.

Pussy mewed. She was not much hurt, but she was very much frighten ed. In a few minutes Johnny's papa took her out of the bag and let her go. She did not catch any more chickens.

Sometimes Johnny wanted to tease her. He held her near the chickens. She would mew and jump out of his arms and run away. She was afraid of the old hen. Companion.

Morning Prayer.

Oh, may I be strong and brave, today,
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say,
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine,
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and right
I would lift the world, and when,
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright
I came to the calm of the starlit night,
Let me rest in peace.—Anon.

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A Regular Customer.

Bruce was a Scottish dog that lived in Edinburgh, writes a young correspondent of the New York 'Tribune.' His master kept a grocery store, and Bruce used to pass almost every day with meat pies to sell. He carried a bell and rang it now and then to let people know when he was coming. He asked only a penny apiece for his pies, but they were small, and an English penny is worth two of our cents. One day Bruce was sitting at the door of the store, when the pie man came along. He saw the dog's wistful look and gave him a pie. Bruce wagged his tail for Thank you, and ate the pie.

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Every day after that he watched for the pie man, and the moment he heard the bell he ran to his master and begged for a penny. It was never refused, and so Bruce became a regular customer: a good one, too, as he always paid promptly and never found fault. —Ex.

Don't Be Touchy.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the government of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are terribly touchy. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see imperfections in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary inattentively mistaken for insult. Of course, such a mental condition is due to too much thinking about self and to an exaggerated self esteem, even though unconscious. The best remedy is to persistently put thoughts of self out of mind.—Find something more absorbing and more elevating to think about. If you are one of the touchy ones, and you'll soon lose the habit.

The Clock that Would Not Tick.

Archie Beldon's father had bought him an alarm clock.

'Now, take good care of it, my boy,' Mr. Beldon said. 'Wind it every night when you go to bed, and obey when it calls you in the morning. That will save other people a great deal of trouble. It isn't easy to run to the top floor mornings to call a boy to breakfast.'

'All right, sir; thank you,' Archie returned, and then he carried his clock to his room, feeling so proud to think that the clock was his own.

Several days had passed, and both the clock and the boy had behaved nobly. The clock kept good time, and the boy jumped out of bed when he heard the alarm.

There came a morning, however, when there was a complaint against the clock.

'Father,' said Archie, 'that clock is no good; it won't tick any more.'

'Won't eh? Do you wind it up every night?'

'Yes, sir; and this morning I shook it to get it going again, but it was no use.'

'Well, the man where I bought it said he would keep it in order for a year. Bring it down and I'll stop with it this morning on my way to business.'

So Mr. Beldon went off with the clock. That evening he brought it back with him.

'My boy,' he said, handing the timepiece to Archie, 'do you know what was the matter with it?'

'No sir.'

'You hadn't wound it up.'

'Hadn't I?' Archie asked, inquiries. He could scarcely believe it.

'You know you sent to bed late last night, his mother reminded him.

'There, I took the clock down to the man and was laughed at as soon as he examined it. If I had not been in such a hurry this morning, I should have found out the trouble myself, Mr. Beldon said. Next time, laddie, when you find things going wrong, be sure that you have done your whole duty by them before you complain.'—Christian Work.'

He Died For Me.

The Rev. T. W. Booth tells this story:

A stranger was seen one day approaching a neglected grave in Nashville, Tenn. He had a flower in his hand, which he laid upon the grave. The warden stepped to his side and asked if his brother or father were buried there.

'No,' said the stanger, 'he was not a relative. I will tell you about him When the war broke out I could not enlist, though I wanted to. I had a wife and seven children and we were poor. At last I was drafted. I had no money to hire a substitute, so I made ready to go, leaving my family to get along as best they could. Just then a young man came to me and said: 'You have a large family. Your wife cannot possibly feed and clothe them. I will go in your place.'

'He went, was wounded at Chickamauga, taken to the hospital at Nashville, and here he died. I owe him that day I have wanted to come and see his grave, but was not able to pay the car fare. At last I have saved up enough for that, and I have come from Illinois to see my dear friend's grave.' Tears streamed down the man's cheeks as he stopped and set a little slab beside the mound, on which were cut the words: 'He died for me.'

If man to man could be so touchingly and unselfishly grateful, what should we not do for Him who crowneth us daily with benefits, and gave his life for us?—Selected.

Wholesome Counsel for A Young Man.

"Graphic," in the Chicago *Advance*, gives this wholesome advice to young men:

"I have looked at Niagara with rapt admiration, but I never said, 'Don't do it.' I look at the young man with far greater admiration, and I am not going to say Don't to him, at least not this time.

"No, young man, I say Do. Do your best. If you are in school, do your best; if you are in a shop, do your best; if you are coming an engine or holding a plow, do your best.

"Read the best books and the best magazines and the best newspapers. Associate with the best people. Take counsel of your mother, for she loves you with the love of an angel. Talk matters over with your father, for he is loyal you with his heart-strings. Think the best thoughts. Cherish the best ideals. Admire the best heroes. Walk up and down the pages of history till you fall in love and treat men. Fix your eye on the brave spirits who stood in the storms, who faced the wrath of man and did not quail, who went into fire and smiled in the flames, who took the world's welfare on their great hearts, and moved the race upward.

"Get deeply into the thoughts of the men and women who, whether in philosophy, poetry or romance, have interpreted to us the mysteries of our striving, of the fever and the fret of this daily life. And look deeper still into the law of being which declares itself every day. Listen to the daily story of human inaugeration and speciality and woe as you would to a blast of the trumpet calling the dead to judgment. Be quick to hear and quick to do the commandments, whether spoken amid the thunders of Sinai or among the walls of human experience.

"Be brave; be strong. Be a man. Be a follower of the one perfect Son of man.

Aaron Pepper's Horse.

A friend sends us the following:

On the bank of the Mohawk River, midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is totally blind. They frequently resort to the islands in the river for pasturage by fording the stream at a point near the dwelling, the blind mare usually following. During the occurrence of a severe freshet the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream; then their blind companion followed. In a few minutes all were struggling against the rapid current, and failing to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind mare became separated from them and drifted a considerable distance below until she gained a foothold. Then, discovering the loss of her mate, and realizing her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. What was the result? One of the animals re-entered the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it to the island retreat, which both reached in safety.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

About A Bear.

One day two men brought a big brown bear to school. It danced and played with the men. One man fought with it. The bear threw the man on the grass and put its foot on him. We were afraid the bear would bite the man but he did not. We enjoyed seeing the bear very much and hope they will come again soon.—*Alabama Messenger.*

A Bee Trap.

BY ANNA J. SULLARD.

Way down in Trinidad grows a beautiful bush all covered with bright yellow flowers. They are so sweetly perfumed that they greatly attract the busy bees that each day hum and fly in that direction to sip the sweetness of the honey concealed in the yellow cups. But one morning as I peered at this bush I saw many moving things on the yellow petals, so I drew down and sat down to watch. On came the bees as usual; but alas! the moving objects in the bush were yellow spiders; they quickly entangled the bees who had come for a fine breakfast, and there they struggled for life and freedom. "We are caught," they hummed. Not far off, and a stone's throw from that bush, was another, crowded with white blossoms, not quite so fragrant as the blossoms of their neighbor. I sat between the plants, wondering how I could assist the reckless bees that had become so entangled in the yellow bush when I heard a peculiar humming in the white bush. Lo, many other bees sought that shrub and came to dip into the honey made ready for them. I watched breathlessly to see them slip into the nets. Suddenly there was an unusual noise, a fluttering of gauzy wings, and that bush also was alive with white spiders, that had been silently and cunningly hiding and spinning webs to catch these bees. "We are free!" they hummed, "we are free! So let us help our friends in the yellow bush yonder." Then away they flew. They tore apart the yellow spiders' webs, the deceit of which they well understood, using thy saws with which Dame Nature had provided them. They succeeded in freeing the other bee cousins, before they had fainted away in the softly spun nets of their enemies.

How the Magpie built her Nest.

Once on a time several birds noticed what a fine, strong nest a magpie had, so they went to ask her how she built it.

"Well, I'll show you," said the magpie. "First, lay two sticks across, so." I said that was the way," said the crow.

"Then put a few more like this," "Who doesn't know that," said another magpie never told the other birds how to make a roof. That is the reason why the other birds never have learned how to put a roof over their nests.—Primary Education.

The Measure.

The ancient judge sat before the scales of worth.

"Bring forth the royal treasure!" And the slaves of the hurrying skies poured into the huge pan sacks of golden metal, caskets of sparkling gems until it seemed as if all of the wealth of earth was there. Yet the balance never stirred.

"Let the leavings of the ages be added," came the order, and tons upon tons of ancient coins of empires, philosophers, scientists and poets was heaped upon the pile. And still the great arm of the scales remained high in air.

"Add now the men of power and high position," said the judge, "and the scale will fall." But all in vain.

"But what is the other side that outweighs all these?" asked one.

"It is character," said the judge.

All the Birds Have Come Again.

All the birds have come again,
Come with joyous singing.
Through the meadow and the wood
Hear their voices ringing.
Robin, bluebird, thrush and all
Listen to their merry call,
Joy and life are bringing.

Welcome May.

Welcome, welcome, lovely May,
Breath so sweet and smiles so gay,
Sun and dew, and gentle showers
Welcome month of flowers.

Welcome, violets, sweet and blue
Drinking cups of morning dew,
Welcome, lambs so full of glee
Welcome, busy bee.

King Alfred

I think you have heard, children," said daddy one evening in beginning a bedtime story for Evelyn and Jack, "about the good King Alfred, who reigned in England more than a thousand years ago. He was one of the best kings England ever had, and many stories are told about him. A very many one is the story of his being scolded by a poor woman for letting the cakes burn. He had been defeated by his enemies, the Danes, and had to run away for his life. When the poor woman who gave him shelter set him to watch her cakes he forgot all about them and let them burn.

"But I want to tell you the evening we King Alfred fooled the Danes. The Danes were good fighting men, and they had gone to England from their own country with the idea of taking England from the English, the English people were not as strong as the Danes and could do little against them until Alfred became king. Even he could not keep the Danes, although he defeated them in some battles, so that the end England was divided between the English and the Danes.

"At the time King Alfred was making ready to fight against the Danes, they were encamped in a strong place, and they were very careful not to let any of the English come near to them. Alfred could not find out how many of them there were or how well armed they were. You see, it is a very good thing for a general to learn how many men his enemy has so he may learn whether or not he has enough men to beat them. This is what Alfred wanted to know, but the Danes caught every one of his men whom he sent near their camp to spy on them. So the king made up his mind to go himself.

"He was very good dressed as one of them, and he knew that the Danes were fond of harp playing. The king dressed himself as a harp player, therefore, and went to the camp of the Danes. They did not think that the poor harper who begged that he might be allowed to play for them could be the English king. They let him go anywhere he wished in their camp, and he even went to the tent of the Danish king and played for him. Whenever he went King Alfred kept his eyes and his ears wide open, and you may be sure that he soon learned all that could be learned about the enemy. Then when he had a good opportunity he left the camp and he went back to his own people. The knowledge he had gained in the enemy proved of great help to him and his soldiers when it came to fighting against the Danes. The English won a great battle from the enemy.

"But King Alfred was more than a fighter. He was a learned and wise man, and he taught many things to his people.

It is possible to go wrong in many ways; but we can go right in one way only.—Aristotle.

The Useful Dog.

One evening daddy was asked by Jack and Evelyn to tell them a story about a dog, for the two young-ters are both fond of animals. So daddy told them the story of a dog which went marketing for his master.

"This dog," said daddy, "was a big black Newfoundland dog, a very intelligent animal, which had been trained by his master to go to market with a basket and a piece of money to buy meat for the family dinner. The man used to write the order on a piece of paper and put it with the money in the basket. Then the dog would carry the basket to the butcher's and wait patiently until the order was filled. The butcher used to give him a bit of sausage or something else for himself, so the dog was fond of going on the errand. Of course he never touched the meat which he had to carry home.

"The dog's name was Nero. One morning Nero had been to the butcher's and was on his way home with the meat in the basket. Turning a corner, he passed two dogs fighting, and of course he had to stop to see what the trouble was. For a short time he watched the two animals worrying each other, and then he became excited and wanted to take a hand, or a paw, in the quarrel. He dropped his basket and plunged in, and as he was a big, strong dog in a few minutes he had whipped both the other two animals.

"What when Nero turned around to look after his basket there was something wrong. He picked up the basket and found that it was much lighter than it had been. The reason was that during the fight another dog, a hungry one, had come along, had smelled the meat and had stolen it.

"What was poor Nero to do? He looked very much puzzled when he missed around the basket and found that the meat was really gone. He looked everywhere, inside and outside of the basket, and whined and growled to himself as if he did not know what to do about it. Some one saw him, and the dog and his dog errand watched Nero to see what he would do, and they were greatly surprised in a few minutes to see him pick up the basket by the handle and run straight back to the butcher's shop.

"When he got there he looked in the basket, and his meat were all there, so Nero walked up to the block, picked up a fine steak which was lying there, put it in the basket and ran out as fast as he could to his home. Of course the man told the butcher, and Nero's owner paid for the steak.

"Another time, as Nero was on his way home with the meat, he was stopped by another dog even bigger than himself which tried to steal the meat from the basket. But it was no use, for Nero gave him a sound thrashing."

Possibilities of a Bar of Iron.

The man who takes the first bar of iron to a roughing-mill, who has only partly learned his trade and has no ambition to rise above his anvil. He thinks that the best possible thing he can do with his bar is to make a few horseshoes and congratulates himself upon his success. He reasons that the rough lump of iron is worth only two or three cents a pound, and that it is not worth while to spend much time or labor on it. His enormous muscles and small skill have raised the value of the iron from one dollar, perhaps, to ten dollars.

Along comes a cutler, with a little better education, a little more ambition, a little finer perception, and says to the blacksmith: "Is this all you can see in that iron? Give me a bar, and I will show you what brains and skill and hard work can make of it." When his work is done, he shows the astonished blacksmith $2,000 worth of knife blades, where the latter only saw ten dollars worth of crude horseshoes. The value has been greatly raised by the refining process.

Still another workman, whose penetration we almost instinctively delegate, whose product is so little known by even the average educated man that his trade is unmentioned by the makers of dictionaries and encyclopedias, takes but a fragment of one of the bars of steel, and develops its higher possibilities with such marvelous accuracy, such supernal fineness of touch, that even mainsprings and hair-springs are looked back upon as coarse, crude, and cheap. When his work is done, he shows you a few of the unnoticed delicate instruments used by dentists to draw out the finest branches of the dental nerves. While a pound of gold, roughly speaking, is worth about $250, a pound of those slender barbed filaments of steel, if a pound could be collected, might be worth hundreds of dollars more.

Just as each artisan sees in the crude iron some finished, refined product, so must we see in our lives glorious possibilities, if we would but realize them. If we see only horseshoes or knife blades all our efforts and struggles will never produce hair springs. We must not confine our responsibility to great ends; we must resolve to struggle, to endure trials and tests, to pay the necessary price, confident that the results will pay us for suffering on trial- and our efforts. Success.

Never Give a Receipt Before You Receive the Money.

It is well to have the deaf understand the importance of taking a receipt for money paid. These lessons were given real receipts, physicians a receipt on one pad, the same in full receipt for interest on a note, etc. Promissory notes, checks, drafts, and money orders were shown and explained. On the subject of giving a receipt the old bank President told the class: "Several years ago a deaf man of Chicago borrowed $25,00, giving a note payable in one year. When the note was due the lender called on the borrower and requested payment. The borrower wrote on a slip of paper, "Received of $25,00 with interest in full to date, June 12th, 1902," and the lender replied: "Not suspecting any trickery he did so, whereupon the borrower, quietly folding the receipt and tucking it away in his pocket, informed the lender that since he was given a receipt he would not pay the $25,00. And he never did. Of course, such cases are rare, but it would pay the deaf no harm to be more circumspect, especially with parties of whose integrity they know nothing.

James E. Gallaudet in American Annals

The Rulers of Europe.

The present rulers of Europe are —George V., King of Great Britain; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Germany; Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary; Alfonso XIII., King of Spain; Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy; Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands; Haakon VII., King of Norway; Gustaf V., King of Sweden; Frederick VIII., King of Denmark; Charles, King of Roumania; Albert I., King of Belgium; George, King of Greece; Peter, King of Servia, and Nicholas, King of Montenegro. The presidents are M. Fallieres of France, Robert Comtesse of Switzerland and Dr. Braga of Portugal.

Grandma's Game.

Arthur and John were unhappy
They had planned to drive to the city
with pups, and he had gone without
them. To be sure, they were not up
early enough to go, but that didn't
comfort them much. So here was a
long day with nothing to do.

"Why don't you paint your garden?" grandma asked

"We haven't any seeds but corn and beans," said John

"We were going to get the others to-day," said Arthur.

"But why don't you plant what you have?"

"Cause we want to plant them all together," was the answer.

Grandma smiled. Well, she said "would you like to play a game of mine? It's a very pleasant game when one feels unhappy. Shall I tell you about it? Just find someone who is unhappy, too, be kind to him, and see how long you both stay unhappy.

What do you say?" asked Arthur

"I think it's a sensible and good name for it."

Arthur and John don't think much of this. It sounded too much like a sermon. They were not ready for a sermon.

"When unhappy," John said at last. "Oh, that's too hard for us to yourself."

The boys looked so, if he sat down. The sun was shining. The birds were bursting. The birds were chirping. The world seemed happy. Old Mr. Walker was out mowing her garden. She was near them all day. They hadn't been over there for a long one. They wondered if she was unhappy. They watched her awhile.

"Let's go children," said John

"Shall we?" said Arthur after they had shut the door

"I don't care."

They walked slowly over to the yard to the fence. Mrs. Walker saw them and came to ward them with a smile. "Can I do anything for you, boys?" she asked

They looked their eyes politely and John said, "Why, we were out and it's so quiet like we thought we'd come in."

"I would indeed, she answered was lonely. Come in

They raised the fence and began pull out the troublesome weeds. They told Mrs. Walker about papers were ing them. Then they told her a sad grandma's game. While she was busy with her flowers, she told them about the kind. Their eyes boys like to hear and when they would bring their pockets were full of seeds, and then faces full of smiles. *Little Learners Paper*

The Cat's Lesson.

Johnny Clarke put some eggs under a old white hen. He said by the eggs hatched and there were two dozen little chickens.

Johnny was very proud of them and fed them every day. The lay one of the chickens was gone. He looked for it but could not find it.

He saw some tiny feathers on the ents many. Then he knew that she caught the chicken. He told his papa.

His father said he would punish Puss. He took the old bag and put the cat into it. Then he tied it around her neck. She could not run away or use her claws

Then he put her down near the chickens. The old hen at once flew at her. She pecked at her and beat her with her wings

Puss cowered. She was not much hurt, but she was very much frightened. In a few minutes Johnny's papa took her out of the bag and let her go. She did not catch any more chickens.

Sometimes Johnny wanted to tease her. He held her near the chickens. She would mew and jump out of his arms and run away. She was afraid of the old hen. Companion.

Cool In Good.

Spring

The Old Family Doctor

An Elephant Fishing

The Ink Plant.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot

publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to ensure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

THE BOOK

"From Far and Near"

MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY,

"The Mechanism of Speech"

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

W. LAMBERT,

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

Institution for the Blind

BRANTFORD, ONT

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes

Articulation Classes

Religious Exercises

Industrial Departments

Visitors

Admission of Children

Visitation

Clothing and Management

Sickness and Correspondence

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. XVIII. BELLEVILLE, JUNE 1, 1911. NO 13

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.
UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Minister of the Government in Charge

[illegible] R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D.
Minister of Education, Toronto

Officers of the Institution

[illegible] COUGHLIN, M.D.	*Superintendent*
[illegible] COCHRANE	*Bursar*
[illegible] W. BOYCE, M.D.	*Physician*
[illegible] WILLOUGHBY	*Matron*

Teachers.

[illegible] COLEMAN, M.A. (*Head Teacher*)	Miss [illegible]
[illegible] CAMPBELL	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
[illegible] STEWART	Miss [illegible]
[illegible] INGHAM	Miss [illegible]
[illegible] TEMPLETON	Miss [illegible]
Miss MARY BULL	Miss [illegible]
Miss [illegible]	Miss [illegible]

Miss FLORENCE [illegible]

[illegible] INGHAM, *Teacher Manual Training*
Miss MARY BULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work*
Miss E. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science*

Teacher of Physical Training, Mr. Ingham

Miss [illegible] McINTOSH, *Stenographer & Clerk*	JAMES T. BURNS, *Instructor of Printing*
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W. [illegible], *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	[illegible] PARKER, *Engineer*
Miss [illegible], *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls*	JOHN DOWNIE, *Master Carpenter*
Miss A. [illegible], *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing*	[illegible], *Master Baker*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.45 p. m. and at 1 p. m. [illegible] each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

POETRY

"They Say."

They say — ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true,
Suspicion may arise for naught
But malice, envy, want of thought,
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say" — But why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue
And is it not a noble plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say" — Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say — O! pause and look within
See how your heart inclines to sin
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour
You, too, should sink beneath its power
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

—New Haven Register

MISCELLANEOUS

The Sign of the Double Cross.

In his ragged clothes and battered hat, he stood in the rain and studied the marks on the gatepost. The marks were merely two little crosses, scarcely visible, and might have been carved by a boy with a jack knife. To this unkempt creature the marks were indisputable evidence of danger. They were a warning sign, and in the hieroglyphics of beggardom said plainly "Cross dog, cross woman."

There was nothing about the house that indicated such a condition. It was not big, but it was neat and tidy, and the yard was well kept. Moreover, there was no dog in sight.

It was the last house on the street, and his was the hunger of a man who has tramped a whole day through the rain with nothing to eat, so this unkempt creature was most reluctant to pass it by. Every door in the town had been closed to him. Everywhere his pleading for a bite to eat had fallen on deaf ears. Even his offer to work was not heard. Impending starvation made him desperate, and he decided to run the risk.

He entered the gate and shambled around the house to the back door. His eyes were on the alert for the dog that must certainly slide from under the porch and pounce upon him. Great was his surprise to find his passage from the gate to the kitchen door unhampered. Greater still was his astonishment when his timid appeal for "a bite to eat, ma'am, please, was given a sympathetic ear by a kindly, sweet-faced woman. He appended his request with the assurance that he would gladly work to pay for whatever was given him.

The woman directed him to the woodhouse, telling him that when he had split enough wood to pay for his meal he might come in and eat.

It was queer—this remarkable show of hospitality. And with a remembrance of the warning sign full upon him, the man took the precaution to ask: "Where is the dog, ma'am, please? He might attack me."

"We have no dog," the woman answered.

No dog? The man was surprised but said nothing. He set industriously to his work, and because she had trusted his honesty for the amount to be done he split a big round pile. Then he entered the house, and the woman invited him to a chair at the kitchen table, where a lot of tempting eatables were set for him.

He dropped his battered hat at his feet and slid into the chair, scarcely raising his eyes. He was young and muscular, and had it not been for his ragged attire and unshaven face he would have been good-looking.

The woman eyed him pityingly. There was a sparkle in his steel gray eyes, a [illegible] sharpness and bigness about his head, with its mass of brown curls, that did not belong to the ordinary tramp. He's some mother's boy to whom fortune has been unkind, she thought, as she went back to her sewing in the sitting room and left him to his meal.

Just as he eagerly clutched the cup of fragrant coffee the inner door opened and there was a patter of little feet on the floor. An instant a pair of merry brown eyes gazed up into his face and a four year old boy's voice piped out: "Hello, man!"

The man shifted uneasily in his chair but made no reply. Anyhow he was very hungry, and when one is hungry it is annoying to talk.

The boy kept his eyes upon the man. He had never seen a person [illegible] so curiously except his [illegible] dog. He waited some little time for a reply, and getting none walked up boldly and touched the stranger on the arm with the grave remark: "Say, man, I said 'Hello.'"

This demanded a reply, and the man tried to give it, but his mouth was full and the best that he could do was to smile and nod.

This pantomime led the boy to make the further enquiry, "Can you talk, man?"

The tramp grinned over his plate and replied instantly, "A little bit."

Amply satisfied and with the ingenuous confidence of childhood the boy dragged up a chair and seated himself at the other end of the table. "My name's Robert, but they all call me Boy Blue," he announced, [illegible] looking at the stranger's face. "What's your name?"

"Mine is Ralph, but they call me Bookend Bank," the man replied with a smile.

"Why do they call you that?" asked the little fellow.

"It's a long, long story," the tramp said with genuine gravity, dropping his eyes to the floor.

"I like stories," the boy remarked.

"But this one is too long," the man declared. "Tell me why they call you Boy Blue."

"'Cause I'm like Boy Blue. Don't you know who Boy Blue was?"

"No. Who was he?" the stranger asked innocently.

"Why, he's the little boy who lost his sheep," quickly answered the lad. Then he quoted:

"Where's the little boy who lost his sheep? He's under the haystack fast asleep."

The tramp beamed upon him admiringly.

"It's fun to sleep under a haystack," prattled the boy. "I slept under one once. I was out to Uncle Mark's. He lives on a farm. Did you ever sleep under a haystack?"

"A few times," the tramp confessed with evident amusement.

"Wasn't it nice? All except the cockleburs. They got in my hair. Did they get in yours?"

"Just a few of them," the man answered.

"Mamma had a dreffal time getting them out of mine. Did your mamma take them out of yours?"

The smile left the man's face and he compressed his teeth fiercely, as if the question hurt. His only reply was a nod of his head.

"The other Boy Blue runned away. So did I one day when I was naughty. That's when I was out to Uncle Mark's. Did you ever run away?"

Once, said the stranger simply, as he gazed fixedly [illegible] the window. His hunger seemed [illegible] and the good [illegible] half forgotten.

"My mamma [illegible] me. Did yours come after you? [illegible]" The fellow opened his [illegible] and gazed into the man's face. [illegible] the tears that glittered on the strong [illegible] cheek. When [illegible] his position he [illegible] It wasn't [illegible] upright by [illegible]

[illegible]

The man lifted [illegible] and looked [illegible] tears dropped [illegible] drunk [illegible]

The boy's eyes [illegible] ever in his heart [illegible] and [illegible]

'Cause I was [illegible] ran away. I was [illegible] wouldn't love [illegible] seems she [illegible] after that [illegible] been naughty [illegible] asked her to forgive [illegible] I would never [illegible] she [illegible] felt so good [illegible] [illegible] when [illegible] she found [illegible]

[illegible] stranger's [illegible] him and [illegible] dropped his head.

She hasn't found me yet [illegible]

In the little fellow's [illegible] happy heart [illegible] felt with the [illegible] was wrong. [illegible] his [illegible] sympathy.

[illegible]

[illegible] hand?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] With his [illegible] a mother [illegible] devotion [illegible] silence [illegible] face with [illegible] the warmth of the gaze [illegible] face across the table. At last with an apparent effort, he rose from his chair.

[illegible] the little [illegible] question [illegible]

Yes [illegible] little man, he answered resolutely. He touched [illegible] and walked [illegible] to where the boy sat.

The sad mother [illegible] other room [illegible] looked [illegible] just as the stranger stooped and tenderly kissed the little fellow's cheek.

Good-by, Boy Blue, he said. You've [illegible] a new man. I [illegible] will go home to mother.

Good-by, man, the boy lisped. I hope you'll find her all right.

The stranger passed out of the house and down the walk, not with the shambling, hangdog air of a beggar with which he had approached the house only a short time before, but with the brisk step, the erect head and the square shoulders of a man. He paused long enough at the gate to use his knife on the warning sign. "It's all a mistake," he muttered. "This is no house of the double cross." He scratched out one of the crosses and shaped the other into the form of a crude figure with wings. Instead of the former warning, the sign now reads: "An angel lives here."

The Boy King of Europe.

When you shake hands with Don Alfonso XIII you come in contact with a live wire. His long, slender fingers close round yours in a grip you don't forget. His swarthy features glow with a warm smile that puts you at instant ease. His lustrous brown eyes dart expressive flashes that reveal all at once the dominating characteristics of the man—determination, conviction, sincerity, rugged courage.

Tall, lithe, clean cut, quick of movement, erect of carriage, forceful in thought, decisive in speech, he radiates the magnetism of a rare personality. Watch him reviewing a body of troops, or shooting at the tips of an eagle; meet him on a country road driving one of his eighty-horse-power touring-cars at highest speed, chat with him in his study at the royal palace at Madrid, or run across him in a fashionable hotel corridor in London—the impression lingers upon you that here is a keen leader of men.

I have seen him under all these conditions, and many more. I have observed him from various angles, and talked with him on the greatest range of subjects, from politics to religion, anarchism, socialism, clerical rule, free trade, and Mr. Roosevelt. He is the keenest, the most alert, of men, and the most radical king on my throne. Therein lies the secret of the security of his throne. Republican Prince he comes upon his kingdom from the north, and republican. Portugal recalls close at the southern set. Agitation against monarchical institutions in every section of Spain, yet Spaniards are loyal to Don Alfonso. That he is the most popular man in the country is facetiously answered by the reply I so often received from republicans to the question, "Who would be the popular choice for president if the monarchy were overthrown?" Answer: "Don Alfonso." This is not a joke. The manliness of the man appeals to all men. As an Americ an I share in the general prejudice against the institution of kings. But Alfonso would have my vote for President, though he ran for office as repeatedly as Perfirio Diaz has claimed the votes of the Mexican people.

Don Alfonso inspires the confidence of his people on another score. He attends to business. I have seen him leave the palace at six a. m. to review a regiment of soldiers quartered outside the capital. Every day he is up by seven, even when he has not gone to bed till the wee hours.

After breakfasting with his beautiful queen and a quarter of an hour of play with their three children, he repairs to his study and is occupied with correspondence until ten, when his ministers have daily audiences. When the ministerial audiences have been concluded, military and civil audiences follow, generally lasting until one thirty o'clock. After luncheon he attends to the multitudinous social and public duties that devolve upon sovereignty. He visits institutions, opens banners and art exhibitions, lays corner-stones and what not.

At four he has tea with the nursery. At five he takes his exercise—polo and trapshooting are his favorite pastimes. At polo he plays a hard, rollicking game. At the trap he is the crack shot in his kingdom. Last year at the annual championship pigeon-shoot he came out second, having fifteen misses to his credit out of twenty-one, while the prize went to one who took twenty out of twenty-two. Several previous years he had scored first. At seven o'clock he returns to the palace and runs through the forty-six leading newspapers of Europe. Fluent in English, French, German, and Italian, in addition to his own Spanish, he is able to read for himself what the world is saying about him and his kingdom.

There is nothing of the megalomaniac about Don Alfonso. He wants to hear all sides of every question. He learns from wide reading and personal conversation just what current opinion really is. After dinner he goes to a theater or the circus, of which he is very fond, or to a social function at the home of one of his court. With nothing exceptional to prevent he retires about midnight.

Since childhood Don Alfonso has enjoyed a famous appetite. He eats prodigiously and thus keeps hotly burning the fires of his energetic, nervous, but sturdy physique. Popular rumor to the contrary, he is a well-wholesome man. Only a very strong man could endure his long and strenuous days.

Considering his inheritance, Don Alfonso is a psychological mystery. Wholesome minded, firm of purpose, strong of will, he gives the lie direct to the theory that the hereditary taint universally dominates posterity. Perhaps he is the exception that proves the rule.—Sunday Durland, in South Dakota Advocate.

Good Manners at School.

A lady who wishes to be a gentleman will take off his hat as he enters the door of the school building and keep it off until he goes out of the door. He will go up and down the stairs in an orderly way, not pushing nor crowding and mates; he will also be quiet and attentive in the chapel.

Some boys think it smart to disobey orders and be rude and noisy. They are mistaken. It is only shows a bad mind. It may be a trouble to those in charge of them, but it hurts no one but themselves. It destroys their good name, deprives them of many pleasures and, brings disagreeable consequences. Disregard of the rules of school shows lacks of respect for teacher and superintendent. Lack of respect and true politeness never go together.

Pupils should not carry pocket knives of any sort. They are allowed to use, but do not own, such as books, papers and school materials. If pupils are well bred their books will have no marks in them, and will be kept clean.

A teacher's directions should be respected and obeyed; and the obedience should be quick and cheerful. Subbing, contradicting, or delay in doing are rude and childish. Never interrupt a teacher by inattention, disorder or questions when a recitation is in progress, nor when she is talking with others; it is impolite.

All pupils should try to put things in their places, and should keep their own and others' property in order; not use books, paper or pencils belonging to others without permission. Pupils should never touch articles or go into the desk; it is very rude to meddle with them.

A pupil should be ashamed to copy the lesson of another pupil. It is the same as stealing. Helping to him and that is stealing; and telling the teacher it is his own, which is lying.

It is called as well as impolite to laugh at the mistakes of schoolmates, or to stare or point at anything peculiar in their looks, dress or manner.

When visitors come to the room, they should be treated politely and made to feel that they are welcome. It is very rude to stare at them or make remarks about them.

When a pupil goes into another schoolroom to speak to a friend, he should first ask the teacher's permission. To walk into a room and begin talking to a pupil is very impolite.

Never stand in the hall and look into a room, nor speak to the pupils in the class.

When sent with a note to another person, a pupil should never open nor read it. Nothing could be more impolite.

Do not chew gum nor eat anything in the schoolroom.

Do not forget to say, "Good morning" and "Good afternoon."

Always say "Excuse me" when passing in front of any one.

Never fail to say "Thank you" for a favor, no matter how small it is.

Do not leave outside doors open in cold weather.—The Silent Hoosier.

Willie and the Highwayman.

In a certain part of England, there was once a highwayman who gave a great deal of trouble. He robbed almost every one who went along the road. At last the king offered a reward of a thousand pounds to the one who caught him.

Willie was a brave Englishman, and he was also cunning. He read the proclamation. He thought he would like to have the thousand pounds. He thought of a cunning plan.

He got a strong bag and filled it full of tin. He bought two big pistols, and a pair of holsters to carry them in. He also bought another pair of pistols that he could carry in his pockets. Then he left the part of the country where the highwayman was. He stopped at an inn to stay all night. He talked a great deal about the sum of money of which he had. He showed the bag of tin to several people. He let them hear it jingle, but he did not let them see what was in it.

Next morning he went on. He came to a lonesome place. The robber rushed out on him pointed a pistol at Willie.

"Your money or your life!" said he.

"Yes," said Willie, "you may have the money. It is not mine. It belongs to a bank. But will you do me a favor?"

The robber felt good to think he had got such a large amount of money so easy, so he said:

"What is the favor?"

I want the people to think that I fought very bravely for the money," said Willie. "Will you shoot a hole through my hat, and another through my coat."

"Oh, yes," said the robber. "That is a very little thing to do. You have given me very, very little trouble, and I will gladly do it for you."

So he took his pistols, and shot a hole through Willie's hat, and with the other shot one through his coat."

"Thank you!" said Willie. "Now, will you let me drive my horse along ahead a little way, and you run and catch him."

The robber consented. Willie hit his horse with his whip, and the horse ran down the road. The robber ran after him. He soon caught him.

Willie jumped on the robber's horse and followed. When he got close to the robber, he pulled one of the loaded pistols out of his pocket, and said:

"Get on that horse, and ride ahead of me to town. You are my prisoner."

The robber vanished one of the pistols from the holster on Willie's horse.

"Oh," said Willie, "those are not loaded, but these are." Then he drove him to town, and gave him to the officers. The robber was hanged, and Willie got the thousand pounds.

Julia's Reading.

"Why, I shouldn't feel that I were living without reading!" Julia exclaimed. "I should feel as if I were wasting my life. Think of spending your time like Clara Hayes—just clothes and parties and visits! I don't suppose she opens a book from one week's end to another!"

"It is too bad," Aunt Isabel replied, her eyes upon her embroidery. "One real book a month is the opportunity no girl should miss if she can help it."

"One a month!" Julia echoed. "Why, Aunt Isabel, I read two or three a week right straight along! One book a month, indeed!"

Aunt Isabel was silent while she worked a difficult curve in her monogram. Then she looked up with a smile.

"I said one real book," she answered.

"Oh, yes," Julia replied, vaguely Aunt Isabel was spending the winter with the family—to their great joy for she was a rare and much approved visitor—and presently she called Julia into her room. "I have something to show you," she said.

Julia came, wondering. Her aunt placed a sheet of paper. It had on it like the report of the latest additions to the fiction department of the public library.

"Why," Julia began. Then slowly the color surged into her face. The record contained the names of forty one novels—and nothing else.

"Is it right?" Aunt Isabel asked.

"I'm afraid it is," Julia acknowledged.

"How many of them were worth while?"

"About three," the girl replied, frankly.

She stood studying the list; present ly she put it down with an air of determination.

"Hear my vow before I go," she said, laughing and serious at the same time, "I shall read no more at all, even the most fascinating, for three whole months! But you'll have to help me out, Aunt Isa!."

"Agreed," Aunt Isabel responded, promptly.

Aunt Isabel's visit ended soon after that. She gave Julia lists of books to read, but heard nothing in regard to them until the next three months were over. Then she received a book list and a note. The list recorded one history, two biographies, two volumes of literary criticism, one of art criticism, one of poetry, one of essays and one of sociology. The note was brief.

"Dear Aunt Roberts, who has been the victim of a serious attack of the fiction habit, is now recovering, after a severe course of treatment.

Aunt Isabel, with a pleased look in her eyes, promptly sent a telegram.

"Warmest congratulations. I'm proud of you, my dear."—Youth's Companion.

Mystery of The Egg.

An egg for one thing is a succession of bags, bagged in one another, a series of envelopes without joints, seams or opening. Pumice, ships built up and full rigged in bottles, these in another simplicity itself as puzzles when it comes to how these eggs wrap one an other up bag in bag. In a hen's egg there are eight or nine or ten of the most crushed.

Everybody thinks he knows what an egg is, and after every reading and study he only begins to learn that no body knows a tiny fraction of all the world of secrets hidden in eggs. "As full of meat as an egg" is not the true comparison, but "as full of mystery as an egg" is nearer the truth. Eggs are the greatest puzzle in all creation. —Ex.

[These locals, while original with the pupils, are corrected and approved by the teacher, who alone is responsible for the form in which they appear.]

Written May 23rd.

MR. COLEMAN'S CLASS.

On the 21st inst., the Methodist pupils went to church for communion and some to be baptized. Mr. Colemanintherpreted for Rev. Mr. Gwerrix, our Methodist minister, instead of Mr. Stewart, who went away to make a visit with Mr. Campbell in the United States for a week.

There would have been a football match between the young college boys under the age of 17 years, and the dead boys last Saturday afternoon, but the game was given up on account of it being so very hot.

The suitcipiate the 24th inst. with great joy, and hope to have a delightful holiday. A baseball game will perhaps be played between the young ay boys under 16 years old, and the leaf boys that morning. We will go to the Red Church to see the games on the holiday if the day is fine.

A strange accident happened in Belleville on May 22nd. A garage, recently built next a livery stable, had its roof, and sides of metal. An electric wire charged the walls with electricity. A fine horse was being stayed in the yard. The horse touched the wall with its nose and dropped dead from the shock. It was very serious and dangerous to let the walls remain charged with electricity, as men or boys might have been killed. - W. Ellis.

I read in a newspaper that a Canadian boy went, named Gerald Ellis, son, who lived in Peterbaugh, got a silver medal for going into the river and saving out to a dead boy and got and bringing him to shore. He did it again to save another boy but he was drowned. - I. G. Hughes.

On Sunday, the 21st, all the Methodist pupils attended church. It was in the morning but very warm. Five pupils were baptized, and received into the church. The service was specially for our pupils and Mr. Gwarrix gave a sermon about the institution of the Lord's Supper. After the sermon we took the communion. Mr. Gwarrix was assisted by Rev. Mr. Martin, who spoke very feelingly, telling of his love for us and the interest he took in our education. The benediction was pronounced by Mr. Gwarrix and we returned home. It was very hot. E. Nelson.

The weather has changed in warm so rapidly that we feel languid and shaky. The heat has killed several persons in Chicago. I think it is better for us to stay in and remain under the shade of trees than to go out in the sun, for it makes us very hot. It must be very hard on farmers and others who have to work in the hot sun, but our teacher tells us that to work and sweat freely and then rest and cool off is more comfortable than to be idle and not sweat and stay hot all the time. It is said in the newspapers that this is the hottest May that we have had for many years. Some say that after the hot spell, we may have frost again and that would be bad for the berries, flowers and tender vegetables. We hope it will not be so.--Mary Edwards.

Tomorrow will be the 24th of May, which we celebrate in honor of the birthday of the late Queen Victoria, who had the longest reign of the British Sovereigns, and on which we will have a holiday. All the flags over the British Empire will be closed, and there will be a tank holiday. The children will have an enjoyable time playing games, firing fire-crackers and fire-balls, and going on excursions. We will spend the time in playing tennis on the lawn, that wears a crystal green, and going down to the park in Belleville to see the Y. M. C. A. having games and sports. The soldiers will parade and fire a salute in honor of the celebration. It will be a grand holiday all over the empire. I would like to be at home on that day to enjoy it with my friends, but we will soon be with them, and enjoy many happy days.--G. McVean.

MR. BALIS' CLASS.

--An old lady is dead at Fort Edenamed Mrs. James Stanton. She is ninety nine years of age. Her father was a soldier in the Revolution of 1776, and taken prisoner to Canada.

--The Boy Scouts will have their first church-parade on May twenty-eighth. They will have their uniforms here.--E. Kitchener.

--On May eighteenth I took a beetle to the dormitory and put it in Louis Hollweck's bed, unknown to her, Mabel Smith and Dorina Berthiaume and I thought of having a good laugh on her when we went to bed. But when she she began get into her bed. She felt something cold, that was very much frightened and she screamed aloud. Mabel and Dorina and I were laughing so hard that we had to beetle out of the window. She was not angry at us. We were pleased to enjoy ourselves. We played a joke on Louisa.--F. Whitworth.

--Some more bad news were killed near Sheboiu, France, May eighteenth by the bursting of a petrol tank, when they were at the air. One fell to the ground and was killed, the other was injured but got to the ground car and turned to death. E. Meloche.

--The Hon. Wm. J. Bryan visited us yesterday. There were fifteen automobiles in the procession. All the boys and girls lined up on the sidewalk and cheered him. He made a short speech which was interpreted by Mr. Coleman and then bade us good by and went on several again. He belonged to Bridge St. Church last evening and the Church of Christ in Bridge St. church was crowded. The fee for admission was 50c. - W. McAdam.

--A branch of the war was taken back to the U. S. by an officer. He pretended to be asleep. Suddenly he leaped through the window Kaiser Kingdom and ran away. The officer went back to the hotel and told the others and looked for him and warned all towns near here to look out for him. He is an unknown spy. A. Bogart.

The pupils were very tired because the sun shone hot. The thermometer was almost 90 in the shade all day. Some hearing boys intended to come to the institution, but they did not like to play football because it is a warm day. I think that the hearing boys will play baseball on May twenty-fourth.

It is expected that in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 100,000 acres will be sown in wheat this year. That will probably produce 175,000, 000 bushels of wheat for export to Great Britain and Canada. I would like to be in those provinces to-day to-day. My father ploughed last August about three or five acres. He sowed wheat in the fall and got a crop. I think that my father will cut wheat this year. I will write a letter to my farm to help my father. T. Brown.

Only two or three boys attended the English church on the twenty-first. The rest went to a church parade of the 15th regiment and the church was like an ark.

--Mr. Balis put oil on the street before his house Saturday night and there was no dust Sunday.

--The baseball went to Holloway St. church and Mr. Coleman interpreted for them. Four girls and a boy were baptized. It was so hot in church that Mr. Balis lectured only 15 minutes.--E. Kitchener.

--Last week it was hot and we got very tired and sweated from the heat. But it is much cooler to-day and so it is not very hot. I heard that many people were made ill by the excessive heat. They will not go to work because the summer season is coming. We will get tired of work if the heat comes.

--The men, selected to go to London for the coronation of King George V. left Belleville yesterday under a triumphal arch. The mayor gave them a gift of gold coins before March.

--I saw many boy scouts in Belleville yesterday morning when I went to church. The Boy Scouts' uniforms are yellow in color, and look very neat. I never saw boy scouts before till I saw them yesterday.--A. McVean.

--Mr. Balis' cat robbed a nest of young robins last night. He found one young one left on his verandah. Wednesday night the cat caught mice and left a feed on the back verandah to play with. He is a hunter, that's very fond of toast and green corn.--E. Meloche.

MISS TEMPLETON'S CLASS.

--A week ago last Sunday Miss James went for a walk to the bay with the senior girls. Ena espied a mud-puppy first. She told some of the girls that it was likely a baby crocodile. Miss James wanted to catch it. Annie Brown saw it near her. She knew that she could not catch it as it might bite her hand. She turned it around and took its tail and it slipped out of her hand. She was disappointed. She tried to catch it again. Darina Berthiaume threw a stone at it and nearly killed it. She did not intend to kill it. Some girls threw many stones after it to make it or were near him against it. At last it nearly landed on the stones. Annie threw a big one and caught it in it. She brought it here and put it in some water in a basin. Miss James kept it for a couple of days and it died. If Dorina had not hit it with a stone it might have swam away and lived for a long time. O. V. Sours.

--Miss Templeton told us that she had received an Indian woman She boarded the wrong train a few days ago When she discovered her mistake the train was pulling out. She jumped, fell on the platform and broke her right leg. She intended to go east but she went west.

Hon. Mr. Bryan and many gentlemen from Belleville rode in fifteen automobiles to the Institution on May 17th. He stood on the lawn to welcome them. Hon. Mr. Bryan spoke for a few minutes and Mr. Coleman interpreted. Then he Coughlin said a few words. We waved our hand handkerchiefs and cheered. Hon Mr. Bryan lives in the United States. He ran for President three times but he was defeated. He lectured in the Bridge Street Methodist Church in the evening. There was a crowd of people there. Margaret C. Golds.

I heard that some people died in Chicago and New York from sun stroke. It is very hot to-day. It was ninety four degrees last Saturday. We felt weak because it was so warm.

Our boys intended to play a foot ball match with the Albert College boys but they did not want to play because it was very hot last Saturday. We were disappointed T. I Hughan

We will have a holiday on Victoria Day I intend to run a race It is from 1 to 3 miles and somebody will run a marathon race up to the person who will win.

Some other boys and I went to the woods last Sunday afternoon. It was very warm We sat under the trees in the shade and talked to each other They were full of leaves. Bogart Hall and I went through the woods and we picked violets and I told him to stop picking them as we had enough We went to the river for the train and we stood on it. It was very high. I thought I could get across from it Percy Smith.

Miss Templeton told us that an Indian woman boarded the wrong train on May 15th When she discovered her mistake the train was pulling out. She jumped, fell down beside the platform and broke her leg She was taken to the Belleville hospital.--P. H. McDougall.

Mr. Ronald McDonald came here and stayed for a few days. He knew some of our teachers. He used to be a pupil here fourteen years ago. He is now at the Cotton Mills in Cornwall. Gerald Holland.

On May 24th some Public School boys will play baseball with some deaf boys in the morning. Some senior boys and a gentleman invited us in the afternoon to see some games and we shall enjoy ourselves.

It is very beautiful around here now. The lilacs are in blossom and they are very fragrant. The weather is very warm and it is very sultry. We want rain.--Charlie Deschner.

A week ago Martin, Gerald and I went to the city last Saturday afternoon and a gentleman invited us to ride in a cab and we were glad to ride in it because we were tired walking in the city.. We stopped at the city and we jumped out of the cab and we thanked him. We went to the park and each to him but he said "No" and we thanked him.--Jimmy Green.

I heard some people died in some places from the heat or by sun-stroke. It is very hot weather and it is about ninety degrees in the shade. There has been lightning for four or five nights.

--Dr. Coughlin bought two new kinds of games, namely, croquet and lawn tennis, for the girls to play. We play them nearly every day.--Elsie C. McDougall.

MISS HUNTER'S CLASS.

Mr. Bryan came last Wednesday He stood up in an auto and talked to the girls and boys. We cheered He bowed us. Mr. Bryan is a very clever man. He lives in the United States. P. Wiggins.

May 24th was Victoria Day We had a holiday We had fireworks at night. They were pretty We ate ice-cream and cake D. Moore

Mrs. Terrill came yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Coughlin. She said "Good afternoon to me. She went to Dr. Coughlin's house H. Isles.

We have some little frogs in a jar They can swim but They are growing After awhile they will be big frogs. They will jump to Lawson.

I saw three eggs on a nest last week and now there are three baby birds They cannot fly yet but they will fly soon. G. Henderson

Last week we played base ball. Miss Hunter played with us We had a good time. Hilton then had and Miss Hunter hit it J. Mackie

Last Friday morning Miss Hunter gave some pretty books to us She took them back. We read them when we got home. A. Reid

MISS LYNN'S CLASS.

Dr. Coughlin gave the boy gale tennis, croquet lawn ball and basket ball He is very kind to us We had a good time Friday last. very much

Annie Brown's birthday was May 18th. She was ten years old. Yesterday in the afternoon we saw it was her birthday Annie told us of it They My mother sent us a present for her birthday She is a little sick with a cold Lizzie Carter

I got a letter from my uncle He She told me that some men started a gold mine in Cobalt and got it Pete some got in the rush to Some men were finding gold and some were killed by selling whiskey Quite a few people in Sunday had the measles Ruth P. Brown

Arthur went to the woods and he found a turtle He took it home He was very kind to it and he gave it some worms and He put some in the window and the sun came out it It died He was sad and he put it out of the window and he went in He went to the kitchen and he came back to see it, but it was gone He thinks it lives and it hasn't died yet.

We will have a holiday because it is the walk with Miss Hunter to the park We know that Miss Hunter will sit on the benches and watch the boys play games We will be in two examinations soon but I do not know when I think it is two weeks We will go home June 23rd We are excited I will meet Dan Isles. In to at London station Edith Spicer

Miss Hunt went to the woods and saw the birds. She picked pretty flowers. She brought back tulips, snails, and soldier worms because she wanted them in the house We looked at them in a bowl We put the snails in the water and they died. The tulips are still hange to frogs. Addie Paul

A Lesson for Mothers.

I am almost heart broken over it She said it in the most pitiful appeal call.

"And what is it, pray, that you say we almost heart broken over" I replied

"Well, it is about my little Jennie, what she said to me as I was putting her to bed last night."

"Something very bad it must have been.

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind, something quite different from that This is the way it was. Jennie is naughty sometimes, as most children are, you know Then my way is to send her sharply and sometimes to punish her But last night, after I had put her to bed, I began to think about my self, she said, "Mamma, have I been a good girl to-day? I thought a minute, then answered "Why, yes, dear, you have been a good little girl to-day

"A little girl who always goes straighter to my heart I had always been quite enough to reprove and punish her for being naughty, but she had evidently, as I remembered, been trying hard all day to please me by being good, and I had taken no notice of it; so the little thing had to ask for the word of commendation which I should have been thoughtful and loving enough to have given, without her hungry little heart having to ask for it." In S. S. Times.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

To Parents and Friends:

The present term will close on Wednesday, June 21st, 1911. An officer of the Institution will accompany those who are to travel on the Main Lines of Railways, taking care of them and their baggage to the points agreed upon.

The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other Railway Companies have liberally agreed to issue return tickets at single fare, good until September 13th, 1911.

It is important that parents or friends be standing on the platform of the station when the train arrives. If your child does not arrive on the train stipulated, telegraph this office promptly at our expense.

The fare is the same whether the child returns to school or not. Remit amount of fare to Wm. Cochrane, Bursar, by Post Office Order, Postal Note, or Registered Letter. This is important. The earlier you send the money the more time you will assist us in making our arrangements here.

The next term will begin on Wednesday, September 13th, and I trust all pupils will be sent back promptly. I am the red ticket on the trunk—it enables us to trace missing baggage.

Yours faithfully,

C. B. COUGHLIN,
Superintendent

Laporte—Scissons.

The marriage of Mr. Lewis Laporte, of Detroit, Mich., to Miss Lizzie A., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Scissons, Dunrobin, was solemnized at St. Isidore's church, South March, on Tuesday, May 9th, at nine a. m., Rev. T. F. Fay officiating.

The bride looked charming in a costume of white duchess satin with but to match. She was assisted by Miss Florence Laporte, sister of the groom, dressed in blue duchess satin with hat to match.

Mr. Isidore Scissons, brother of the bride, performed the duties of best man. The bride wore the gift of the groom, a gold locket and chain.

After the ceremony the bridal party, accompanied by a large number of friends and relatives, repaired to the bride's home, Dunrobin, where a sumptuous dinner was served. A pleasant evening was spent in songs, music and dancing.

The cotoom in which the young couple were held was shown by the numerous and costly gifts, many of which were cheques to the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Laporte left on the following day for their future home, Detroit, Mich. The bride travelled in a plum colored suit and hat. A large reception was held on their arrival at the groom's parental home, Drysdale, Ont., where they remained for a few days on their way to Detroit.

As neither of the parties could hear, Mr. Samuel Scissons, cousin of the bride, interpreted the ceremony.

All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Laporte a happy and prosperous journey through life.

Hon. W. J. Bryan Visits the Institution.

Hon. W. J. Bryan, the world-famous orator and statesman, delivered his celebrated lecture on "The Prince of Peace" in Belleville on May 18th, and during his stay in the city, he honored our Institution with a brief visit. He was accompanied by a number of the prominent citizens of Belleville, the procession including seventeen well filled automobiles. The party arrived at the Institution at 12.30 o'clock, and were received by the officers, teachers and pupils in front of the Main Building, where they were lined up on the sidewalk. After several members of the staff had been presented, Dr. Coughlin asked Mr. Bryan to say a few words, and he kindly responded in a brief, but most appropriate address. Prof. Coleman interpreting. After a few gracious words of greeting to all present, he said that the sight of so many deaf children assembled together was a familiar one to him, as for many years his home had been just across the street from the Institution for the Deaf at Jacksonville, Ill. He saw them every day at their play and was often a guest at their entertainments. "It is," he said, "one of the evidences of progress and civilization that so much attention is being shown in work of this kind. It is one of the most creditable evidences that Christians give of their real interest in their fellowmen that they should devote themselves so earnestly and so zealously for the benefit of those who lack any of the great blessings that come to people generally. The loss of one of the senses is not a serious loss when you remember how much you have left. For the hearing is only one of the ways by which we obtain information from without. The real thing is not that we shall hear through the ear or communicate our thoughts through the tongue, but that we shall have thoughts to communicate and have knowledge. It is much more important that the heart shall have the impulses and the ideals, than that those impulses should be expressed through any particular medium. And considering the most any improvement to the deaf and dumb the loss of hearing and the power of speech is not as great as it used to be. I congratulate your country that you have taken such interest in this form of education.

"This school will very much enlarge your capacity for labor and ability for self support. I have no doubt that you will go out with such an appreciation that your lives will be animated with the desire to make a full return to society.

"There were two thoughts he would like to leave with the students. The first was that, 'You should not allow yourselves to think too much of that which you do not get. Let your thoughts rest on the larger things you enjoy.' The second is, 'Remember that we all owe a great deal to society, we all owe a great debt to those who have gone before us and we must make it the purpose of our lives to pay back as much as we can for the sake of others. A man does not want to die in debt, but all of us do die in debt unless we have given to the world as much in service as we have drawn from the world.'

At the close of the address Dr. Coughlin thanked Mr. Bryan for his remarks and the great appreciation all at the Institution for the honor of the visit, and regretted that there was not an opportunity for him to see the pupils at their work in the class-rooms and shops. Then amid the loud and enthusiastic cheers of the pupils the distinguished visitors took their departure.

Victoria Day

Although our flag pole was broken and the usual hoisting and saluting of the flag had to be dispensed, with the boys and girls at our Institution enjoyed several other functions of the Institution and elsewhere on May 24th.

In the morning, after the little folks had purchased their candy at the store, they went to a shady spot near the baseball field and witnessed a lively game of ball between our junior team and a team from Belleville. Willie McLachlan acted as Umpire. The city boys won the game, the score being eleven to twenty-one.

In the afternoon the Institution and grounds seemed somewhat deserted. The children of the intermediate grades, accompanied by some of the officers and teachers, went to the woods, while the senior pupils under the supervision of the officers on duty went to Victoria Park to see the Y. M. C. A. sports. During the afternoon a thunder shower passed over. Those who went to the woods did not escape the rain, but seeking but those at the Park sought shelter in the Club House on the Park and came home safely after the rain.

A general celebration in the form of a display of fireworks took place in the evening on the lawn. This surpassed anything of its kind held here in years, and was thoroughly appreciated by every one, children and grown ups. While the fireworks had all been sent up an hour a hearty cheer, everybody repaired to the dining room where they were treated to cake and a generous dish of ice-cream.

It was a late hour for the small boys and girls when they were tired and ready next morning, as school did not begin until 9 a. m.

Nurse.

Did you see pink going up on Victoria Day?

The elephant took his trunk with him. Where did he go?

Did you count the falling stars in May 24th? Wonder if Mr. Peppin got one in his crown?

Our boys and girls cheered most heartily at the fireworks and gave the ballroom a good send-off

Some of the members of our staff had arranged to spend the 24th at Perton, but owing to lack of magneto power they were not able to draw the boat in to our dock and it went sailing past. Perhaps the next time they go they'll stay at home but we hope not.

—Did you see Mr. Boyd on the evening of May 24th? If you didn't you missed a treat.

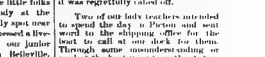
—At the ball game our boys hope ran high for a victory during the first few innings, then our pitcher's arm gave out and the change led to our ultimate defeat

—We are glad that neither the boys and girls who went to the woods nor those who visited the park in the after noon got seriously wet in the heavy shower of rain. Those at the Institution felt anxious about them.

Miss Hunter spent from Friday after noon until Sunday evening out in the country. Having spent her girlhood on the farm, the outing was a pleasure and she returned looking refreshed.

Those who have had a touch of trouble with oil to lay the dust; it is just a trial. Mr. Balls has also invested in a barrel full to use along the road in front of his residence. Passing autos and other vehicles threw up the dust which settled on his veranda. He has not been troubled since.

—We forgot to mention in our last that Mr. Lown, of Toronto, remembered our pupils with a case of oranges as a gift. They were promptly distributed and every boy and girl got a share. We much appreciate his thoughtful kindness.



On Saturday, the 20th, we had made all arrangements with the Albert College foot-ball team for a game but the afternoon was so warm and sultry it was regretfully called off.

Two of our lady teachers intended to spend the day in Perton and sent word to the shipping office for the boat to call at our dock for them. Through some misunderstanding or neglect the boat went by without stopping. To make up for their disappointment they have in the offer of a free trip on any day they may choose to go.

All felt the recent warm weather very much, especially as the class rooms at that time were not provided with fans for the staff. On Monday the 22nd, it was so warm that Dr. Coughlin considered the four and a half hours in the pupils spent in the class rooms under steady work was sufficient for the children under such weather conditions and closed up the shops in the afternoon.

Our junior boys played the most baseball during the two hour half for several years on the afternoon of the 24th, their opponents being a junior team from the city. The boys are so fond of foot ball at which they excel and were much disappointed when the other game and so we expected, a good game—not to be furnished an afternoon sport instead.

The last issue of Deaf Light published by the Deaf Mutes' Mission for the Blind and Deaf Brighton, and excellent paper it is. It is well dressed in its new dress without doubt added to the railway in the North West. Mr. D. Morrison who sent the last month on the street and knows how to sell Hamilton and the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beckett who sells also. The boy greatly appreciate the work of Mr. Bridgett and the school and wish it the best. The getting up of such such a small paper as this must be right and we have a number of them to spell it. Its whole aim being the spiritual advancement of the deaf

PERSONALITIES

Mr. A. West formerly of Newmarket, but now in business in Chicago, Ill., and was placed at pub lishing in the French Press Company and is doing well

Mr. Thos. McDonald of London who lead the Sunday services at 10 a. Hom but on Sunday, June 4th. It is to that all the deaf in that vicinity will try to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Hamilton are now in Winnipeg on their honeymoon after having been united in Ardmore. Mr. Wood has invested a somewhat state in the city from which he has left a most handsome Easter return

Rev. J. McDonald, of Cornwall is paying out and when many were called to see him lately. In the sixteen years he has left many friends who, of course taken pause at there are few here that he knew. He has been working in the Stormont, Wester Mills for the past fourteen years and in the main supported the deaf mute and sister. An unfortunate accident some years ago partly crippled one hand but he has still the use of his arm.

Further particulars of the death of Mr. A. E. Sutherland at Detroit have been received. It appears that the news of the death on the tracks of Mr. H. Morrison at Hamilton had just reach Mr. Sutherland and the two were together discussing the fatality with some deaf friends. At the thinking of what had taken with an hour or two the sum life would be cut short in a similar manner Where the deaf friends left, Mr. Sutherland told his wife that he would accompany them part of the way. They came to a railway crossing over which a long freight train was passing and waited for it to pass. then Mr. Sutherland took the lead and stepped on the track in front of the train. A engine was just passing Mr. Sutherland was struck down and both legs cut off, dying fifteen minutes after, and had not Mr. Allen grabbed Mr. H. Gottlieb a double tragedy would have resulted. Mr. Sutherland was married twenty one years ago to Miss E. Murphy, both being former pupils of the Belleville school. The widow and three children survive. Mrs. Sutherland and her two youngest children have gone to Guelph, Ont., where she has relatives.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

Eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—That a number of our pupils may learn typewriting, and, from the knowledge so gained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting reading for our pupils, a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mutes everywhere.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cts. ounce for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. No subscriptions commence at any time during the year except by money order issued at the registered letter

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us that immediate attention may be given to their wants. All papers stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

All correspondence on matter of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing objectionable to sound the feelings of any one will be admitted to this work.

ADVERTISING

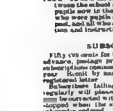
A few select advertisements will be inserted Rate made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO.



GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO.—"The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

American School Geographies.

A few weeks ago THE CANADIAN MUTE made a few remarks relative to the kind of stuff that appeared in some American school books as facts, and when the truth of our allegations were challenged, we appealed to American authority in evidence. No attempt has been made to impeach our authority or refute our statements, excepting an appeal to Chambers's Cyclopedia relative to the battle of Lundy Lane, which seemed to verify the claims of account given in the histories we condemned. As a matter of fact, however, Chambers's Cyclopedia does not mention the battle of Lundy Lane at all—at least not the English edition. There is an American edition published, with a large number of additions to the text, can confirm, and it is the American account of the battle which was quoted against us, which proves, of course, a borrowing argument.

A friend in the United States recently sent us a copy of an American Geographical Reader, called the "Egypt Geographical Reader," which indicates that the kind of geographical knowledge handed out to some American school children accords very well with the matter placed before them as history. Here is the account given of Canada in the Egypt Reader:

"North of the United States there is a country much colder than ours. It is also, extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and it stretches northward to the shores of another ocean, called the Arctic. * * * The greater part of this cold region is one great forest, reaching nearly to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In it are many wild animals, of many different kinds,—the wolf, bear, reindeer, moose, musk ox, and others. Almost the only people in all this great forest are Indians, who spend their time in hunting and fishing. Here and there, by the side of some of the large lakes and rivers, are a few white men, who live there in order to hunt the wild animals for their furs, or to buy furs and skins from the Indian hunters. Some of the furs are sold to the people of Canada, but many are sent away to other cold countries. In all this forest country, during half the year or more, the ground is covered with snow and ice, and the rivers and lakes are frozen over."

And that is all there is about the country in general. There follow two pages description of the Eskimos, and the same, the length of the day &c., and another page about the Eskimos, a tribe of a few thousand Indians in the very far north. There are three or three and not a reindeer on this continent. And this precious compendium of knowledge is published by Scribners and the American Book Company. In a preface to the Preface, that this book "has been pronounced by competent authorities to be the best of school reading books." Also that in 1908 it was thoroughly revised, that "the material presented is interesting and useful as matter of knowledge," and that "it is believed to embody, both in the choice of material and in the mode of treatment, the best results of thought and experience on the part of the most earnest and practical educators."

And this is the kind of mental pabulum on which tens of thousands of American school children are fed. We don't say that all American school books display such crass ignorance, yet this is typical of a good many of them, and this is issued by probably one of the big publishers of school books in the United States. Comment on such stuff is impossible—the English language, expressive as it is, is quite inadequate for the purpose, and in any case we discarded profane language many years ago. Just a few facts for the speedy benefit of each of our readers as may have been brought up on such literature as Guyot's reader, Montgomery's School History etc. There are less than 100,000 Indians in Canada, and 8,000,000 white people. No. 1 hard wheat, and vegetables that would take the prize at any fair in the United States, is grown as far north of the boundary line as Texas is south of it. Winnipeg is 1800 miles northwest of New York, and wheat is being grown in the northwest of Manitoba and Winnipeg is from New York. In Alberta and Saskatchewan larger than the whole of the United States west of the Mississippi—the farmers now their grain in the spring while fourth of the United States is still covered with ice and snow, and in Peace River district, the settlers start out in the open the whole year round. But why proceed further. If a man wants to know the facts he can find them out. If he doesn't want to know,—well a man can lead a horse to the trough but he can't make it drink.

The best instructor in the best school in the world never educates your mind or your heads. You do that yourself. The instructor and school can show how, guide you wisely into the best channels, but you must do the work yourself. An education can never be secured by mere contact with instructors and school any more than dinner may be absorbed by standing around in the kitchen and dining-room. Get to work and get an education which you may.—*Industrial School Magazine.*

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Percy Allen was calling on Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton recently.

Mr. A. W. mason has returned from his sojourn of several weeks in South Middleton and neighborhood and looks as though he had derived a world of good.

We are expecting the Hamilton baseball team here on June 22 (Coronation Day) to try conclusions with our amateurs and if they come a strenuous game will ensue.

Mr. Robert Ensenger, of Hamilton, was in the city to see his sister Maggie, on Victoria Day.

Miss Lizzie Ornstoon was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wilson for a few days on her way back from a trip to New York. She expected to take up her work in Gladstone, but found it too strenuous for her physical strength so gave it up. We understand she may take up that work in some private house.

Victoria Day dawned bright and glorious and continued so all day long, save for an occasional spray of rain in the forenoon. Our friends spent the afternoon everywhere they have decided, from Hanlan's Point, Island Park, Scarboro Beach or at home—but in the latter case they all gathered together and had the first time of the year on that spacious and shady lawn during the afternoon at the Bloor-St., west of Indian Road. Here they came until about 7.3 o'clock, when they were all invited to stay the afternoon and "was a treat beyond our most sanguine expectations." Here the afternoon pleasure and the crowds of spectators were kept constantly in high glee watching the "green heads" try to understand the scientific method of batting, and the best part to speak of the many fumbles, trippings somersaults and other beautiful accomplishments pleasure revellers, but generally speaking everything was in favor of the day, except the facility necessity Pace, and they were a very tired yet cheerful crowd of people when they wended their way home at evening's close.

Oh! my, has the earth given up her dead? Oh! Old Paul Kruger, the hero of the Transvaal Boer Transvaal loomed up in our midst on the 24th and for the time being our imagination was dead as to his transformation seemed almost realistic. A very strikingly like picture of "Oom Paul" sat on the turf gazing unconcerningly at all who passed his way and many of us simply could not look at him and went on, ignorant of his identity while not a few were actually encouraged to mention in his presence, "Why is that old farmer looking at us all day?" "Why is that a green horn sitting by," and many uncomplimentary remarks, which "Oom Paul" took all in, was unconcerned and still gazing at us all, gently stroking his three inch long white beard and moustache while his sun tanned face partly hidden by his broad brimmed hat up turned sleeves exposed his brawny arms, and one in a thousand would not be able to distinguish the former looks. It was no other person than our own Member for North Grey, the gold lands of New Ontario. He was just ready to build himself a new home with a family all the same and on hand when the fire fiend laid all in ashes at the time of the great forest fires up that way, so Teddy came down and will likely be here all summer, but will eventually go back there and then now gone on a visit to his brother in Belleville.

Mr. F. H. Badgrow is back in our midst again after his trip to Montreal to see his mother and brother, who is there over to Albany, N. Y., to see his sister who is looking very poorly.

Mr. Lous Laquis, of Ottawa, and his bride, nee Miss Elizabeth Brisseau, paid the city and their former friends a not very long ago, but owing to their hurry they didn't regret they didn't see them and extend them the congratulatory hand of goodwill, health and prosperity for their future.

Miss Lily Fraser has gone for a couple of weeks' sojourn at Jackson's Point to enjoy the refreshing breezes.

A goodly number of our friends gathered at Afton Hall Monday evening, 22nd ult., for the purpose of entertaining a date and place for our annual picnic this summer. Oakville, Grimsby Park, Queenstown and Omeo Beach, Mr. V. G. were mentioned and after talking a vote Omeo Beach was first choice, it with Grimsby Park a close second; but as we hear the Yankee resort has no athletic grounds it will likely be abandoned and the Canadian Spot selected. The date was not chosen but it will likely be held about the 22nd or 29th of July.

Mrs. William Lightfoot gave a party at her home on Saturday evening, 27th ult., in honor of her husband's natal day. Those who had their young friends were on hand to do honor to their young comrade, and to enjoy a most delightful entertainment prevailed all evening in the way of charades, guessing games, music, graceful contests, &c. and wound up with a hearty treat of refreshments and lemonade. All had a very fine time.

Mrs. Angus A. McIntosh, of Parry Sound, left on the 27th ult. for that city, after visiting relatives and friends here over since the death of her father over seven weeks ago. She was looking real well when she left. Mayor Geary was one of the pall bearers at her father's funeral.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Leslie, nee Miss Hattie A. Moore, of this city, are doing fine in North Battleford, Sask., and their little youngster, is growing up to be a big boy. Mr. Leslie is a contractor in that town; so is W. E. Brown, who boards with the Leslies.

Mr. Robert McMaster, late of Wiarton, but now of Sault Ste. Marie, on route to Minden, Ont., where he left to be after that same evening Miss Vivian Allen, at the home of the bride's parents. They returned to the city and will reside in the west end. Miss M O'Neil and her brother, Nate, tendered them a reception at their parents' residence, 1 Ossington Ave., presented with a beautiful little ornamental vase by the young folks and the rest of the evening was given up to pleasure previous to their leaving for their future home in Chesley, whither they went on the 23rd ult., followed by good wishes from all.

Sunday, May 28th, was a very bright and warm day and most appropriate for the impressive communion service. About sixty-two assembled at the T. H. & B. for the service and the sermon when Rev. Mr. Southam gave a most interesting and touching sermon, assisted by our most gifted interpreter, Mrs. J. R. Byrne. Mr. P. Brigden afterwards gave some of his views on the importance of the occasion.

We are very glad to see Mrs. M. Mockle able to be around again. She was very sick lately.—H. W. R.

LANARK LOCALS.

From our own Correspondent.

Thos. Hazelton and Thos. J. McKay went to Harper to spend Sunday with the Fenwicks and had a good time in general.

E. York has improved his barn by the addition of a shed for milking when it is raining.

W. W. Smith has recovered from his illness and is able to work around.

W. T. Thackaberry, of Carleton Place, has been visiting his son Will at Ellwoods. He has been working there for the past week and is well liked by employers.

Thos. Hazelton got word from his cousin, Mr. Crouch, of Smith's Falls, that he has returned from Deseronto, where he has been for the past year, to his former home. He will return in good health and also the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hughes, of Carleton Place, are anxious to see their son Jesse from the institution. He is now in Toronto.

T. I. McKay is still very busy on the farm one mile from Franktown. He has been training a three year old colt after two months hard work.

Mr. Donald Smith, father of R. Scott Smith, of your school, is very busy on the farm and waits for his son to come home to help him.

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to be sure they do not behave.—CARLYLE.

Effort, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit of sunshine,—graceful from very gladness,—beautiful because bright.—RUSKIN.

A few Items from Far and Near.

BY CHARLIE R. FORD.

—Before Victoria Day the days were very hot, the mercury rose to 102 degrees under the shade one day so a half holiday was given to the boys, by our kind Superintendent to keep cool under the trees and other comfortable shades. On the day of celebration rain was very welcome and freshened everything as well as ourselves.

—The display of fire-works was beautiful. The small paper-balloons were successfully floating in the air in a great distance. We thank Messrs. Cochrane, Peppin, Nurse and others for arranging the fire-works.

—After the fire-works, all of us went to the dining-room to have ice-cream and cake, which satisfied us. We thank the attendants for their work.

The senior pupils went to the Victoria Park to see the programme which the Y. M. C. A. had made on Victoria Day. The little pupils spent a happy afternoon in the woods in charge of some teachers. They enjoyed themselves by picking the wild flowers, watching the fishes swimming, etc. They came home tired but had a nice time.

We are glad to be informed that Mr. Laporte, our former pupil, was married to a young lady, Miss Lizzie Bryson, on the 9th ult. They were wedded in Ottawa and were on their honeymoon to Detroit through some cities in Ontario, to which they stopped to visit their friends. They will reside in Detroit. Mr. Laporte is a steady employee in the shoe-factory there. We congratulate may live happily for many years.

Mr. Bryson, who used to run for a president of the United States, but was unsuccessful, was a welcome visitor guished visiting to our Institution. He made a short speech to Mr. Ford, the man interpreted for us. Mr. Bryan went to the city in an automobile with a procession of about fifteen other automobiles. Three cheers and a tiger were given by us in honor of the famous man.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR THE PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND. MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

All our written examinations are over and the pupils feel quite proud of themselves.

George Ladd, whose presence at home was required some time ago, is present for a few months, paid us a visit last week. We hope to see George back at school in September.

Mr. Dwight Shepherd and Mr. E. Libby, ex-pupils of our school, paid us a visit on the 24th. We are always glad to give a hearty welcome to our old boys.

The pupils all enjoyed the Horse Show to which they were invited. They also enjoyed the ice-cream and cake. In lieu of the Horse Show the blind pupils went for a car ride.

The latest addition to the defective speech class is Jack Allan, a youth of sixteen.

We were very sorry indeed that one of our dear little boys was taken away just before his examinations because his mother has removed to Hamilton. However little Julius Sterna, the pet of the school, will return in September as his parents are returning to Montreal.

Mrs. Radhouse, with her son and daughter, visited Miss Cunningham at the school last week. Mrs. Radhouse is on a visit from England with her daughter. Mr. Radhouse is a highly intelligent, well-educated deaf gentleman as he speaks fluently.

School will close the middle of June. After the excessive heat the pupils and teachers will gladly welcome a rest. We hope our Belleville friends were not roasted as we were.

We were sorry for Mrs. Ashcroft's sake that Dr. Forster has been removed by the Ontario Government from Brockville to Toronto, where he resigns the responsibility of the Asylum for the Insane. Brockville can be nearer Montreal and Dr. and Mrs. Forster had a delightful home there. —P. S.

The Wind.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
So blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

Saved by a Beetle.

Of course, youngsters, you know what a beetle is?" asked daddy.

"Oh, yes," said Evelyn and Jack together, and daddy went on to say:

"Well, this is going to be a story of how a beetle once saved a man from being imprisoned. The man in the story lived many years ago. He was a judge and a good man, and the people trusted him to judge wisely when any quarrel arose among them. They called him the 'just judge and true sir to man,' for he really was good and wise. But a sad thing happened, for the king of the country heard about the judge and became jealous of him. He was neither wise nor just, and he was afraid that the people might choose the judge to be king instead of himself. So he sent his soldiers to arrest the judge and had him locked up in the top story of a high tower.

"In the judge's room there was a window, from which he could see the country round about. One evening he looked out from the window and saw his wife sitting and crying at the foot of the tower. She loved her husband dearly and wanted to help him, but what could one woman do against the wicked king and all his soldiers?

"When the judge saw his wife he said: 'Do not cry, but do as I tell you. Perhaps you can save me from this prison of the wicked king. Go home and get these things—a live beetle, a piece of butter, a ball of fine silk, a ball of fine cord, another one of heavier cord and a coil of strong rope. But hurry before the soldiers see you.'

"The wife hurried off and returned in a short time with the things. 'Now,' said the man, 'do just exactly as I tell you. Fasten one end of the fine silk thread to a leg of the beetle, then smear some of the butter on its head. Point its head upward so that it will climb to my window. When it reaches me I shall take off the silk thread. At the end of it you must fasten the fine cord, tie to the end of that thick cord, and tie the end of the thick cord to the end of the heavy rope. I shall fasten this to my bed in the room, and then I shall slide down the rope and join you, and we shall run away together.'

"The woman did with the beetle as her husband had told her. The odor of the butter on the beetle's head made the insect continue to reach it. Of course the odor was shrewd, and he kept on climbing up, trying all the time to reach it. In a short time it had climbed up the high tower to the prisoner's window. Then the man took off the silk thread, pulled up first the thin cord, then the heavier cord and then the rope. And as he escaped from the room of the wicked king. That is how a beetle saved a man.

Strange, if True.

The following strange account of a turning grave stone was found in a paper some time ago, with no credit to it, or evidence of any kind of its authenticity, and the *Silent Hoosier* publishes it for what it is worth, which is considerable if it is true. It not only tells a strange and interesting story but it gives a scientific reason for the curious thing:

An interesting object is to be seen in a cemetery at Ohio—a large granite stone weighing two tons, in the shape of a ball, which is gradually turning on its axis. During the last five years, it is said, the ball has turned a fraction over 13 inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot six inches in diameter was purposely left in the socket pedestal wherein it rested. A little later it was noted with astonishment that this spot was turning upward on the south side of the monument. This curious revolution of the polished ball, to lift which would require a large derrick, is supposed to be due to the sun's action in the following manner: The sun rays heating one side causes the ball to expand a certain degree whereas the north side, which rests mostly in the shade, does not expand to the same extent, thus causing the ball gradually to shift its position by turning.—*Hoosier.*

Doctor Goldsmith.

There was once a kind man whose name was Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote many delightful books, some of which you will read when you are older.

He had a gentle heart. He was always ready to help others and to share with them anything he had. He gave away so much to the poor that he was always poor himself.

He was sometimes called Doctor Goldsmith for he had studied to be a physician.

One day a poor woman asked Doctor Goldsmith to go and see her husband, who was sick, and could not eat.

Goldsmith did so. He found the family was in great need. The man had not had work for a long time. He was not alone, but in distress; and as for eating, there was no food in the house.

"Call at my room this evening," said Goldsmith to the woman, "and I will give you some medicine for your husband."

In the evening the woman called. Goldsmith gave her a little paper but it was very busy.

"Here is the medicine," he said. "Use it faithfully, and I think it will do your husband a great deal of good. But don't open the box until you reach home."

"What are the directions for taking it?" asked the woman.

"You will find them inside the box," he answered.

When the woman reached her home, she sat down by her husband's side, and they opened the box. What do you think they found in it?

It was full of pieces of money. And on the top were the directions:

"To Be Taken As Often As Necessity Requires."

Goldsmith had given them all the ready money he had. — *Fifty Famous Stories.*

Stop That Thought.

It was in your mind all day yesterday and it made you perfectly miserable. Over and over again you passed through all the unpleasant scenes, heard all the cruel words that were spoken, suffered again all the painful feelings, and succeeded in spoiling the day, unfitting yourself for your work and destroying all happiness out of your heart. Are you going to continue it all day to-day, and by so doing waste more of your life in the foolish if not insane habit of tormenting yourself now because someone made you unhappy in the past?

That thought of how no more right in your mind than a bug has in your parlor, or a black snake has in your bedroom. You can think you cannot stop it, but you can, as it is only a bad habit you have fallen into, and you must break it or it will break you. You must get the mastery of your mind and control of your own thoughts, and sometimes leads to insanity; but to be able to think of any subject you please places your happiness in your hands, and gives you a sense of power and independence which is not only delightful to realize, but which enables you to develop your character and shape your own choice.—J. M. Holmes.

The Blind Men and the Elephant.

There were once six blind men who stood by the roadside every day and begged from the people who passed. They had often heard of elephants, but they had never seen one; for being blind, how could they?

It so happened that one morning an elephant was driven down the road where they stood. When they were told that the great beast was before them, they asked the driver to let him stop so they might see him.

Of course they could not see him with their eyes; but they thought that by touching him they could learn just what kind of animal he was.

The first one happened to put his hand on the elephant's side. "Well, well!" he said. "Now I know all about this beast. He is exactly like a wall."

The second felt only of the elephant's tusk. "My brother," he said, "you are mistaken. He is not at all like a wall. He is round and smooth and sharp. He is more like a spear than anything else."

The third happened to take hold of the elephant's trunk. "Both of you are wrong" he said. "Any body who knows anything can see that this elephant is like a snake."

The fourth reached out his arms and grasped one of the elephant's legs. "Oh, how blind you are!" he said. "It is very plain to me that he is round and tall like a tree."

The fifth was a very tall man, and he chanced to take hold of the elephant's ear. "The blindest man ought to know that this beast is not like any of the things you have named," he said. "He is exactly like a huge fan."

The sixth was very blind indeed, and it was some time before he could find the animal at all. At last he touched the animal's tail. "Of foolish fellows I" he cried. "You surely have lost your senses. This elephant is not like a wall, or spear, or a snake, or a tree, nor is it like a fan. But any man with a particle of sense can see that he is exactly like a rope."

Then the elephant moved on, and the six blind men sat by the roadside all day and quarreled about him. Each believed he knew just how the animal looked; and each called the others hard names because they did not agree with him.

People who have eyes sometimes act as foolishly. — *Fifty Famous Stories.*

Changing His Dress.

When over thought of such a thing as a spider's having a dress? And yet it must have one, else how could it undress? Not a sure-nuff dress, of course, but what passes for one—the skin. That it does undress, the "Geneva News" has apparently discovered, and thus tells the story of it: —It is an interesting sight indeed to watch a spider change its skin, and one that will repay anyone for the time taken up waiting for the little known —generally speaking—event to take place. When preparing for the change the spider stops eating for several days and makes his preliminary arrangements by spinning himself up a short thread of web to one of the main lines of his snare, this to hold him firmly while he proceeds to undress. First he splits the old round skin in front, being held only by the fore part. Next the lower part of the body is unscrewed, and then comes the struggle to free the legs. He works and kicks vigorously, seeming to have a very hard time of it. Fifteen minutes of continued perseverance, however, brings him out of his old dress, the struggle causing him to appear limp and lifeless for some time after it is finished.

Johnny's Forgetter.

BY NELSON A. JACKSON.

Mamma, mamma, where is my coat?"
"Why, I don't know. Is it not on the hall rack where it should be?" came mamma's reply from the kitchen.

"No, I've looked everywhere and I can't find it."

"Didn't I see you and Tommy Jones down in the orchard last night?"

"O, yes, I remember, we were doing tricks in the golden sweet tree and I took off my coat and forgot it." Away he went as fast as the legs of an eight-year-old boy could carry him.

In a very few minutes Johnny was back, but his hat was nowhere to be found. Mamma suggested that possibly he had left it in the barn, as he did that sometimes. "O, I know it is here, I was trying to stand on my head in a five-quart pail this morning and I threw my hat on the floor and forgot it."

The hat was found, but mamma was again called from her work by Johnny.

Mamma, I can't find my tablet, and it is almost school time. O, dear, I wanted to stop and see Tommy Jones this morning, and get him to go running a-night after school." Tears which he rarely tried to keep back came into Johnny's eyes, as he hunted for the missing tablet. At last it was found in the woodshed, where he had been attempting to teach his pet kitten to write.

As he was going into the hall mamma asked: "Johnny, did you feed your canaries?"

"O mamma, I have forgotten all about them."

"I could not find your lunch basket this morning."

"O, mamma, we boys were in a hurry last night, and I forgot it and left it at the schoolhouse."

Johnny, with a kiss from mamma, started for school with a merry heart, not knowing how much needless work he made mamma.

Mamma sighed as he closed the door, "I softly murmured to herself: "I wish I could teach Johnny to put things in their proper places and not to forget." Then she went to the telephone and did some talking with papa.

That night when Johnny came in to dinner, the table was not ready. He could hear papa and mamma talking in the library. He went in and asked, "Mamma, when are we going to have dinner?"

"O Johnny, I was taking with papa and forgot it."

A little later when they sat down at the table, Johnny looked around with a puzzled air. "Why, mamma, where are the potatoes?"

"O Johnny, I peeled them and left them on the kitchen table when I went out to feed the bunnies, and I forgot all them."

"What is the matter with this meat, mamma?"

"Why, I do believe I forgot to start the fire. I put the meat into the pan, and then I read a story in the magazine and really forgot the meat."

"May I have some bread and milk?"

"Johnny, I am sorry, but your papa was so busy today that he forgot to order the bread."

Johnny looked from papa to mamma with a bewildered expression. He had never had an experience similar to this. Then, with quivering lips, he asked: "What can I have to eat?"

Mamma looked at him with a smile and answered: "Take a drink of milk, dear, then go out doors for a little while and mamma will see what she can find for you and papa."

Johnny went out, and taking his pet kitten, went down into the orchard, and there he and the kitten pondered weighty questions.

After a little while mamma called him, and this time he found a table spread with dainties such as bring happiness to a boy's heart. He was very silent throughout the meal.

When he was snugly tucked in bed that night, and mamma was about to leave, he put up his arms, and drawing her head down close to him, he whispered: "Mamma, I am never, never going to forget any more, honest."

Russia.

Russia is a large country. Part of it is in Europe. A great part of it is very cold. There are many kinds of houses in Russia. The houses have to be made very warm. So they are built with double walls. In the people's houses, they have stoves like ours. But in the poor people's houses the stoves are built of brick. They always have wood, for coal is too much in Russia. The stoves are sometimes built very high. Often they are as high as the ceiling. Sometimes people sleep on top of the great stove to keep themselves warm.

In most of the houses in the country, they have no beds. There are benches along the wall, which they use both for chairs and beds. In some houses the children sleep on the floor on pieces of felt.

Most of the people in Russia are farmers. They raise a great deal of wheat. The people in many other countries get their bread from Russia.

In some parts of Russia they have funny ferry boats. When the rivers are frozen over in winter, the boats cannot sail on them. The people use chairs instead of boats. There are warm covers on the chairs, and men on skates push them across the ice. It costs just as much to ride across a river as one of these chairs.

In St. Petersburg they build an ice palace every winter. St. Petersburg is the largest city in Russia. It is the place where the Emperor lives. The Emperor of Russia is sometimes called the Czar.

They make the ice palace with square blocks of ice. They put the blocks together and pour water on them. When they are frozen the wall is solid like a wall of brick or stone. Everything inside the palace is made of ice. There are ice stairs and ice tables, and ice chairs and beautiful vases made of ice. Warm rugs are put on the chairs so that people who sit on them may not be cold. Often there are grand balls and parties in this beautiful palace of ice.

Some people in Russia have very queer cradles for their babies. One kind of cradle is a basket which is hung by ropes from the ceiling. Another kind of cradle is made of cloth sewed in a wooden frame. This cradle also hangs from the ceiling.

There are not schools in all parts of Russia, but in some places there are good schools, and the children learn to read and write.

I must not forget to tell you about the great bell in Russia. It is the largest bell in the world. It is in Moscow, a very old city of Russia, and Moscow is the great bell of Moscow. But it has never been rung, for it was cracked in the side when it was being made. It is nearly twenty feet high, and is now used as a chapel.

The next largest bell in the world is also in Moscow. This bell is hung up in a church, and when they ring it, the sound is heard all over the city like the rolling of thunder.—*Selected.*

No Clock-Watcher.

How many clerks measure up to the standard of the young book-keeper in the story from *Human Life*? He was employed in the passenger department of a great railroad. It was just a little before lunch. Some of the clerks were putting on their coats, and leaving for the wash-room, some consulting the clock; some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered. He glanced about, and then approached the young book-keeper.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and repeated the question.

Instantly the other looked up, surprised to see the chief at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked

"Merely inquired the time that was all," said the other

The book-keeper glanced about the room, located the office clock, and said, "It's ten minutes to twelve."

"Thank you," said the general manager and vice-president and strolled out.

That conversation cost the young book-keeper his place in the passenger department and put him under a higher officer "on the firing line." Nine years later he was assistant general manager, and while still in the thirties became a general manager, full-fledged.

"I Wish"

A dog saw a cat on top of a high wall and he said, "I wish I could get up there. It must be so nice to sit up so high, but I can not climb." And he was so sad, and would not sing his tail. Then he went on, and saw a bird in the air. And he said, "I wish I could fly like that bird. What fun it must be! And I am so dull here. He felt still more sad.

Then he came to a pond, and saw a fish in it and he said, "I wish I could live in a pond all day. Then I should not be so sad as I am now." And he shut his eyes and lay down on the grass.

Then he heard the fish say, "Oh, I wish I could lie down on the fresh, green grass like that dog! It looks so nice out there.

Then the dog sat up, and went back by the road he had come.

As he went, he saw the bird, and heard it say, "I wish I could play all day long like that dog, and have a house made for me to live in. I have to make a nest."

Then he saw the cat on the wall, and heard her say, "There goes that spoilt old dog home to get his plate of meat! I wish I was as well off and could get meat like him. I have had no food all this long day. I wish I was that dog

Selected.

An Elephant and a Monkey

An elephant and a monkey were friends.

One day the elephant said, "It is better to be big and strong than to be little and clever."

"It isn't," said the monkey.

"Yes, it is," answered the elephant.

"Let us go to the owl and ask him," said the monkey.

They went to the owl and asked him the question.

"Go to the fruit tree across the river and gather a basket of fruit for me," said the owl, "and I will tell you."

They started out, but when they reached the river the monkey stopped and said, "I can't cross that river."

"Didn't I say it was better to be big and strong than little and clever," said the elephant. "Jump on my back and I'll carry you across."

When they reached the fruit tree the elephant tried to gather the fruit with his trunk; but could not reach it.

"I told you it was better to be little and clever than to be big and strong," said the monkey. "I'll get the fruit."

He climbed the tree and dropped the fruit into the basket.

Then they returned to the owl and asked, "Now, which is better to be big and strong or to be little and clever?"

The owl replied, "One is just as good as the other."

The Story of King Midas.

A great many years ago there lived a great king. It took him many weeks just to count his gold pieces. But he wanted all the time to be getting richer, and no matter how much he had he always wanted more.

One day when he was counting his gold and looking very sad a stranger appeared before him. Why do you look so sad?" asked the stranger. The king looked up and answered "Oh, if I could only have everything I touched into gold I would be happy."

Now the stranger had a wonderful power which he could give the king. So he said, "Prove to me some easy thing you touch shall become gold."

That night the king could hardly sleep for joy. In the morning he rose at early dawn, put on his purple robe to please the people, and then started out on his shoulders. Into the every thread was a golden thread. He said down to fasten his sandals. In an instant the thong on which he set was of gold. His sandals, too, the strings by which he tied them, changed into gold.

When he went for his morning walk every flower he met a golden flower. The path and the grass, that he trod on became golden.

Then even a song that he heard, Sir Midas went back to the palace for his breakfast. He asked for water. A glass was handed him and the moment he put it to his lips it turned into gold. The king could not drink of this money could not buy him a drink of water. He then said that he was very hungry and could eat a meal. But the moment he put a bite in his mouth he could not eat and with a bite gold he would not have to starve to death.

Then the stranger came in and pitied the king, with tears in his eyes he said that he take away the terrible touch that turned everything into gold.

Are you not happy King Midas?" asked the stranger

I am most sure the greatest the king. As long as I can have my life's touch

Then the stranger told the king a bath in a stream near the palace and the touch would go.

Midas set no time in leaving. He water washed away the gold touch. Then he was happier than ever he had ever been before.

What Prince Did

Stories of the wish-need of many not feel in the present day were the humans were true-doing, seeing, to possess the rights of others. I feel pen set as I am the need I whether its out peculiar interest.

The following is set to a story of horse back riding by a gentleman read ing in Worcester, Mass.

Prince was a thoroughbred his mother, the mothers sharpened and proud feet were made by his trainer, for he has known life of the earth a until some slight accident inflicted him for that career and friends raised him from a carriage horse

He was being driven by his hand to evening in winter, when dusk was fast rendering even nearby objects invisible. Suddenly he stopped short trembling all over.

In vain his driver urged him to proceed. Prince refused to stir and the quivering of his muscles increased

At last the driver left his seat to discover the cause of this unusual behavior. He was soon explained. Just in front of the horse in fact, almost beneath his upraised feet lay a woman who had slipped, fallen, and was unable to rise.

To avoid doing her an injury that splendid animal had resolutely held up his fore foot for more than a minute

No wonder he trembled from the strain of his unaccustomed position

Our Dumb Animals.

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. R. A. PYNE, LL.D., M.D., Minister of Education, Toronto.

Officers of the Institution:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M.D., *Superintendent.*
W. COCHRANE, *Bursar.*
W. W. BOYCE, M.D., *Physician.*
MISS E. A. WILLOUGHBY, *Matron.*

Teachers:

D. R. Coleman, M.A., *(Head Teacher)*	Mrs. Sylvia L. Balis,
W. J. Campbell,	Miss Ada James,
James C. Balis, B.A.,	Miss A. M. Burke,
Geo. F. Stewart,	Miss Lois Hunter,
H. L. Ingram,	Miss Nadie McArdle,
Miss E. Templeton,	Miss Margaret Eyot
Miss Mary Bull,	Miss C. Ford,
Miss Georgina Linn,	Miss P. Campbell,
	Miss I. B. Parks,

Miss Florence Chase.

H. L. Ingram, *Teacher Manual Training.*
Miss Mary Bull, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
Miss K. Vaughan, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training - Mr. Ingram.

Miss E. A. McIntosh, *Stenographer & Clerk.*	John T. Burns, *Instructor of Printing.*
Wm. Nurse, *Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor.*	Alex. Morrison, *Master Shoemaker.*
W. H. Mines, *Supervisor of Boys, etc.*	Chas. J. Pepper, *Engineer.*
Miss L. Deannard, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*	John Downie, *Master Carpenter.*
Miss A. Morrison, *Trained Nurse and Instructress in Home Nursing.*	J. N. Boyd, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of *deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.*

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are *bona fide* residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Domestic Work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desirable. Manual Training in woodwork for boys, and Domestic Science for girls have been introduced.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M.D.,
Superintendent,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away, if put in box in office door, will be sent to city post office at 1.45 p.m. and at 4 p.m. of each day (Sunday excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the same is in the locked bag.

Poetry

This Canada of Ours.

BY J. W. JOHNSON

We have made us a Dominion,
  In this region of the West;
And this Canada of ours
  Is the land we love the best;
For our homes are halls of plenty,
  We have peace on every hand,
And our people are as noble
  As the lords of any land.

We have many little Edens,
  Scattered up and down our dales;
We've a hundred pretty hamlets
  Nestling in our peaceful vales;
Here the sunlight likes to linger
  And the summer winds to blow,
Here the rosy spring in April
  Leapeth laughing from the snow.

Miscellaneous

Prince Edward Albert, Britain's Future King.

Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Cornwall, direct heir to the English throne, who will soon become Prince of Wales, was born June 23, 1894. He is the eldest of the king's family of six children, five boys and and one girl, and was until lately serving as a naval cadet at Osborne college.

The youthful heir is a fair-haired, blue-eyed, well-built youth of extreme manliness, one who gives promise of developing considerable mental power. He and the other children are being reared sanely and simply by the Queen and they are being brought up to hold much of their mother's stern sense of duty.

Particular attention has been given to the education of Prince Edward, as befits the heir, although especial care also has been bestowed on the education of Prince Albert Frederick, the second son.

Beyond the fact that he is being more carefully educated than most children, there is little to distinguish the heir from other boys. However, he, for some time, has had a distinct sense of the great position he is to be called to fill.

The prince was so great a favorite with Queen Victoria that she insisted upon teaching him his alphabet and supervising his studies generally as she lived. He did well in everything except arithmetic, which he abominated, and for neglect of which he has frequently been made to stand in a corner. One day the prince revolted when he saw the hated slates coming on, and said:

"I don't think I'll do 'rithmetic to-day. I'll go to the corner instead, if you don't mind."

And off he marched to his corner before his tutor had recovered from his astonishment.

Much of Prince Edward's early education had been under the direction of Mr. Hansell, an Oxford man, who also tutored the other children. He had absolute authority over his royal pupils. He travelled with them usually, as his authority was not strictly limited to school hours. He made them study two hours a day to the minute, outside the time he and the assistant tutors were hearing lessons.

School was no joke in this family. Prince Eddie and Prince Albert were usually in the schoolroom by 9.30, which means they had breakfast and a walk in St. James's park before that hour, an early one for the English. Their sister, Princess Mary, usually under the chaperonage of her governess, accompanied the boys to the park. But when at St. James' palace this little girl did her studying near her mother in a quieter part of the house.

A story that used to be told of Prince Edward with great relish by his grandfather, related to an occasion when King Edward found his grandson with a book of fairy tales in his hand.

"What are you reading about" asked the late king.

"About such a nice little boy, who was thought to be the heir to a kingdom."

"Yes. Well, what happened to him?" questioned the king.

"Why, he didn't get the kingdom," said the young prince. "You see, grandpa, it turned out he wasn't heir to the throne at all and wasn't even a prince. He was the son of respectable parents."

PRINCES' EARLY TRAINING

The Prince's tutors particularly recognize the necessity for giving their young charges a thorough "grounding" in foreign languages, and here the experiences gained in the education of the late King Edward are being followed.

King George is especially alive to this important factor in his royal father's career, and he is determined that his children shall be as proficient as possible.

Whether Prince Edward will attain the same degree of proficiency as his grandfather achieved while a boy in his early teens, remains to be seen. King Edward, at that time, his tutor tells, showed an aptness for study and a natural intelligence far above the average possessed by boys of his own age.

Queen Mary shares the King's anxiety for the proper mental equipment of her children. She personally sees that discipline is strictly enforced in the royal school room. A story is told which illustrates her care in this respect.

A NURSERY STORY.

Her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, went to a children's party in the middle of the week, taking with her Princess Mary and Prince Henry. Her hostess expressed regret that she had not brought the elder Princes, too. "Saturday is their only half holiday," replied the Princess. "We never allow anthing to interfere with their lessons."

In this the Queen is following the precedent set by her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, who, writing to an intimate friend on the education of her children, said:

"A child has quite enough to do to learn obedience and attend to his (or her) lessons, and to grow, without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away, and the brightness and beauty from girlhood, and then children become intolerable. There are too many grown-up children in the present day."

The Queen has followed her mother's example, with the result that her children are fresh, happy, and keen for every youthful amusement.

When the subject is stripped of all flattery, it remains true that Prince Edward is an extremely clever boy, and showed proficiency in his work considerably beyond that of his brothers, or, indeed, of most boys of his age.

As regards their amusements, they are confined to games and athletics. As has been said, all sorts of children's parties and indoor entertainments are very sparingly allowed, and it is probable that most private school boys have enjoyed more treats at theatres and places of amusement than the heir to the throne and his brothers and sister.

It is not, of course, intended that Prince Edward of Wales should follow a naval career, although his own boyish fancy is very strongly in favor of such a course. It is more likely that a brief period at one or both of the universities will be followed by his being attached either to the Household Cavalry Regiment or to one of the crack cavalry regiments of the line.

TITLE OF PRINCE OF WALES.

The Dukedom of Cornwall comes to Prince Edward as a right, by virtue of his position as eldest son and heir of the King. The title of Prince of Wales will come to him later as an act of grace on the part of his father. The monarch is under no obligation to bestow the dignity of Prince of Wales upon his firstborn. Edward VII, for instance, did not confer the title of Prince of Wales upon his son until the latter had completed his tour of the colonies on board the steamship Ophir, that is to say, considerably more than a year after the demise of Queen Victoria.

KIND TO ANIMALS.

Prince Edward has been taught to be extremely kind to all animals. He has inherited Queen Alexandra's love of birds, and it is amusing to learn his favorite bird is the humble London sparrow. When living at York House, St. James's, Prince Edward and Prince Albert, accompanied by their sister, Princess Victoria, spent a portion of each morning sprinkling crumbs for the birds, and among those of his wishes, which even the future King of these realms can never hope to see gratified, is that of being able to join children in St. James' Park who, in addition to playing about in that prettiest of London gardens, can spend their time feeding the ducks and wild-fowl which disport themselves on the ornamental water, which forms the greatest charm to the demesne.

PRINCE AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Prince Edward enjoys nothing so much as sitting for his portrait. This is particularly fortunate in view of the fact that no young child now living has had so many sun pictures taken of him as has the eldest son of King George. It is characteristic of the sturdy little Prince that much as he enjoys being face to face with the camera, he cannot bear to be told how to sit or stand. He always chooses all his own poses, and very often settles also how his brother and sister are to stand. Curiously enough Prince Edward has not been photographed on horseback and yet both he and Prince Albert are clever riders, and one of Prince Edward's first and most cherished personal possessions was a pretty little pony named Midget.

A story is told concerning Prince Edward, who recently was asked by a companion at Dartmouth College what he felt like being the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and future King.

"Don't you feel it is a great responsibility being the eldest son?" asked the friend, who was of a serious turn of mind.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the Prince. "I've never thought of it that way. It's always seemed to me great luck to be born the eldest son, because when you're the eldest you haven't got to wear any of your brother's old clothes!"

Quite a delightful story is told of Prince Edward's life at Osborne College. The Prince, of course, went through the ordinary routine, and had to take his part in fagging. Once an elder cadet gave him a shilling to go to the tuck shop and get some jam puffs.

The Prince went on his errand, and brought back the delectable puffs and threepence change. "Keep the threepence, boy," said the cadet in a lordly way; and the young Prince pocketed his tip with smiling face.

PRINCE EDWARD'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Prince Edward, whom they still call "David" in the Royal family, is a nice, sensible boy, with a will of his own and a simplicity quite uncommon in these days in youths of his age. Although he did not do brilliantly at Osborne, he did well, and his masters speak of him as thoughtful, and likewise, what argues well for his future as King of these realms, as "all round."

(Concluded on last page.)

What's Your Hurry?

Baby, with the curls of gold,
What's your hurry?
Time enough for growing old,
Don't you worry.
Keep the golden curls awhile,
Keep the dimpled baby smile,
Leave to grown-up greed and guile
Its fret and flurry.

Boy, impatient to be grown,
What's your hurry?
Wherefore covet for your own
Man's foolish flurry?
Little maid, with rosy face,
Keep your girlish ways a space,
Woman's love and woman's grace
Cost tears and worry

Miser, in the dollar-chase,
What's your hurry?
Speedibuilt, with the lifting pace,
What's your hurry?
Toiler, trader, artist, bard,
In the race so fleere and hard,
Would you but your haste regard
'T would save much worry.

George Washington.

A Father's Stratagem.

He came into the car one cool afternoon when the train stopped at a little golden little station on the branch line, and sat down near the door, placing the two children he carried on the seat before him.

There was something odd about the man's appearance which attracted our attention. His clothing was clean, but very shabby. The old felt hat, pulled down above his ears, could not wholly hide the closely cropped hair beneath. His cleanly shaved face was colorless from illness or from confinement.

None of us thought we recognized that shuffle when he walked as being the step of the "chain gang;" but the children, though quite as poorly clad, were immensely happy over their prospective journey.

The boy was about six years old, the girl three years less than four.

"You can't remember it, Betty," the boy kept repeating to his little sister. "We used to ride in the cars with Pa and Dad, didn't we, Dad?"

And the man's face would break into a solemn smile as he nodded his reply.

"And, oh, we had such good times!" persisted the youngster. "You know Betty there's a boy that comes through the car and brings all kinds of nice things and Dad always buys us; don't you, Dad? Oh, there'll be candy and popcorn, oranges, and lots of other things mayn't I run inside?"

Thus the youngster rattled on while Betty fairly jumped up and down on the seats with delight.

Finally the conductor came through. The man started up hastily when he heard the door bang, but must have relieved when he saw the regulation uniform.

A few moments later the door of the rear car banged again, and we knew that the lame of the traveler, the popcorn boy was approaching.

The man hastily rose whispering to the children to remain where they were and came hurriedly up the aisle. He was a loud looking man, his kindness was weak, and his eyes did not look at one securely. He reached the front of the car just as the popcorn boy entered in his customary nerve-racking manner.

"Say," the man stopped before the young fellow, holding up a weak hand to steady himself. "Say," he repeated, "I want to ask a favor of you, mister." The popcorn boy was stricken dumb at being thus addressed.

"Don't take that basket down the car just yet. Can't you take the books and papers along first, just as well? The kids say they've had them all day. We get off at the Junction, and that ain't very far, now."

"What kids?" demanded the popcorn boy.

"My two, down yonder. You can see 'em there," said the man, gaining courage as he proceeded. "I promised 'em like this. I'll own up I've been in jail. I've been there two years. Now I'm goin' West with the kids.

"Some folks gave us just money enough to take us there and get us a bite now and then on the road; but them kids, they remember—least ways the boy does—how they used to ride on the cars with me before, an' I concluded 'twas to everything that cheer along. "I was certin good wages at my last trade there, and it'll start about level their heads if I can come along with that basket full of goodies and not have a 'red' to buy any. Come, you'll wait, won't ye? It ain't fur to the Junction where we get off."

The man turned without waiting for a reply and stumbled back down the aisle. And a remarkable thing happened—a miracle, if you will. It was proven that a popcorn boy, whose stationary entrance cast iron lungs, a nervous system made out of steel wires and brazen bronchial tubes, had a warm heart. His face on which no expression but that of insolence was ever known to appear before, was strangely moved and he vigorously moved the back of one grimy hand across his eyes.

"Say, did you hear dat?" he blurted out, appealing to the fascinated young strangers. "Did you hear what dat man said? Them kids are goin'ter have all they want since this basket stand 'round 'cast 'em a cent. Now you grabs dat seat and give him enough room so he can buy 'em all the candy they want fruther'er get out west."

He turned his basket on to his other arm whipped off his cap, and we found ourselves "shelling out" before we hardly realized it.

Then he marched down the aisle, emptied the cap out on the seat before the father, and about half the contents of his basket beside the children, and hurried away.

But, somehow that wasn't the end of it. The man broke down and sobbed, but we didn't pay any attention to that. The good woman from Section 3 had a spare cloak with her that her little girl didn't need, and it was much softer and warmer than his thin, shoddy thread bare garment, and a traveling man, who was taking home a new overcoat for his little boy, took it out of his paper and dumped it down beside the other cold, and shivering boy. Immediately, went into the smoker.

Then the good woman from Section 3 went down the aisle and kissed the children warmly, and as though it had not been her own she had packed the hat brim back from his forehead with the print of her kind old lips there, too.

And the train slowed down at the junction.

The man rose up with a child on either arm, and he seemed taller than before, and his carriage was more manly, and his face shone like an angel's. Make a study of it, Heaven, where my good old mother went so many years ago, I suppose, and I shall see again there, whatever his past may have been.—*Leader.*

Learn to Forget.

To forget—that is what we need. Just to forget. All the petty annoyances, all the vexing irritations, all the mean words, all the unkind deeds, all the dark wrongs, the bitter disappointments—just let them go, don't hang on to them. Learn to forget. Make a study of it. Practice it. Become an expert in forgetting. Guard the faculty of the mind until it is wrong and virile. Then the memory will have better things to remember. Then it will become quick and alert in remembering. It will not be cumbered with disagreeable things and all its attention will be given to the beautiful things, the true things, the helpful things. No matter what business you are pursuing, no matter what literary subjects you are studying, no matter what scientific problems you are trying to solve, take time to forget. Learn to forget. The forgetting will add luster to all your business, to all your literary achievements, and it will add immeasurably to health of mind and body.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

A Dangerous Wish.

The old guinsmith had that pride of humility, which is about the best pride in this world. He was perfectly satisfied with his Scotch profession, and, indeed, he radiated a sort of beaming glow that he had a good business and could make everything pleasant. I did not realize before what a fund of sense the old man had. The Scotch preachers rallied him on the number of beaus he bore down, and asked him when he ought to get a wife to keep at home some of the time for him. He answered in accordance with a trinkum in his eye.

"When I was a puor man," he said, "and carried beaus from Kelvinhill mains to help build my first shop, I used to wish I had a wheelbarrow. Now I have four. When I had no house to keep my family in, I used to wish that I had one. Now I have four. I have thought sometimes I would like a wife —but I have not dared to wish for one."—*American Magazine.*

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—4.14 a. m.; 4.58 a. m.; 8.30 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; 1.30 p. m.; 4.30 p. m.
East—4.26 a. m.; 7.55 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.30 a. m.; 11.40 p. m.; 4.55 p. m.
TRAINS ARE DISPATCHED FROM BRANCH—8.30 a. m.; 11.30 a. m.; 4.30 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of personal length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly, as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

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If parents or friends send letters, packages or items to pupils, address as follows:—

(name of pupil)
IN CARE OF THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

All Express prepaid, express or freight charges to all points.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every Sunday:—
Ephphatha Mission Hall, 32 Alice Avenue at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible Training School, 150 College St., at 3 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Eight o'clock, at Ephphatha Mission Hall.
Social and Club rooms every second Friday at Carlton St. Methodist church, at 8 p. m.
Local Committee:—Rev. Canon Broughall, rector of Nelson Avenue and First St., at 11 a. m. Sunday morning.
Mrs. J. E. Byrne, Dunsmore, 320 Bloor St.
Mr. F. Bramley, Superintendent, 101 Rose Ave.

LAMBERT,
THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

LAMBERT is coming to Belleville to visit the Institution, by leaving Toronto for LAMBERT, THE CARMAN, at Belleville, Ont.
Lambert's new covered wagon will be looked after, and changed moderate rates. Will leave Toronto at about 9 or 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and arrive at Belleville about 4 o'clock in the afternoon next day. Returns, Belleville to Toronto, leaves at 9 o'clock a. m. Arrives Toronto at 4 p. m.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

IT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE every person who reads this paper send me the address of any uneducated deaf child. The parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to me, have already been written to. Particulars concerning the Institution and its free tuition offer, and of what deaf children are entitled to admission.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education and Instruction of Blind children, is situated at Brantford, Ontario.

R. F. GARDINER, Principal

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS:—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess from 10.30 to 11, during which lunch is served to the pupils. Preparatory classes closed at 12 o'clock.

AT SOME OF THE CHURCH SERVICES, in the close-rooms in the morning each teacher will open by prayer at 11 o'clock and will remain in the classes and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are those of the Church of England. The Lord's Prayer, the Creed and Lord's Day and Instruction are to be found in separate rooms and departments for catechism before the Sunday morning service of reading.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8 p. m. Voluntary reading hours for senior pupils from 6 to 7 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 8.15 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m., General Leaders at 1.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend. Lessons are prepared by the ministers conducted by the pastors in charge.

HOLY-DAY VOLUNTARY SERVICES.—Rev. G. W. Hamilton, Rural Dean, St. Stephen's Church, Belleville; Rev. H. Symonds, Methodist; Rev. Father Smith, Baptist; the Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

HOLY-DAYS.—Good Friday and Easter Monday, Ash-day and Thursday afternoon, Monday after Ascension Day, Dominion Day, Monday after Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day.

THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CABINETMAKERS' SHOPS close at 12 for the holy-days and from 2.30 to 3.30 for senior pupils who attend school. The tailor shop and the laundry close at 12 noon, and from 2.30 to 3.30 p. m. each holy-day. All sewing rooms, except those for clothes and shoes will be closed at noon.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—Cooking and sewing are taught from time to time.

THE SERVICE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 to 4 p. m. for those who do not attend the morning service. Those who do attend the morning service will close at 2 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Communion Sundays.

Ad The Printing office, Shops, Sewing Rooms and Laundry are closed at noon on the last week day when work ceases in a class and Saturday.

Ad Pupils are not to be sent-out from the various shops, sewing rooms and laundry during the hours of instruction, without permission from the superintendent.

Ad Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday are to allow teachers leaving to the work in hand to instruct with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, are welcome to visit it on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Sundays, except those who attend the Church services. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is from after 2 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Superintendent, they will kindly attend not be longer and prolong their visit than is necessary. This is to avoid the unsettling of the minds of the pupils, and to certain grants at the Institution. Good impressions should be left on the mind of the visitor. Many visitors, and those who intend doing will be quite happy with the others in a few days, as some remain in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. It is not encouraged, however, they will be made welcome to the various rooms and other departments, especially during the general work of the school. The annual visitation of parents is on certain grants at the Institution. Good impressions should be left on the mind of the visitor. Many visitors, and those who intend doing will be quite happy with the others in a few days, as some remain in a few hours.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all direction concerning the clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No interference with the matron, the laundress or the seamstress or employees under any circumstances without permission from the superintendent. Every letter addressed to the superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the sickness of any pupil, notice of the circumstances will be sent daily to parents or guardians, and in case of dangerous illness or serious accident immediate information will be given.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every week. Parents will not write oftener if they wish; letters will be received from parents as often as they please to be content with, mailed, as many or as few as they please.

No pupil may receive a letter, box or parcel sent at home, or presented by family pupil, which will be delivered to be opened by or in the presence of the superintendent or Principal of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise Deafness and Adolescence for the cure of Deafness. Such advertisements deceive friends and only waste money for which they give no return. Consult well-known medical practitioners in cases of troublesome deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

The Colours at the Flag.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The warm of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tame-
less pride,
And the feet of the winds are free.
From the sun and the smiles of the
coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests
dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honour of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon
light,
And stands while the hills shall
stand.
Yes, dearer than fame is our land's
great name,
And we fight wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray
for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain.
On the burning sands in the wild waste
lands,
And the frosh of the plain dumb:
And it cries to God from the crimson-
ed,
And the crest of the waves unrolled,
That he send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face
the blast,
And the foe be ten to one:
Though our only reward be the thrust
of a sword,
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone, if the flag
floats on,
And Britain be Lord of the Main?

The Discontented Pendulum.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the farmer was stirring, suddenly stopped.

At this the dial plate changed countenance with alarm. The hands made a vain effort to continue in their course. The wheels stood still with surprise. The weights hung speechless.

At last the dial determined to find out where the trouble lay; hands, wheels, and weights, with one voice, said they were innocent.

Soon a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess that I am the sole cause of this stoppage; and I am willing to tell you why I have acted thus. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Oh, yes!" replied the pendulum, "it is easily easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself above me,—it is easily easy for you to accuse other people of badness! Would have you done all the days of life but stare people in the face, and amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen? How would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, waggling backwards and forwards year after year, as I do?"

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," answered the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I became so."

"Go on," said the dial.

"Well, I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of merely the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, at once answered, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum.

"Now I appeal to you all if the very thought of this was not enough to tire one out. But, when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, it is really no wonder if I felt utterly discouraged; so this morning, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep a straight face during this speech; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have acted so hastily. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time, and so have we all, and we are likely to do a great deal more. Now, although it may fatigue us to think of this work, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do it. Would you now favor me with about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

"Certainly," said the pendulum, and ticked six times at its usual rate.

"Now," went on the dial, "may I ask if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions!"

"Very good," said the dial; "you remember that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"This idea staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," observed the dial plate, "that we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the servants will be in bed as long as we stand idling thus."

Thereupon the weights, which never had been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed. Well, the pendulum was obliging enough to begin swinging, and, to its credit, ticked as loudly as ever.

Then the wheels began to turn, and the hands to move, while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through the kitchen window above full upon the dial plate, till it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, and looked at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.—Taken from "Stepping Stones to Literature."

The Kingbirds.

Kingbirds are small birds. They have gray heads and backs and white breasts.

They are very brave and strong.

A pair of kingbirds built a nest in a fir tree near a house. One day a hawk flew over the chicken yard. It was hungry and wanted a chicken for its supper.

The little kingbirds saw it. They left their nest and darted at the hawk. They flew under and over it. They picked at its eyes. It was frightened and flew away as fast as it could. It did not come back.—Companion.

The Robins.

One day last spring John saw a mother robin and some baby robins in a tree. The mother was very busy. After a while the father robin flew to the nest and brought some worms for the baby birds. John could see the little birds open their mouths. Then he saw the father robin give the worms to them and fly away again. The mother bird was glad. She loved her baby birds and kept them warm and safe in the nest. The little robins were happy in their home with their mother. Day by day they grew and at last they flew away.

Give Heed to Little Things.

One day two men were at work in a yard where ships are built.

They were getting ready a small piece of timber to put into the ship. They found in it a little worm not more than an inch long.

"This piece of wood is wormy," said one of the men. "Shall we put it in?"

"Yes, I think so," said the other. "It will never be seen."

"It may be that it will never be seen; but perhaps there are other worms in it. By and by they may destroy the ship."

"No, I think not. It is true this little piece of timber is not worth much, but I do not wish to lose it. Let us put it in: we have seen only one worm."

And so the bit of timber was put into the ship.

The ship was made and launched. For ten years it did well. But at last it began to grow weak, as the timbers were very much worm eaten.

The captain thought he could get it home in safety. He had many people and a rich cargo of silks and tea on board.

On the way home a great storm arose. The ship was tossed about by the angry waves.

At last there came a leak in the ship. The men worked day and night, but could not pump the water out as fast as it ran in.

The ship slowly filled with water. Little by little it sank until at last it went down under the cruel waves.

The rich cargo and all the lives were lost.

How much harm a man can do when he fails to do right, even in little things.—Jesus' Second Reader.

The Toy Boat.

There is a pond near the house where George and Charlie live. The boys like to play near the water. They throw sticks into the water. Their great dog, Lion, swims out after the sticks and brings them back in his mouth.

One day Charlie made a boat. He had seen large boats sailing on the pond. He made a boat as much like them as he could.

Then George went to the pond with Charlie to sail the boat. Charlie set the boat afloat and the boat across to Charlie.

Charlie put a few bits of wood in the boat. He said it was lumber.

George unloaded the lumber. He sent back some sand and called it flour.

Charlie unloaded the flour and put some berries in the boat. He said it was a load of fruit.

George sent back some bits of cloth. He told Charlie that it was a cargo of silk.

So they played for hours. They made believe that they were sending rich cargoes across the sea to each other.

Once George sent a grasshopper across. He called it live stock.

Charlie tried to send a butterfly back, but the butterfly flew away.

One windy afternoon, the ship slipped from the place where George set it. The little boat loaded with live stock, sailed across the pond to a swampy place. The boys had been told not to go to that part of the shore of the pond. What could they do? Their boat was lost.

George said they would play that there had been a storm and that the boat had been cast away upon a desert island. Then grasshopper could be Robinson Crusoe.

Charlie did not like that plan. He said that it was a wreck and that he would send a wrecker for it.

So he called Don and sent him for the boat. Don swam across the pond and brought the boat back.—Merrill's Reader.

Llewellyn and the Gray-hound.

In a far away country called Scotland there lived a man named Llewellyn who had a great many dogs and often went hunting.

One of his dogs was a gray-hound, who had been given to him by the King.

The dog's name was Gelert.

Gelert was a fine hunter and Llewellyn very fond of Gelert.

One morning Llewellyn mounted his horse and took his spear and horn and started out to hunt. He blew his horn long and loud so that the dogs would hear it and follow him. All of them came except Gelert. He called Gelert but he did not come. He could not wait longer so he went off and left him.

He did not enjoy hunting that day because Gelert was not with him and he had poor luck.

In the evening he turned and found Gelert at the gate waiting for him. He was glad to see his master and gave him a joyful greeting.

Llewellyn was shocked to see blood on the dog.

He went into the house and was relieved to find none and well. He called his baby boy loudly but got no answer. He looked in the child's cradle and found it covered with blood but the child was not there.

He felt sure that Gelert had killed his child and he took his spear and ran it through Gelert's body and killed him. Gelert gave one dying yell. The child, who was hidden under the cover and whom the father did not see in his hurry, was awakened by the yell and cried aloud.

It was a joyful sound to the father. He ran to the child and found it was not hurt. He looked under the bed and saw a great wolf dead. He understood then that Gelert had killed the wolf to save the child.

It almost broke his heart to think that he had killed the noble dog who had saved his child's life.

He buried him near the house and put a marble tomb over his grave.

Then he was written the story of Gelert's death.

Llewellyn often visited the grave and shed tears for his faithful dog.—Ex.

Grace Darling.

It was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had washed away. The other half lay out on the rock, and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging to it.

On one of the islands was a light house; and there, all through that long night Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the light house keeper, and she had lived by the sea long enough to read weather.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We can not reach them."

"We can not stay here and see them die," said Grace. "We must at least try to save them!"

In a few minutes they were ready They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. At last they were close to the rock, and now they were in greater danger than before. But after many trials Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then, one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. Her father climbed back into his place Strong hands grasped the oars, and by and by all were safe in the lighthouse.—From Famous Stories.

KING GEORGE V.

The Coronation of King George.

To the four hundred and ten odd million inhabitants of this world who can claim to be British subjects, the 22nd day of June, 1911, will be a day of great interest, for on it the King, George V., is to be crowned.

English kings are crowned in West minster Abbey. It is a vast cemetery, and as the King proceeds to his throne he must tread on the dust of heroes, statesmen and former kings and queens.

The Regalia, emblems of Royalty, have for centuries past been kept in the Tower. A day or two before a Coronation they are removed from the Tower and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey a room built about 1293. The Regalia are now brought from the Jerusalem Chamber on the Coronation day into the "ambulatory," a temporary structure at the western door of the Abbey, built only for a Coronation. Here the King and Queen robe, and here the Regalia are distributed to the various noblemen who have to carry them.

When the Royal procession with the Regalia and all, arrives at the choir of the Abbey, the ceremony known as "the recognition" takes place. This had its origin in very early days, when Kings were "elected" or chosen by the people before being crowned. The first sovereign actually "recognised" was William I. The Archbishop advances and asks the people assembled whether they will choose their King, and they reply: "Yes, yes, God save the King," whereon it is so.

The King now kneels at the altar. He then presents his first oblation—a fine altar cloth, and a wedge of gold weighing a pound. The litany and sermon follow here.

The sermon being over, the Archbishop administers the Coronation oath. The King is asked: "Will you willing to take the oath?" He replies, "I am willing." The next question is: "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes of Parliament?" Then follow several other questions, and then laying his hands on the Bible, the Sovereign repeats the solemn oath: "The things which I have here promised I will perform and keep, so help me God!"

The Lord Great Chamberlain then hands the Sovereign implements of writing on a silver standish, and he signs the oath on a roll of vellum. These Coronation rolls with the signed oaths are kept in the records of the court of Chancery.

The King is then divested of his robe of State, and ascends the Coronation chair for the anointing. Beneath the seat of this chair is a rough stone about which there are many legends. It is sometimes called King Edward's stone, sometimes the "Stone of Destiny," and is said to be the one on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and to have been carried by his sons to Egypt. This, however, is only one legend out of several. Geologists say the Coronation Stone is a very ordinary building stone, which might have come from any Scone, or anywhere in Scotland. It is certain that on it the Scottish kings were crowned, and that in 1296 Edward I. brought it to the Abbey, whence it has only once been removed—for the inauguration of Cromwell in Westminster Hall.

The anointing is probably the most ancient of all the Coronation ceremonies. In Saxon days the Sovereign was anointed on the palms of the hands, the breast, the middle of the back, the shoulders, elbows and head; but since William IV.'s time he has been anointed only on the head, breast and hands. It was doubtless the disrobing necessary for so much anointing that caused the custom to arise of holding a canopy over the Sovereign during this part of the Coronation ceremony.

After the anointing the investiture takes place, the vesting the King with the sacred vestments and emblems of royalty, symbolical of the old conception of the King as priest, prophet, soldier, head of the church and of the army. The first vestment is of fine linen, a sleeveless garment, edged with lace; then comes a long jacket of cloth-of-gold, now woven with pink roses, green shamrocks and purple thistles, and fastened with a girdle. Formerly the Lord Great Chamberlain buckled the golden spurs on to the King's heels, but now the King's heels are only touched with the spurs, while a Queen regnant merely places her hand on them. The Lord Great Chamberlain still girds on the King's sword, though Queen Victoria simply held the sword in her hand. Before the Sword of Justice is handed to the King, the Archbishop lays it on the altar and prays that the Sovereign may not use it in vain. When this sword is unsplit the King presents it as an offering on the altar the oblation of the sword.

The King is then invested with the stole and mantle. The mantle is of cloth-of-gold, woven with pink roses, green shamrocks, and purple thistles. The latter flowers, the Emblem of Indis, appeared for the first time on the Coronation robe of Edward VII.

To the King seated on the Coronation chair, the orb is now brought, a globe of gold surmounted by a cross richly ornamented with pearls, sapphires and rubies. This is a symbol of power, dating back to the days of the Roman emperors.

Next the ring is delivered. Each Sovereign now has his own ring St Edward's ring "said to be used "the wedding ring of England" but this has long been lost.

Before the sceptres are presented the Lord of the Manor of Worksop offers the richly embroidered gloves. Having put on the gloves, the King grasps in his right hand the sceptre with the cross, while into his left hand is delivered the sceptre with the dove.

The actual crowning now takes place. The Archbishop goes to the altar, takes the crown in his hands, lifts it up, and laying it down again on the altar, offers a short prayer. Then the Dean of Westminster takes the crown, and advances with the Archbishop and bishops towards the king The actual crowning of Edward VII took place, the peers with one accord lifted their coronets and placed them on their heads; trumpets sounded, and the signal was flashed to the Abbey roof, whereupon the roars of artillery in Hyde Park announced to the waiting crowds that the King was crowned.

After the crowning comes the Archbishop's benediction, which the King kneels to receive.

The inthronization which follows is a very old ceremony Edward the elder was actually "lifted up" by his nobles, and according to the rubric of the Coronation the Sovereign should be actually "lifted" on the throne; but now the lifting is merely suggested by the Archbishop and bishops laying their hands on the King's arm, and conducting him to the throne.

The Queen Consort is now anointed on the head and receives crown, sceptre and ring. When the crown is placed on her brow the peeresses show by lift their coronets and put them on their heads.

After the crowning of the King, and of the Queen Consort, preparations are made for the Communion, the King himself presenting the bread and wine used. He removes his crown and lays aside his sceptre before presenting the bread on the patens and the wine in the chalice to the Archbishop. After the Communion the sovereign again puts on his crown, takes both sceptres and remains seated till the close of the service, when he proceeds in state, crowned and with sceptres and the Regalia borne in front of him, to the Chapel of St. Edward, the choir meanwhile singing the Te Deum. The Regalia are delivered to the Dean of Westminster; the King's imperial vestments are removed, his robe of state being again given to him, and he reappears, carrying in his right hand the sceptre with the cross and in his left the orb, and takes his place in the final recessional pageant.

He who loves not, lives not; he who lives by the Life cannot die.

How the King Works an Hour With His Majesty.

King George, since he came to the throne, has surprised those about him with the rapidity with which he works and the quickness with which he can make himself the master of any document or State paper that is put in front of him. The late King was rather slow and deliberate in his methods, and liked to consider every point with the greatest care. The present King, on the other hand, takes everything at top speed; but there is nothing that misses his eye, says Modern Society He is naturally a rapid thinker, and possesses a wonderfully retentive memory

He is a very early riser and when her he is staying at York Cottage Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace his cup of coffee and roll and butter are taken to his room a little before seven By eight o'clock His Majesty is seated at his desk and is going through the papers that have accumulated from the previous day. He reads carefully every letter that reaches him no matter how small the matter and when he has finished it he puts in a few instructions upon it and places it in one of the red morocco boxes he despatch boxes that stand in front of him Every one of these boxes belongs to one of the officials of his household and the number of the owner's pigeon-hole is marked upon it, so that when it is private secretary and clerks are ready to begin their day's work they find their boxes well filled and ready to their hands.

"Tis at knights

There are many papers, of course that cannot be dealt with by the King in the course of one day, and these he puts on one side for more careful consideration. Between ten and eleven o'clock between communications from the Prime Minister and the heads of the various departments of the State reach the King, and by the time he has to meet his Ministers, Lord Knollys and Sir Arthur Bigge are at his elbow ready to advise him It is stated also that the Court that among the last words of the late King to his son on his death bed were, "Trust Knollys, and to this His Majesty has steadily adhered. The King does not maintain that regular and voluminous correspondence with the heads of foreign Powers that King Edward did during his reign but his letter-bag day by day, is of very considerable dimensions.

A BUSY MORNING

If he is in town and the Premier desires an audience, this is granted about noon By this time His Majesty has completed the routine work of the day and the rest of the morning is devoted often to all that is placed before him He makes it a rule that no member of his household is present at these interviews, so that the Minister may speak in the fullest confidence If there is anything that the King particularly desires to remember, he puts it down on a writing pad in front of him, and transfers it to his diary of daily events later in the day

Practically the whole of the King's work is done in the morning, and he contrives to keep his afternoons free for recreation of one form or another The evening, however, finds him back at work again, glancing through the matters that have been submitted for his consideration during the day, as he likes to have everything clear before he retires for the night.

The reflection of trees and flowers in glassy lakes, the musical, steaming, odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps—these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. *Emerson.*

THE CANADIAN MUTE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First—The number of our pupils may know type-setting and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood when they leave school.

Second—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.

Third—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, the friends of pupils now in the Institution, the friends of pupils who have graduated and other in the deaf world who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION.

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance; postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Back numbers cannot be supplied unless in reasonable time.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us. Mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

All correspondence on matter of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted if we know it.

ADVERTISING.

A few select advertisements will be inserted Rates made known on application.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.

GEO. F. STEWART, EDITOR.

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911.

Close of the Session.

On the 21st inst. another session of the Institution will have come to a close; and we hope the results of the year's suits will prove satisfactory to all concerned. To most of the pupils these last few days are full of joyful anticipations, and the final day is looked forward to with eager delight; but to those who are now finally severing their connection with their alma mater, the pleasure of the home-going is mingled with not a little sadness and regret. And it may well be so, for this event marks a most important crisis in their lives. They are now done with the free, careless days of their childhood and youth, and are about to assume the cares and responsibilities of manhood and womanhood, with all this implies of trouble and anxiety and laborious effort. The officers and teachers have done their utmost to prepare them for an honorable and successful career, and henceforth each one must rely on his or her own efforts and judgment in the great battle of life. The former graduates of the Institution have, with scarcely an exception, reflected credit upon the institution and on themselves, and we hope that the present graduating class will not only maintain the traditions of the past, but even enhance the splendid record. While all the institution they have found that there is no royal road to learning; and they may rest assured that neither is there any royal road to honor and success except by the kingly way of probity, industry and perseverance. Mayhaps, daunt happiness and prosperity attend the career of every one of them; and above all may they not forget that, while they are enjoined to "be diligent in business," they are commanded with even greater emphasis to be "fervent in spirit, serving the the Lord."

A Visit to Northampton.

On May 20th two members of our staff, Messrs Campbell and Stewart, took a trip to Northampton, Mass., where they spent a delightful week at the Clarke School for the Deaf. They had heard from various sources many very eulogistic references to this school, regarding some of which they were inclined to be a little skeptical; but at the close of their visit they were constrained to confess, as did one of old, that "the half had not been told." The school is certainly a model one in most respects, and the opportunity of examining into its management, organization and methods of instruction was a privilege which they greatly appreciated and enjoyed. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy extended to them by Miss Yale and her very efficient staff, and every possible opportunity was afforded them of becoming fully acquainted with every department of the work. The quality of the instruction given and the results attained in all of the grades was of a very high order, the knowledge, accuracy, literature and general mathematics possessed by the senior pupils being apparently equal to that of pupils in the first or second forms of our high schools, while they were able to express themselves with a facility at least equal to that of hearing children. They were also impressed with the completeness of the outfit provided, every possible aid and device that could be made or procured, being available to teachers and pupils. It was easily to be seen that to Miss Yale's long experience, exceptional ability and unpersonality the success of the school was largely due, and she is loved by all of cultured, enthusiastic and devoted teachers the highest eulogiums are due for the splendid work they are accomplishing, and for the high standard of attainments they have established for all the other deaf schools on the continent.

The Summer Normal Course.

The written examinations were held on June 8th to 13th, H. J. Clarke, B. A., the Official Examiner, being in charge. Although the Normal course occupies nearly a week later than last year, yet the pupils maintained their interest and enthusiasm in their work until the last, and the results are, in general, very satisfactory. Mr. Clarke also spent several days with us a few weeks before, devoting a part of a day to each class, and the impression he has derived will, no doubt, be reflected in his report. Mr. Clarke has been our Examiner for three or four years in succession, and is looked upon as a personal friend by all of the pupils, as well as the staff, and he will always be a welcome visitor here.

Influences.

Since children are influenced mostly by example, inwardly as well as outwardly, the personal appearance of the teacher is one of the silent yet most potent influences of the school-room. Neat rooms, desks and books, clean seat and tidy teachers and pupils, tasteful pictures, elegant language, noble thoughts and actions, tend to make character firm, strong and beautiful. The very atmosphere pervades the school. A disgruntled, partial teacher, smelling of tobacco, at this thing and that, will turn an school room into a prison, from which the children will break out into open rebellion upon the slightest provocation. And a principal of the same catastrophic, doleful countenance, who is continually descending on the fallacies of the human race, is miasmatic enough to infect all the teachers and pupils of a large school. A good natured, intelligent, sympathetic, genial, neat and tidy teacher, should be in every school.

Pupils must be properly prepared for the school-room, and the same law, except in a higher sense, applies to those who teach.—Kansas City School Report.

MACKAY INSTITUTION FOR PROTESTANT DEAF AND BLIND, MONTREAL.

EDITED BY THE STAFF.

The annual examinations, or, as they might more fittingly be termed from the nature of the display given, the annual exhibitions in connection with the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes and the Blind, took place on May 23.

The institution is situated in a large, airy and healthy district, and the bright, happy, healthy and intelligent appearance of the children showed that everything possible is being done to minimise the effects of their affliction and help them to become useful citizens.

The officers and instructors are under the superintendency of Miss Blackett E. Ashcroft, a lady who has been 28 years connected with the institution, having joined the staff as articulation teacher during the time the late Mr. Thomas Wild was principal. Mrs. Ashcroft is assisted in the discharge of her duties by the following staff: Teachers of the deaf and blind, of articulation and of defective speech, Miss Estelle D. Doty, Miss Pearlind Sanderson, Miss Ida McLeod, Miss Winnifred Sealy, Miss Grace Hoover-don and Miss Jessie Fraser,

Teacher of music, Miss Catherine H. Smith,

Teacher of drawing, Miss Geraldine M. Daly,

Teacher of elocution, Miss Grace Snowdon,

Teacher of sewing and girls' supervisor, Miss May Cunningham.

Teacher of shoe-making, Mr. Gordon Staniforth.

Teacher of carpentry and cabinet making and assistant boys' supervisor, Mr. Charles Kemp.

Supervisor of boys, Mr. Gordon Staniforth.

Engineer, Mr. John W. Bennett.

Housekeeper, Mrs. Kinnow.

At present there are 70 children on the roll, the proportion of male and female being about equal; of these, 15 are blind, 17 are suffering from defective speech, and 40 are deaf and dumb. The blind children are the greatest sympathizers of the defective speech children, and are very devoted to them, and Mrs. Ashcroft stated that the lady who wrote to a Montreal daily paper a short time ago stating that nothing was being done for the education of the little blind Protestant children of Montreal was entirely in error, a fact which was clearly demonstrated to the large and interested audience by the pupils in their recitation. The blind children, as well as those suffering from other afflictions are being educated and taught at the Mackay institution, so far as the means and opportunities allow, those in both which will give them an opportunity of earning their livelihood, and in the case of the blind boys, who has been educated and trained at the institution, is now an associate of the Montreal College of Music, having passed the examinations.

The examinations extended over all they never had found it necessary to turn away an applicant for admission for the blind alone, and they were not at a failure with defective speech children.

The children, who could speak audibly, but who could not speak until they were brought under the influences of the institution, one-book carried out at the institution, had made wonderful progress, the many examples given during the examinations clearly showing the reliability and effectiveness of the work done.

In the absence of the President, Mr. D. Morrice, through illness, the Hon. Robert Mackay officiated as chairman, and the examinations were conducted by the Rev. C. M. Almond, Rev. W. A. Radley, the Rev. John Lochhead and Mr. Alexander Mc. Ashcroft, the superintendent, and the teachers.

The examinations were divided into two parts, the deaf department and the blind. The former included Kindergarten, articulation, lip reading, Defective Speech, Arithmetic, Scripture, Geography, History, Drawing, Fine Work, in the part of the programme, sung very sweetly 'Annie Laurie,' and rendered splendidly heard the voice of Jessie say. The latter was exceedingly touching as five little deaf and dumb girls accompanied Miss Booth in sign recitation, and many of the audience were visibly affected.

In the blind department examples of kindergarten, sewing, knitting, chair-caning, typewriting, recitations, music, spelling, reading, writing (square, Braile), (New York point), grammar, geography, designing and conversation, and between deaf and blind were given by the pupils, the applause that greeted the various items showing that the work of the teaching staff was appreciated by the audience, and that the efforts of the pupils were pleasing and satisfactory. The recitation by a blind boy, 'I and I can do a lot to keep this old world straight,' the duet, 'The milkmaid,' between a blind girl and boy, and the dialogue between two blind girls, as many interesting examples, showing the nature of the teaching given is of the highest standard, and the bright sunny faces of the children, the manner in which they responded to the question and requests of their instructors and the pleasure they way in which they seemed to cling to and depend on them, showed that love and sympathy underlay the proficiencing features in the teaching and training of the children.

Mr. C. W. Lindsay gave a very interesting address. Referring to the fact that there was only three blind Protestant children to every 30,000 of the population of the province, he said he did not think that it was necessary to have another school for the blind in the province, when the number was so small, and when Mackay Institution was quite able to look after them all. This view was endorsed by Senator Mackay in a few appropriate remarks, and it was also their opinion that many of the money collected lately for the blind should be given to the Mackay Institution to help to carry out the work that is being done there.

LONDON NOTES

From our own Correspondent.

Many of our deaf friends are talking of taking in the Royal Agricultural exercised in the Falls on the 24th inst.

Miss S. Fishlock is still at home with her parents who live on Rectory street. She and they are looking forward to Eddie's return from school at Belleville on the 21st.

Mr. Geo. Tully has left the boiler and machine shops where he formerly worked and has now a good position in the Grand Trunk Railway engine works.

Mr. Austin is a very busy man just now he is making a number of changes in his residence.

Mr. Wm. Wallace was at Strathroy on May 24th with the McLary's base-ball team; he pitched and the game was won we are sorry that he did not win. The same day Roy Wright was in Park Hill with the Park Hill Medical team, of with whom he played and nearly got his arm broken.

The Berlin ball team was here on May 24. Mr. Cooley, a deaf-mute pitcher, was in the box for the home and defeated the Loodoners. He is from Berlin.

Mr. Jas. Chantler visited Mr. and Mrs. Smeddon at St. Thomas on the 24th. He is now working at the Dairy and at Chatham and is doing a good business. Mr. and Mrs. Moore have moved from Windsor to Chatham where they will reside in future. He is employed at the Ford motor engine works.

Mr. Joseph Deary, of Thamesville, is the latest addition to our number in this city. He has got work as a cabinet maker in the city factory and likes his work very much.

Mr. Jas. Simpson, who has been working at the McLary's store works here for some time, has now accepted a position with the Ford Motor Co's business.

Mr. A. Simpson started a shoe repairing business here some time ago and is having excellent success. He is a good workman, as we can testify from accounts the game in Ireland from which he came.

Mr. A. Cowan's many friends will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his late serious illness. He expects to take a three weeks' holiday shortly, during which time he will visit Detroit, Flint, Niagara Falls, and other places.

Mrs. I. Cornfield was in Ingersoll lately on special business. It is rumored that something important will happen shortly which will surprise his friends.

On June 8th Mr. D. Dark led the services for the deaf at the Y. M. C. A. His address was very good and gave much pleasure and profit to the deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Noyes, of Deadhall, spent the 24th of May on a visit to their many friends here.

We lately got word from Asnton that Mr. Bailey, Hoy's family had been ill with scarlet fever, but all were recovering.

WANTED

A GOOD STRONG DEAF BOY, for the Printing Office. Must be willing to learn A good home. WILLIAM A. EVERETT, Printing Office, Orillia, Ont.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1911.

Berry—Milnes.

The home of Mr. Milnes, of our staff, was the scene of an interesting event at 9 a. m. last Wednesday morning, June 14, when his youngest daughter, Minnie, was united in marriage to Mr. Fred Berry, of Preston. The Rev. R. Gresitzki conducted the ceremony that united them for life. A large number of friends and relatives were present and, after the knot was tied, all united in hearty congratulations to the happy pair. The bride is one of Belleville's most young ladies and is highly respected by all who know her, the many beautiful and useful gifts she received being tokens of the high regard of her many friends. A large number of invited guests partook of the wedding dinner, after which, amid a shower of good wishes for every joy, Mr. and Mrs. Berry left on the main flier for a honeymoon trip to Montreal, Quebec and other points east. On their return they will make their new home in Preston.

Impostors Again.

The warfare against impostors goes merrily on, and the round-up of fakirs is increasing rapidly. The sense of security, which the operators of the "deaf and dumb" racket formerly felt, is being considerably jarred in many sections of the country. As Poet Huron, Mich., a young fellow about twenty years of age was registered at police headquarters as John Doe, charged with begging. He was working a rich harvest from the tenderhearted, on the plea that he needed money to assist him in "securing an education for the deaf and dumb child."

One luckless man gave him a liberal sum, and later on saw the supposed "deaf and dumb" man in a cigar store, smoking gold-tipped cigars and talking lustfully to the man behind the nicotine counter. The police were notified and the fake was arrested. As soon as the iron hand of the law closed on his coat collar, the fellow was stricken dumb again, and has refused to talk. There is no doubt of his being an impostor and very little doubt that the police will fail to prove it.

Such cases as this injure the deaf citizens of the community. The public shows by its acts that inordinary sympathy is expected of those who live under the handicap of deafness. The public proves by its misdirected charity that it is unaware of the fact that every deaf-mute is capable of working and earning a living.

We want the public to know that almost without exception, everywhere throughout the country, the deaf are robust, sane and self-supporting citizens, paying back to the State all that has been expended upon their education, and enriching the community by the productiveness of their labor and the clean and intelligent lives which they invariably lead.

We want the public to know that the schools for the deaf, just as well as the schools for the hearing, are free; and that no deaf youth need beg money in order to get an education. There are schools in every State that maintain for the deaf for useful lives, that give a good elementary education to all, and in addition give instruction in useful trades, and eventually graduate young men and women, skilled in some special industry, or endowed with those homely virtues which centre in the home and happiness kind of domestic economy.

Hand this to your local newspaper or show it to all your friends.—*Deaf Mutes' Journal.*

The Field Day.

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy,"—

so the afternoon of June 7th was set apart for sports for the boys and girls of our Institution. The weather was ideal. The few days previous had been very cold, but on Wednesday morning the mercury rose, making it very pleasant for onlookers and those taking part in the games.

The class-room work was taken up in the morning as usual and school dismissed at twelve o'clock to give everyone ample time to prepare for the sports, for the bags for the sack race, eggs for the egg race and the several other materials needed had to be put in place ready for use.

At two o'clock the Judges and Committees in charge were on the grounds and the senior pupils marched out to the seats that had been arranged near where the sports were to take place.

The junior pupils, in charge of a very capable committee were seated in another part of the playground, where their various little contests took place. The successful little ones were rewarded with oranges and candies as soon as the races and games were over.

When the last race on the program for the senior pupils had been run, everybody assembled in the chapel, where Dr. Coughlin addressed the pupils, officers and teachers, and Mr. Coleman gave the prizes to the winners of the contests.

In his remarks Dr. Coughlin stated that the afternoon had been a very successful one and asked the pupils if they had enjoyed themselves. They replied in the affirmative in a loud clap of the hands and a hearty cheer. He said he intended to have more of these celebrations in the future, and hoped that all would take a lively interest in them.

As each successful pupil went to the platform to receive his or her prize, the pupils showed their joy in the success by clapping their hands. The events and prize winners are as follows:—

Hop, Step and Jump, Sr. Boys.—1st, W. McAdam; 2nd, R. Pollard.

Paired Race, Girls.—D. Buchan and M. Bell.

Hop, Step and Jump, Girls, 1st, I. Barker; 2nd, W. Buchan.

Three Legged Race, Sr. Boys, 1st, J. Mcintosh and W. McAdam.

Three Legged Race, Jr. Girls.—1st, B. Buchan and M. Campbell.

Sack Race, Sr. Boys.—1st, J. McLaren; 2nd, W. Pollard.

Sack Race, Jr. Boys.—1st, P. Smith; 2nd, I. Hamilton.

Double Rope Skipping, Girls.—1st, F. Brown; 2nd, M. Mcintosh.

Relay Race.—W. Ellis's team.

Pole Vaulting, Sr. Boys.—1st, J. McLaren and W. Ellis.

Potato Race, Girls.—1st, M. Cobb; 2nd, F. McDougall.

Running Race, Jr. Girls.—1st, F. Brown; 2nd, B. Buchan.

Hop, Step and Jump, Jr. Boys.—1st, C. Dorey; 2nd, A. McDougall.

Egg and Spoon Race.—1st, G. Freeman, 2nd, M. Cobb.

100 yard Race, Sr. Boys.—1st, J. McLaren; 2nd, W. Ellis.

Tug of War, Girls.—R. McVean's team.

Tug of War, Boys.—W. McEachan's team.

Obstacle Race.—1st, L. Berthiaume; 2nd, E. Hall.

During the afternoon our work, which had been prepared for the Toronto Exhibition, was displayed to the public examination in charge of Mrs. Bella, and many visitors availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing it. Mrs. Col. Fenton was present to inspect the display of needle and fancy work. Mrs. Fenton is a very capable person in this line and we were glad of securing her to select the prize winners.

When the last event on the list had been given, Dr. Coughlin prevented the girls' prizes for fancy work and sewing. Some pupils who did very creditable work received honorable mention. The names are as follows:—

Fancy Work—1st prize, Florence Brown; 2nd prize, Marie Gordeau.

Honorable Mention—Phoebe Sharpe, Elsie Barker, Hattie Colclough, Dorothy Hazlitt.

Sewing—1st prize, Addie Courneya; 2nd prize, Annie Patton.

Honorable Mention—G. McVean, Florence Brown, Eleanor Whyte.

General Committee.—Wm. Nurse, Chas. Ford, Miss A. James, Miss L. Hatcher.

Judges.—W. J. Campbell, G. F. Stewart, H. L. Ingram, J. C. Hails.

Starters—Wm. Nurse, C. Peppin.

Committee for Junior Sports.—Miss A. Burke, Miss I. B. Paten, Mrs. S. Bails, Miss A. Morrison.

Distributor of Prizes, D. R. Coleman.

NOTES.

—The centre pieces for the dining room tables were large bunches of daisies.

—Mrs. Bails could not assist in the Junior sports owing to her having charge of the Exhibit.

—Among the incidentals was a shrewd lacrosse contest. This was very interesting and funny.

—All the teachers took tea with their charges in the evening, making it an occasion long to be remembered.

—Minor prizes, oranges and candies, were distributed on the field; the principal prizes were awarded in the chapel at the close of the events.

—Every one enjoyed the tug of war, and those on the winning side were not naturally prone must have been so after pulling away with all that pie.

—The double skipping contest by the girls was a pretty exhibition of skill. All the girls who took part in the races, etc., were their drill suits and looked very neat.

—In spite of war for both boys and girls, and the pole vaulting for senior boys, were the most studiously contested events. While the sack races probably caused the most amusement.

—The programme got up only consisted a portion of the races, it being the aim to bring as many as possible into the competitions and give all a good time. A time permitting many contests for small boys and girls were pulled off, which are not recorded.

—All were sorry when Eddie Pollard failed in the obstacle race. He struggled through the obstacles in lively style and was ahead at the last jump, which required a heap of nearly three feet, but his foot caught the top bar and down he went, losing the race. As Eddie has a wooden foot, his running was really surprising

—

They Canadian Northern Railway, being built along the bay front, is going at fast. A couple of tents are erected and the sewage works, to shelter the workmen engaged. They are now building a covered passage way to go under the line for us to reach the water without crossing the track.

—Our exhibit this year for the Toronto exhibition is thought by all who have seen it to be much in advance of that of last year both in quality and quantity. It has been the admiration of all visitors who have seen it. The loads of exhibit has been packed and ready for shipment when the time comes. Visitors to the Exhibition who are interested in the deaf should be sure to look it up. They will be well repaid for their trouble.

—We had fire-drill last Friday. Between eleven and twelve a fire made its appearance. It started in the lower main hallway and the thick pungent vapor rose quickly to the upper flats. Miss Burke was the first to detect the smell of fire and rang the bell. Then of course everyone was in commotion. The officers rushed to their stations and the pupils filed down stairs in quick time. It was a very successful test.

—Of course this last week or two the pupils have been thinking much of home and the loved friends they will soon be with. We feel sure their parents will see a great improvement in them in every way. Many have grown considerably, and all look healthy and happy. Quite a number who came to us in September, looking weak and run down in health, are returning looking quite robust, the regular hours and steady routine of school life having improved them much. It makes us happy to know that not one of our large flock will be missing, and that all are being returned to their parents' care again, and we hope that the same kind providence that has watched over them here will keep them safe while they are at home.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Ford and Miss Hunter enjoyed a very pleasant ride to Stirling last week in Mr. C. M. Reid's car.

Miss Willoughby's niece, Miss Peterson, left on Monday, June 5th, after a two weeks visit at the Institution.

Miss Chisholm and her friend, Mrs. Pierce, of Marmora, came up to see the sports on Field Day. We were all very much pleased to have Miss Chisholm among us again.

The *Times* is pleased to report that Mrs. J. A. Moynihan is improving nicely after the recent operation. Her numerous friends hope to see her able to be around again.—*Brighton Times.*

Mrs. Terrill, for so long a member of our staff, was the guest of Mrs. and Mrs. Coughlin for a few days recent y She, of course, called on all the classes and was warmly welcomed by the pupils, some of who m had forgotten her or her many kindnesses to them.

We were fastened a few days ago with a visit from J. W. Johnson M. P. P. and Mrs. Johnson, who spent some time in the classes in the oral department. Mrs. Johnson was once an esteemed and efficient member of our staff, and has always been given an interested in the Institution.

A few Items from Far and Near

BY I. M. HICK E. WORD

Only a week more before we go home

We wish all the readers a good time during the vacation.

The written exam. time is on once and the result is success.

The capacities of the boys can fill a trunks before the school closes.

The field day sports were a success last week. Every one was gathered and their sports very much.

The senior boys who will not return to the Institution next year have farewell supper in Wood Hall before the school closes.

The seniors of the Baptist pupils went to the church last Sunday to take communion before they go home they say.

They returned to the Institution happy.

The Y. M. C. A. is pushing on their new building as fast as their cash before the summer comes. It will be one of the finest buildings around the city.

Lawn bowling and tennis are played every night, as well as by the teachers and officers plenty of good exercise. They like them very much.

Mr. Boyd gave an auto ride to a number of our little boys the other day. He certainly enjoyed the ride and felt grateful to Mr. Boyd for his kind ness.

Some boys caught some giant moths last week. They were good specimens and one of them measured a little over five inches from wing to wing.

There is a small bed very near bed of flowers opposite the lake shop. Mr. Boyd, our gardener, sowed some small flower seeds a few days ago and they are now coming up putting the plants in

Some of us have ever caught fish more than six inches long. The bay is filled with vast numbers of little fish. We hope one of us will be able to land a giant muskinonge some day

Some of the staff are busy packing pictures, industrial work and other things for the exhibition, which will be held in Toronto in the fall. The boys and girls have done their work well during this term

A busy thoroughfare of rain fell here on the day week. The water ran into many streams, rose building a spring flood. Some of the boys benefited the crops considerably. It might equal a week's light shower.

Mr. Boyd, our baker, spent his spare time, making luscious tea scones. He hopes to harvest a large quantity of honey this summer if the bees have plenty of flowers to gather the sticky juice from.

My father had a serious handicap in working his farm, owing to his sickness and the scarcity of labor I am glad to hear that he is getting better and also that he got a man to work for him for a short period.

Wanted A good deaf girl for house work. Good pay, easy work and a good home. Apply to Mrs. J. A Moynihan, Wingham, Ont.

QUEEN MARY.

England and Her Colonies.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled.
Her broad roots cool beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scattering hands.
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

— William Watson.

Is It True that "The Sun Never Sets on the British Empire?"

Daniel Webster once referred to the British Empire "as a power to which Rome in the height of her glory was not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the whole surface of the globe with its possessions and military posts—whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken stream of its martial airs."

It is a well-known saying, "The sun never sets on the British Empire." It is always day in some land occupied by English-speaking people. Three occupy or control about one-fifth of the land surface of the globe. The extent of this empire is happily brought before us in the following passage adapted from The Life of Queen Victoria (Nelson & Son):—

"Ere the guns of the Tower of London, at noon on the 24th of May, 1900, have ceased to thunder forth the congratulations of the nation, all Canada is awake, and the West Indies are in full activity, and five or six millions more, who are proud to call themselves British subjects—together, doubtless, with the eighty millions of English-speaking people in the United States, raise the song, 'God save the King.'

"Its echoes have not died out in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, before the colonists of New Zealand take up the loyal cry.

"One hour later, the dawn reaches Australia and Tasmania, and three thousands of loyal hearts are ready to respond to the prayer, 'God Save the King.'

"Next it is taken up by the busy merchants of Hong Kong and Singapore, and is passed on by them to the millions of India who own Edward VII. as their Emperor.

"Before the day is an hour old at Bombay it has dawned on Mauritius.

"Next, it awakens the watchmen of Aden. Almost at the same time it flushes the mountains of Natal and Cape Colony, where there are thousands of Englishmen eager to shout 'God Save the King!'

"Anon, Malta is reached; and, one hour later, the new dawn tells the sentinels at Windsor that the joyous benediction has travelled with the sunlight from meridian to meridian, round the globe."

Canada's Relation to the Empire.

"Daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own."—*Kipling.*

Canada contains one-third of the area of the British Empire, or 3,744,695 square miles. Canada is as large as thirty British Isles, twice the size of British India, and one-third larger than Australia.

More than one-half of the white population of the Empire's Dominions and colonies is in Canada.

Canada was the first colony to federate its scattered provinces into a Dominion, in 1867, an example since followed in part by Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Canada was the first colony of the Empire to have a penny post.

Canada made possible the all-British Pacific cable by contributing £ 175,000 of its cost.

Canada is agitating for the all-Red steamship and railway route around the world via the Empire.

Canada was the first of the colonies to establish Government wireless telegraph stations.

Canada is already helping to feed the Motherland with her surplus products, and is destined to become "the granary of the Empire."

Canada is working out problems in legislation and government, the result of which will benefit the rest of the Empire, as their experiments will be valuable of Canada.

What Constitutes the British Empire?

The British Empire consists of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empire of India, and Dominions, Colonies, Protectorates, and Dependencies in different parts of the world. It is the largest Empire on the globe, and the largest the world has ever had.

It comprises 11,407,391 square miles, or more than one-fifth of the land on the earth, and over one-fifth of the people. It stretches over all latitudes and longitudes. Upon it the sun never sets. It has every kind of climate, from equatorial heat to polar cold, and is inhabited by people of almost every race, religion and colour.

Britain thus leads the world in area, Russia coming second with eight million square miles; United States and Alaska, third, with 3,617,072 square miles.

393,291,732 form the Empire's population. China has the same number, Russia 100 millions, United States ninety-three millions.

Of the population of the Empire, fifty-four millions are white people; 342 millions are coloured, viz., copper, yellow and black.

The Empire's population is found on five continents, viz., Asia, over three hundred millions; Africa, thirty-three millions; Europe, forty-five millions; America, 7½ millions; Australasia, six millions.

They are subdivided religiously: Hindoos, about 300 millions; Mohammedans, one hundred millions; Christians, fifty-eight millions; other religions, thirty-five millions.

The official designations of the self-governing nations within the British Empire are; Dominion of Canada, Commonwealth of Australia, Dominion of New Zealand, Union of South Africa.

A country is entitled to be termed a Dominion, Commonwealth or Union, that has a parliamentary government or representative institutions.

British possesions that are not self-governing are termed Crown Colonies, Possesions and Protectorates.

The Young Man Who "Quit" School

Young man, I notice that you are not in school any more. What's the matter? Think you have learned enough education to carry you through the world or do you stay out just because you don't like to go? Didn't like the teacher, eh? Well, let me tell you that you will find the meanest teacher on earth now a dream of love beside the tasks you will work under in the cold and unfeeling world you will plow into when you have to get out and hustle for yourself.

Education is the most valuable thing in the world to a man, but to a boy it comes the cheapest. It costs you nothing now to get that which money is going to cost you dearly all the rest of your days. You have the winning number in the lottery of education if you play it now. Load around a few years and you will always draw a blank. It is true that any man can make a living, but you will notice that the fellows who do it with brains have an easier time of it than those who are compelled to do it with their muscles. At the present stage of the game the choice of jobs are not held by physical strength. Education will not crawl into your head while you are asleep. The thing for you to do is to hike off to school tomorrow morning and stay there. Your holidays will come later when you need them.—*Rocky Mountain Educator.*

A Greater Empire than Has Been.

The conference of colonial premiers, which has just been concluded at London, has once more presented before the world, with impressive effect, the vastness and solidarity of the British Empire, and has emphasized its unchallenged predominance among the nations of the earth. "A quarter of a century" ago the power of Britain was practically centered and confined to these two small Imperial Islands that lie west of Europe; but events have moved fast during the last two decades, and what was then a mere aggregation of colonies and dependencies, without definite aim or unity of purpose, has become a federation of free and loyally independent nations, united, not by iron-bound fetters of fear and force but by the stronger ties of loyalty to their sovereign and of fealty to what they conceive to be the ideals and destiny of British nationality. The time might, doubtless would, have come when Great Britain would have lost supremacy among the nations; but Great Britain has been superseded by an invincible Greater Britain, which possesses practically unlimited power of growth and expansion. What has not been accomplished by an Empire comprising one-fifth of the land surface, one-fourth of the population and probably one-fifth of the national wealth of the world, and, withal, holding nearly all the gates of Empire, and the unquestioned supremacy of the seas? Truly "from the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them." Yet not for oppression nor for aggression will this great power ever be exercised, but for the promotion of peace and prosperity throughout the earth, and of good-will among men. The end of the era of war and blood shed is already well in sight, and the time cannot be far distant when the arbitrament of the sword will be superseded by that of reason and equity, and when the struggle for world military supremacy will be replaced by a friendly rivalry in the arts of peace and the refinements of life, when "artificial cannot be found" will be relegated over all the lands." We believe that the bringing about of this great end is the providential purpose and destiny of this world-wide British Empire, and this truly would be a glorious and fitting culmination to its splendid achievements of the past in promoting liberty, equality and fraternity among mankind. However this may be, it certainly is for the best interests, not only of the Empire itself, but of the world at large, that this great federation of nations should remain one and indissoluble, standing four-square to every breeze that blows, and so fulfil in the ardent appeal of Tennyson, expressed in the burning words of his great Imperial Ode that so thrilled all British hearts:

"Sons, be welded one and all
Into one Imperial Whole;
One with Britain, heart and soul;
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne:
Britons hold your own.
And God guard all!"

Step by Step

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it word by word. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact and principle after principle.

Happiness of life is made up of little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, loving smiles and helpful deeds.

One in a million once in his lifetime may do a heroic action, but the little things which make up our life come every day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all that is beauty upon the earth.—*John Ruskin.*

James Watt.

We all know something about the power of steam. It drives our ships across the sea; it sends our railway engines along the iron road at great speed; and it works the machines in our factories, where goods of all kinds are made.

Men did not always know how to make use of the power of steam. They made rough machines to help them in their work, but it was a long time before they found out how to make their machines go by steam. One of them who found out this great secret was James Watt.

There were steam engines before his time, but they were of very little use. Watt set to make a steam engine which could be used in factories and do the work for many men. After much careful work he was success and became one of the most famous men in history.

Watt was born in Glasgow. As a boy he was very weak and could not join in the games of other children. His parents therefore gave him lessons at home. He was often ill and suffered very much from headache.

His mother taught him drawing, and in this he took great delight. He also loved to go into his father's carpenter shop and use men's tools. In time he learnt to be very quick with his hands. He would make neat little models of all kinds of things.

The carpenters were very kind to him and helped him in their spare moments. One day one of them said to a man near him, "Little James has got a fortune in his fingers' ends." The meant that the boy would be able to make a great deal of money with his clever hands.

James had an aunt who thought that the boy was very idle. One day when he was seated near the tea-table she said to him, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Take a book and do something useful. For the last hour you have sat there with sat speaking a word, holding a cup or a spoon in the steam of the tea-kettle and counting the drops of water as they fell."

It is quite likely that the boy was often idle, as boys and girls sometimes are. But it may be that his mind was busy with thoughts of the power of steam which he was afterwards to use in his steam engine.

When he was old enough to go to work he went to the shop of a man who made his living by making and mending spectacles, fishing-rods, and many other things.

Before long he left this shop and went up to London, where he became a maker of instruments of many kinds. After some years had gone by he set to work on a machine which could be driven by steam.

He worked for many years at this machine and often thought that he was going to fail.

But he would not give up. "My whole thoughts are bent on this machine," he wrote to a friend. "I can think of nothing else."

After much thinking and careful work Watt's steam engine was made, and proved a great success. People saw almost at once how useful it would be in the cotton and woollen factories. Large numbers were in Birmingham, and were soon at work in all parts of the country.

The man who never speaks of his religion in public is not getting much enjoyment out of it in private.

What matter? a few pushes and pains now, if it is only the work of the chisel and hammer cutting away the hindering crust, to reveal the diamond? —J. R. Miller, D. D.

How the Poor Family Was Saved.

One winter morning Jack and Evelyn awoke to find that in the night it had snowed heavily and the snow had drifted until it came up nearly to the window of the dining room of their home. They had a splendid time that day playing in the snow, and in the evening they asked daddy to tell them a "snow story." After thinking a short time daddy began:

"Once upon a time in a country of Europe far away across the ocean there was a great war. There had been much fighting between the armies, and the people in the country thereabouts, especially the poor folks, were in great terror. They had good cause to be afraid, for the soldiers of their own country had been beaten by the enemy, and the other army was marching through the country, burning every house which they could find unprotected.

"It was in the winter, and a bitter cold winter it was. You may imagine how much suffering was caused by the turning out of the poor folks into the ice and snow. To one poor family especially the war was a terrible thing, for the oldest son was away fighting. There were five persons in the family—an old grandmother, the parents and two little children. One night it began to snow heavily, and the poor family were sitting in their hut, shivering from the cold and from the fear that the enemy's soldiers might come and burn their hut. They did not dare to strike a light or make a fire for fear the bad soldiers would see the light and find their home.

"As this poor family sat and shivered they prayed that the enemy might not find their little home. The old grandmother took down her big book and began to read. In it she saw a hymn, 'Build a Wall About Us.'

"'Oh, if there could only arise a great wall around us to protect us!' she said.

"'We can only hope,' said the father, and so they passed the night in fear and trembling.

"Not a single soldier came to the farmhouse during the night, although all around them many houses were burned by the bad men. In the morning they knew the reason why. The house lay in a hollow, and the heavy snow, drifting against it, had hidden it well that the enemy's army had passed by without seeing it. 'You see,' said the old grandmother, 'a wall of snow was really built around us to protect us from the enemy. Now, if my dear grandson would only come home!'

"In a few days they heard that another great battle had been fought and that the enemy had been forced to leave the country. The young man had not been hurt in the battle and came home soon afterward."

The Savages and Carpet Tacks.

One evening a captain anchored his ship near an island. There were many savage people on the island. They were cruel and treacherous. The captain knew that his ship was not a safe place. He knew that the savages would try to get on his ship during the night and kill him. He did not want to watch all night. He was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. He scattered carpet tacks all over the deck. He went to bed and slept peacefully. At midnight many savages climbed up the sides of the ship. Their feet were bare. They jumped upon the deck. They stepped upon the carpet tacks. They yelled and left the ship as fast as they could. Many jumped into the water. The noise woke the captain. He ran on deck with his gun. He fired at the savages. Then he went to bed again and slept soundly until morning. The savages did not try to get on the ship again.—*Companion.*

Brave Little Kate.

I am going to tell you a true story of a brave little girl.

Near a large town in a new part of our country there is a place where a railroad track crosses a brook on a high bridge.

Not far from this bridge lives the little girl I am going to tell you about. Her name is Kate.

One stormy night, not long ago, as little Kate was looking out of the window, watching for her father to come home, she saw that a train was coming along the track.

She could not see the cars, the night was too dark for that, but she could see the bright light on the front of the engine.

While the little girl was looking, and just as the train had got to the brook near by, all at once the engine light seemed to fall and go out.

Kate looked again, but no light was to be seen. Then the little girl was afraid that something was wrong.

She got a lantern, and ran toward the railroad track. When she got there she found that the bridge was gone, that the rain had washed it away.

Then Kate knew that far below in the foaming waters lay the engine and the train she had seen from the window.

Quick as thought Kate ran to the nearest station, a mile away.

To reach this station she had to cross a long high bridge over a broad river.

It is not easy to cross this bridge even in the day time; and this was a very dark, stormy night. Worse than all, just as Kate got to the bridge the wind blew out the light in her lantern.

But little Kate did not give up. The brave girl crept along the beams on her hands and knees, till she reached the other side of the river. Then she jumped up and ran on till she came to the station.

Her clothes were torn and wet, and she could hardly speak. All she could say was, "Stop the train! Stop the train!" Then she fell fainting to the ground.

But she was just in time. In a minute more the cars came along, and the men at the station ran out and stopped them.

Was not Kate a brave little girl? Think of all the people in the cars, men, and women, and children, and all of them saved by one little girl.

How glad they were, and how happy Kate was.—*Swinton's Second Reader.*

Old Problems.

When King Alfred the great was reigning over England, a thousand years ago, school children pondered over problems in arithmetic much as our boys and girls do now.

Here are two taken word by word from a lesson book of that day:

"The swallow once invited the owl to dinner. He lived just one league (three English miles) from the spot, and the small traveled at the rate of only one inch a day. How long would it be before he dined?"

"An old man met a child. 'Good day, my son,' said he. 'May you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this; and if God gives you one year in addition to the others, you will be a century old. What was the boy's age?"

Fables For Young Folks.

A noisy, babbling brook one day addressed a deep river in these words: "I am really quite surprised at your idleness, my brother. You always seem to lie quite still, and I never see you move. Just look at me; I hustle along from day to day, I never rest, I am never still, and the amount of work I get through it is impossible to estimate. Now I am busy turning a mill, now I am sawing, sawing wood in pieces after piece of timber. I help thousands of fish on their way, and give drink to hundreds of thirsty cattle."

"Friend," replied the deep river with great calmness, "it is true I make but little noise in the world, and, in that particular, cannot at all compete with you; but have you never noticed how beautiful the fields are that I fertilise, or what a healthful aspect the people have who drink of my waters? And has it never struck you that whilst I bear many a heavily-laden vessel to its wished-for haven, your existence is not deep enough to carry one?"

Noisy people are generally the least useful.

True as Preaching.

An exchange says, there is an old adage that "he who does not teach his children a trade brings them up to steal" and there is lots of truth in it. Labor is the only honest means of making a living. The man who teaches his children to read, think and work, provides better for their future than one who leaves an independent fortune and fails to provide these necessary requirements for a successful life. The changes of life may sweep away money and property, and throw a rich man on his own resources. If he knows how to work he may regain his lost possessions; if he does not he is forced to choose between dishonesty and starvation. Don't overwork your children, but teach them to be industrious, and let them learn to make their own living.

Being a Man.

Some days ago I took a car which, as usual, was crowded, and a little fellow twelve years old, perhaps, offered me his seat with a charming look and smile. He was found a seat, but when another lady entered he bobbed up, lifted his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with a bright broad smile gave up his seat again. And it was not simply his doing this, but the cheerful, sunshiny manner in which it was done. Five times during my journey he yielded his seat in favor of women who might otherwise have had to stand. Everyone in the car caught good humor. The boy's well-worn clothes showed that he came from a very humble home. And yet, a stylishly dressed woman said to her companion: "I wish my boys were as gentlemanly as he is"; and a fine looking man remarked: "That's the sort of manliness that makes Presidents."

"The Boy"

Boys are all right if you understand them. In every one of them rightly handled there is a germ of manhood, and possibilities of mighty success in the future. Drawn up under kindly influences, the excess energy that made them enjoy their boyish escapades will be directed to the accomplishment of worthy ends. So don't discourage the boy. Talk to him. Get him interested in his work. Tell him of the things before him in life. Teach him thrift and industry. Remember, he is just a little raw material, out of which you can fashion a better man than you are, no matter how good you are.—*Fulton World.*

Our Fathers' Land.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

God bless our fathers' land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own,
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her throne!

Father, with loving care
Guard them her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways;
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Hid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.

Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under thy wings!
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

Picture of Queen Mary At Home.

"The Queen of England" is the title of an article in The North American Review, by Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M. P. In commenting on it, The London Express says "it would be difficult to find a more typical picture of Englishwomen than the one contained in the twelve pages which he has written."

From the time of Her Majesty's birth until her marriage her life was just that of the fairly well-to-do English girl; hardly that of the modern English girl, perhaps, but nearer the old-fashioned ideal. This was her mother's plan.

"A child," she, "has quite enough to do to learn obedience and attend to her lessons and to be kept without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away and the brightness and joy of young girlhood—and then children become disobedient. There are enough grown-up children in the present day."

The article tells how the Queen's many high qualities were developed—her interest in charity by the frequent visits made in her mother's company to the poor around her Richmond home at White Lodge; her religious convictions, bred by the daily life of her home in the musical accompaniment and her artistic talents, fostered by her stay in Florence, Italy, where her parents lived for two years.

"The Queen has a sweet voice," says Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, "of great sopraso, which greatly matured under the skilful guidance of Signor (now Sir Paolo) Tosti . . . . She is a good judge of a picture and an excellent critic, and while at Florence made several pretty sketches of landscape scenery. She rarely misses any good exhibition of pictures in London, is particularly fond of the old masters and prefers their more finished style of painting to the impressionist school.

"Dramatic art of every kind appeals to her, and there are few plays of importance or that have attracted public attention during the last two decades she has not seen. Like her mother, she quickly seizes upon the humorous side of a question. Thus she has a keen appreciation for a spacking comedy or a farce.

"The Queen is greatly attached to the historical past of her country. Ancient monuments of every kind have a fascination for her, and her acquaintance with different periods of architecture must have entailed much study and close observation.

"She is particularly fond of visiting cathedrals, and knows the interiors of most of the old city churches, besides being well versed in the countless treasures contained in the great historic buildings of our great metropolis.

"Her Majesty follows events attentively. She reads the newspapers daily, and as Princess of Wales attended the more important parliamentary debates.

"Punctuality is a household word in the royal establishment, and when the Queen makes an appointment she always keeps kept.

"In business matters Her Majesty is clear and expeditious, methodical and systematic. Her mornings are generally taken up with attending to the voluminous correspondence that arrives by every post.

"Her secretary and lady in waiting submit their letters and the Queen gives instructions concerning them. She quickly grasps the main issue of a question and soon arrives at a decision, and has never been known to by aside a matter on the ground that to express an opinion thereon is troublesome or difficult.

"Every consideration is shown to those privileged to serve the Queen, and before signifying her pleasure as to the pre-arranged attendances of members of her household Her Majesty will often inquire whether they may not have some other engagement, the breaking of which would be inconvenient to them.

"That the Queen's married life has more than fulfilled all expectations needs no demonstration. The education and daily occupations of the royal children are under the direct supervision of their Majesties and they are frequently with them during meals."

The King joins with his sons in their amusements and sports and chooses by converse himself with their school work, while the Queen personally superintends the education of her daughter and that of the younger princes.

The detail of the Queen's charitable works are short. Only a little of her time to people is described, but in the simple reason that only a tithe of it is known, save to the recipients. But one incident shows how, despite all the other calls on her time, Her Majesty insures that her child shall never be neglected.

"The Queen makes crochet woollen garments for poor children at the retreat at Sunningdale, and on learning how she could possibly make so large a number of garments, she replied, in one of the little petticoats on hand in each of my sitting rooms and I take it up whenever I have a few spare minutes; then in the evenings my husband reads to me and we can thus get through a great deal."

"No Queen of England," says Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, "ever entered upon her queenly estate better qualified to fulfil that exalted office than Queen Mary. No Queen ever had a greater hold on the affection of the people."

Britain's Future King.

(Continued from first page.)

As a little fellow, Prince Edward was very fussy in his sayings. Queen Victoria, who had been somewhat strict in her time with her own children, was spoiled by her great grandson.

"Pick up your toys, dear," said his nurse to him one day, when she wished to fetch him after he had spent an hour with the old Queen.

"No," exclaimed the child, "I won't!" Then, turning to the Queen, "You do it for me," he said peremptorily.

King Edward was much delighted and told all his friends that on the next morning soon after his Coronation, when he was walking down a thoroughfare and holding Prince Edward by the hand, they had to pass through a throng of people at St. Paul's, on his way to his railway carriage. "There was little Prince Edward, excited as old woman in the crowd. "Did you hear her, David?" asked the King. "Yes," replied the boy, "I suppose I've to have said, 'There goes little King Edward.'"

"Being Good" in School.

To most children and to a great many teachers "being good" means having no fun, but I maintain that to be really good is to be happy in school.

Do you take the temperature, as it were of the disposition of the majority of your pupils from day to day? Sometimes an otherwise "beastly day" can be changed into a day of quiet and cheerful helpfulness by a few minutes spent in the morning in getting a tone of good humor. The spot light into your head that you are compromising the success of your day by every exertion to lead a boy from the "sulks" to kindly feelings and happiness. Is the "sulks" or "badness" is nothing if it gets in the way of the real end sought for.

Nothing, nothing at last, tapping of pencils on the desk, incorrect posture, and inattention mean "naughtiness" or are simply an excess of energy improperly directed? Is your remedy punishment, detention, "after school," or a using of the surplus energy in a more pleasant, sensible manner? Try to interest them, so that I may forward to them the knowledge which you have gained by those years which you have had more than children now in your charge.

C. K. COUCHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

Institution for the Blind
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR the Education of the Blind, Brantford, Ontario, is located at Brantford, Ontario. For terms apply to

H. F. GARDINER, Principal

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
Went—2.14 a. m.; 4.25 a. m.; 8.50 a. m.; 11.55 a. m.; 1.40 p. m.; 5.30 p. m.
East—12.50 a. m.; 1.35 a. m.; 7.00 a. m.; 11.10 a. m.; 12.55 p. m.; 4.55 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—8.30 a. m.; 11.55 m.; 5.45 p. m.; 6.30 p. m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot publish reports of meetings a month old, neither can we insert discussions of unusual length. Correspondence, to insure insertion, must be sent in promptly; as our space is limited. Make all items short and to the point.

THE BOOK
"From Far and Near"
Can be procured at any time from the Publishers, the
MORANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.
The price of which is the Deaf is thirty-five (35) cents, net, plus the postage. To all others it is fifty (50) cents, net, plus the postage.

"The Mechanism of Speech"

By Prof. Alexander Graham Bell. Prof. Bell has made a profound study of the human voice and, in this work, has actually taken apart the human larynx and all its component parts so as to show exactly how it is formed. He discourses are illustrated throughout by 13 full page plates. Large 12 mo. Illustrations in the text. Price $1.50 net. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 44-60 East 23rd Street, New York.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date after your name on your paper tells when our subscription expires. We would like you to continue taking the paper. The terms are in advance—75 cents a year. Don't wait for us to call. Drop us a line and the paper will be continued as well as ourselves. Should you desire to discontinue, kindly send your subscription at once, as we hardly think you desire your name taken off the list. When subscribers are good enough to renew promptly it saves them and us delay.

Please renew promptly.

Please write your name plainly.

Please give your full address, and you will help us and insure the prompt receipt of your subscription and the prompt receipt of your paper.

Send by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter. Money sent in any other way is at sender's risk.

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
Belleville, Ontario.

LETTERS—PACKAGES—BOXES.

If parcels or friends send letters, packages or boxes to pupils, address as follows:—

(name of pupil)
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

All Prepay package, express or freight charges in all cases.

TORONTO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows in every month:—
Sabbath-day Mission Hall, 33 Alice Avenue at 11 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.
Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.
Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.
Bible Class every Wednesday evening at Right Rev. Bishop Sweatman's Residence.
Maple Leaf Club meets every second Friday evening at the Occident Hall, Bank Chambers.
Rose Leaf Mission meets at the Baptist church, corner of Bolton Avenue and Pembroke St., at 11 a. m. Sunday mornings.
Mrs. J. H. Prudhomme, 60 Hoor St.
Mr. F. Brenner, Superintendent, 103 Rose Ave.

W. LAMBERT,
THE CARMAN, BELLEVILLE.

PARTIES coming to Belleville to visit the Institution will find the CARMAN, W. LAMBERT, The CARMAN, at the Grand Trunk station, always in attendance to meet them. Parcels will be carried at moderate rates, as follows: (one or two persons) 25 cents; (three or more persons) 10 cents each. Leave orders to stop at G. T. Station, next door to Bridge, Chilton, Bell Block, or Institution all trains. Jas. Telephone 87.

UNEDUCATED DEAF CHILDREN.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY parent who receives this paper write me at once, giving the name, age, and address of every deaf child of school age in his family who does not attend school. If there is any reason why such children cannot be sent to school, I may forward to them information which will be of great benefit to them. Please write plainly.

C. K. COUCHLIN, M. D., Superintendent.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 8.15 a. m. to 1 p. m. with recess of 15 minutes, during which time lunch is served to the pupils. Frequently classes are dismissed at 12 noon.

ASSEMBLY IN THE PUPILS' ASSEMBLY in the chapel every morning at 9 o'clock when prayers are open by prayer. All o'clock the pupils will be dismissed to the school rooms, where they will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. The prayers are also those prescribed for use in the Public Schools of Ontario. Teachers and instructors are to be in their respective rooms and departments five minutes before the time for opening and closing.

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 9 p. m. Voluntary reading hour for senior pupils from 8 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Articulation Classes:

From 11 a. m. to 1, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Primary pupils at 9.45 a. m. senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 1.30 p. m. Pupils of all denominations attend their respective churches whenever desired by the parents in charge.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN:—Rev. G. W. Beamish, (Anglican); Rev. A. H. Dymond, (Presbyterian); Rev. H. Bronsdon, (Methodist); Rev. J. E. Smith, (Baptist); Rev. Father Spratt, (Catholic).

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday morning at 9.45; International Series of Sunday School Lessons—Superintendent, Rev. G. W. Beamish; Teachers—Mrs. Bolin, Miss Lees, Miss Bull and Miss Ketcheson; Miss Lees, organist.

THE CATHOLIC PUPILS receive religious instruction on Saturday afternoon from 2 to 3, and on Tuesday afternoons from 3 to 3.45. Teacher, Rev. Father Spratt, Catholic.

All Clergymen of all denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

MANUAL TRAINING HOME—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 1.30 to 3.
ORDINARY FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 1.30 to 3 o'clock.
THE PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 8 to 12 a. m. and from 1 to 5 p. m. Boys in these departments are to be at work at 8 o'clock a. m. and 1 p. m. Lunch hour and Saturday afternoon.
DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES as may be arranged from time to time.
THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 8.15 a. m. to 12 o'clock, and from 2 to 4.15 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 8 to 12 o'clock for those who attend school on Saturday afternoons.
THE PRINTING OFFICE, Shops, Sewing Room and Domestic Science Department to be left tidy and clean before leaving for meals and daily condition.
Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except upon application of either parent or guardian or of the Superintendent.
Teachers, Instructors and others are not to allow visitors to go to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Parents who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 9 o'clock a. m. as possible.

Admission of Children:

When parents or guardians of persons near with them to the Institution, they are kindly asked to call at the office and have the matter talking with their children. It only makes discomfort for the children and disorder for the parent. The child will be tendered and kept with the other children and there is delay will be quite happy with the matter in a few days. No one seems to care to leave home.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. Parents may visit, however, they will be made welcome to the home during the vacation. Correspondence will be sent to the pupils as frequently as desired. Visiting friends should not bring candy or sweets, or entertain the pupils in any manner. Such accommodation may be had in the city at the Hotels. The Albion Hotel is the best Commercial and Tourist Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all direct lines concerning the clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent personally. Correspondence with the matrons or other officers of the Institution on these matters will under no circumstances without special permission from the Superintendent be answered. Letters to the Superintendent will be promptly answered.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. A trained attendant for sick pupils. Parents or guardians may call at any time and remain with their children. Visitors will be written by the teachers for the Sunday afternoon correspondence, which is to be sent to parents, their wishes.

Parents or guardians desiring that boys brought up in the country be taught farming, gardening or trades, will be pleased to have their wishes made known to the Superintendent of the Institution, who will endeavor to meet the wishes of the parents.

Physicians of the Institution.

Parents and friends of children are warned against Consult Doctors who advertise quack remedies for deafness and catarrh. Such remedies are dangerous to the ears, and in the most cases of a deaf child are deaths and ruin to the hearing. Consult only the family physician. Consult a doctor of good standing. Consult only the family physician.

C. B. COUCHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.

The Canadian Mute.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,

CANADA.

UNDER THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. R. A. PYNE, LL. D., M. D.,

MINISTER OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D., ... *Superintendent.*
W. COCHRANE, ... *Bursar.*
W. W. BOYCE, M. D., ... *Physician.*
Miss E. A. WILLOUGHBY, ... *Matron.*

Teachers:

D. R. CURRAN, M.A., *Head Teacher.* Miss OLIVE A. HALSE.
Miss ADA JAMES.
W. J. STEVENSON, B. A. Miss S. BURNS.
Miss L. HUTTON.
Miss MARGARET STOUT
Miss C. FORD.
Miss F. CAMPBELL.
Miss E. H. PALSE.
Miss FLORENCE CLEMO.

H. L. INGRAM, *Teacher Manual Training.*
Miss MARY BULL, *Teacher of Fancy Work.*
Miss E. VAUGHAN, *Teacher of Domestic Science.*

Teacher of Physical Training:—Mr. INGRAM.

Miss R. A. McKITRICK, *Assistant Matron.*
JOHN T. BURNS, *Instructor of Printing.*
WM. MOORE, *Shoemaker & Assistant Instructor.*
ALEX. BESSERER, *Gardener.*
W. S. MIDER, *Supervisor of Boys,* etc.
CHAS. J. PRIPPS, *Engineer.*
Miss L. DEARNAND, *Assistant Matron and Supervisor of Girls.*
JOHN DWYER, *Master Carpenter.*
Miss A. MORRISSEY, *Physical Nurse and Stenographer in Home Nursing.*
J. H. BOYD, *Master Baker.*

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institution is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province, who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being defective in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months in the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of $50 per year for board, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE AMOUNT CHARGED FOR BOARD WILL BE ADMITTED FREE. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

All the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering, Shoemaking and Baking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in General Housework, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of Sewing Machines and such Ornamental and Fancy Work as may be desired. Special attention is bestowed for boys and Domestic Science for girls in the Institution.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children of rural localities will avail of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

☞ The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information will be cheerfully furnished for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

C. B. COUGHLIN, M. D.,
Superintendent.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED and all Institutional without delay in the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter is to be away, if not in box by 8 o'clock, and if it is only your address at 5.45 p. m. and at 4 p. m. at Saturday. Letters, papers, etc., for delivery to pupils, addressed to their homes or friends, or to any other address than the Institution, are not delivered to pupils, but are sent to the parties to whom they are addressed.

POETRY

The Crown of Empire.

WRITTEN FOR THE CORONATION OF THE KING.

There, by whose might the Heavens stand.
The throne from where they came,
Whose peace are outshone as the sand,
Who calls the stars by name,
Our puny empires rise and fall,
Their glories wax and wane,
But Thine, O God, is not least of all,
All Hts, O God, is Thine.

Not, therefore, in mere pride of race,
Thy hands have set us in our place,
Thine arm is still our stay;
Thine ageless forms do not cease
To bend us as of yore
The chastening of the arts of peace,
The nerve-strain of war.

Then link our realms in brotherhood,
Firm laws and equal rights,
Let each uphold the Empire's good,
In freedom that unites,
And make that speech whose thunders roll,
Round all the seven seas,
The harbinger from pole to pole
Of liberties.

Strong, are we? Make us stronger yet,
Great? Make us greater for,
Our feet Antarctic oceans fret,
Our fleets the polar stars,
Honest earth's wild coasts our batteries speak,
Our highway is the main,
We stand as guardian of the west,
We are the empire's chain.

Now, from all regions of the earth,
Hail, hail, Thy glory shine,
From men of every creed and birth,
Thanksgiving and Thine,
Lord, bless that Hoyal Heart, we pray,
Bless him and his dear consort,
Who kneels before Thy throne to-day
An Sovereign of men.

Frederick George Scott.

Childlike Faith.

BY A. B. HANKIN, M. D.

There is a new case of hip disease in the Fracture Ward for you to look after," remarked the senior surgeon to his House assistant. "Sent in from the Foundling Hospital. Some deformity present. Try your new plan of treatment if you like."

The doctor hurried to the surgical ward and inquired for the new patient.

"Haven't you seen him?" asked the nurse. "He is the most talkative little mite we ever had in here, which is saying a lot. There he is in No. 4."

As the doctor passed that way he heard a very inquisitive little voice interrogating the baby girl in the next cot.

"Say, what's your name? Is your mother coming to see you? Mine's coming soon. What's that thing on your head for?"

"Good morning, little man, and what's your name?" asked the doctor, kindly.

The big brown eyes of the child turned full upon him and studied him carefully with an element of doubt. The little mind was made up with childish intuition. "Nurse's manner changed instantly from doubt to assurance.

"Jim, what's yours?

"Mine is Dr. Harvie. What's your other name, Jim?"

"Jim, that's my name. Say, do you know my mother?"

Doctor's curiosity, almost pitiful, mingled in the childlike tones as this evidently very important question was asked. Then came to his mind those eyes and the faintly tremulous little mouth.

"Well, no, Jim. I don't think I do, but maybe she will come and see me soon to find out how you are."

"Say, you tell her to come over here and see me. I want her."

There was just the faintest expression of loneliness in "I want her." but in the next instant did the child break down.

The physician proceeded to examine the boy, talking to him all the while.

"Did you hurt your leg, Jim?"

"Yes, I fell out of bed. My mother came to see me in the dark time and she call me and I just falled out of bed."

Well, I guess your mother ran and picked you up."

"No, she's never. Nurse came and she's say my mother had to go away. She come back again, won't she?"

"Why, of course she will. Nurse-have this boy put on the extension cot and I will see him again to-morrow. Good-bye, Jim."

"Say, you going to see my mother? Tell her to come over here?"

"I would see who the mother is," said the doctor as he and the nurse walked away. "How she been here?"

"No, doctor, at least not while I have been on duty. He talks continually of her."

Most children are fretting about their mother during the first two or three days in hospital, but this little fellow seems to be worrying a little differently than the usual run.

Curiosity led him to look up the entry in the register. It appeared as follows:

James Claremont, age 6 years, 3 mos.; father, Jas. Claremont, whereabouts unknown; mother, Marian Claremont, dead, 3 months; suicide. Patient received from Foundling's House."

The tragic history of the boy's parents came to mind at once. Eight years ago, society had considered itself deeply pained and shocked at the sudden marriage of Marian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Saunders (of the "400") to Jas. Claremont, man of leisure, questionable morals, and spendthrift. The girl was ostracised from former social friends. It was a great irony for the "yellow press" and they made the best of it. And so for years one heard of until the drowned body of a woman taken from the icy river three months ago was positively identified as Mary Saunders. The boy had been left almost night at the door of the Foundling's Home with a letter explaining his identity. The proud old grandparents had again to bear the light of an unscrupulous press in its frenzied search for news. But the boy had not been acknowledged.

"Say, do you know my mother?" broke into the hallway and smote his heart with a sickening sensation.

Next morning the first words he heard in the Florence Ward were:

"Say, what she come?"

"Not yet, Jim, but maybe she will some time to-day. How do you like your new bed?"

"It hurted my leg. Are you going to take that thing off?"

"No. You are going to stay there until your leg gets well and strong. Then you will get up and run and play."

"And see my mother?"

"Well, I guess maybe you will see her. Do you know where she is?"

"She's gone to Heaven, but she's say, 'don't ever cry and mother come back for you. I ain't never cry. Do you go to Heaven?"

"No—er, that is I haven't been there yet, but I may go some time, and—"

"If you tell mother to hurry up, because I want her."

At ten o'clock the physician was called to the hospital to see Jim. Interne met him on the stairs.

"What's the matter with Jim?" he asked anxiously.

"Well, doctor, this evening his temperature was up to 102 and pulse 146. I was worried and thought I had better tell you."

The child's cheeks were flushed, his eyes were unusually brilliant, while his breath came in short rapid gasps. He caught sight of the doctor and faintly whispered:

"Did you go to Heaven? Is she come?"

"Yes, Jim, she's coming," answered the physician, as he bent to examine the suffering child.

"Pleuro-pneumonia," he said, as he straightened up, while the child clung to his hand. Transfer him to a private ward, put a "special" on him, and I will write out specific instructions for treatment. I will return at midnight.

At twelve o'clock the report in hospital parlance was "acute delirium: temperature 104, pulse 156, respirations 48." At a glance the physician saw that the additional disease was too much for the frail body and the result was inevitable.

The eyes were very bright, the cheeks and lips carmine. The heavy dew lay upon the forehead, while the little body struggled and gasped for air.

"Open the window and let us have fresh air," he ordered, and the nurse wondered at the change in the usually self-possessed man's voice.

He kneeled back the damp curls and felt for the pulse. It was almost imperceptible and running like mad.

"Jim!" he said gently, but he was not heard.

The pulse became faster and weaker, while the crimson faded to the cheeks to a delicate pink. The struggle for breath became less fierce. The child turned unsteadily and fixed his eyes on the physician's face. There was a dying in their brown depths and they saw nothing.

"Jim!" The soft pink gave way to pure creamy white.

"Say, is your mother?"

A new light, not born of fever, came into the child's eyes, and the moment the little voice cried out almost rapturously:

"I see my mother!" And then the feeble flame flattered, flickered and went out.

The Artist and The Atheist

There was once a painter whose friend did not believe in God. Sometimes the artist was very grieved and would try to convince his friend that there was a Creator who made all things. The friend would say that all things came by chance.

One day the artist had finished a beautiful painting and put away his brushes, when his friend came into his room. He was with the artist a little while he exclaimed: "How splendid! Who painted this?"

Then the artist quietly answered, "No one painted it; it came by chance."

"Oh," cried his friend, "do you think I am foolish enough to believe that so beautiful a scene came without a creator?"

The painter threw open his study window and, pointing to the hills tipped with the rays of the setting sun, said, "Then why should you expect me to believe that so beautiful a world came by chance?"

It is only fools who say there is no God.

Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard, forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget jealousies and envyings and heartburnings which are hated by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times more hateful than ever.

Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.